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FELLOW OF BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

FACTA DUCIS VIVENT, OPEROSAQUE GLORIA RERUM. — OVID, IN LIVIAM, 265.

THE HERO'S DEEDS AND HARD-WON FAME SHALL LIVE.

THE CID CAMPEADOR

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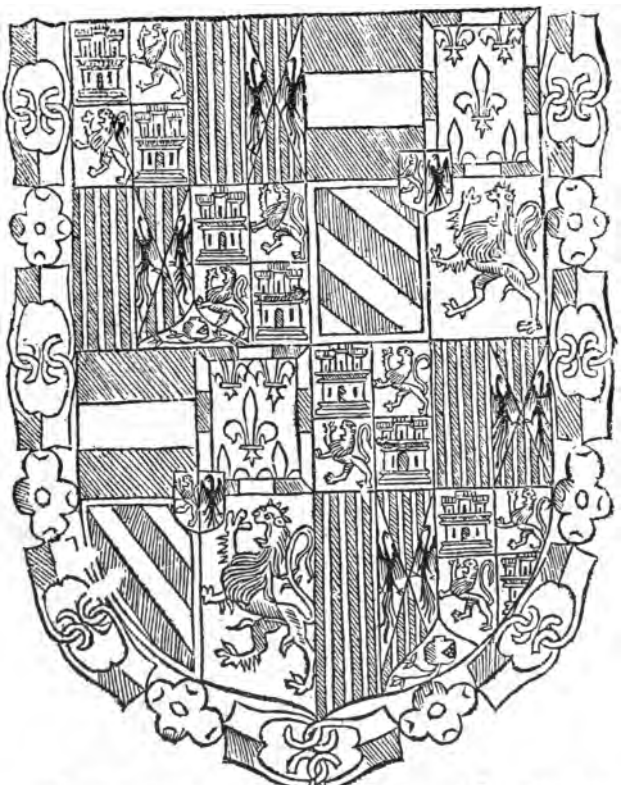

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THE CID CAMPEADOR

AND THE WANING OF THE CRESCENT IN THE WEST

BY

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FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY
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G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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The Knickerbocker Press

1897

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H. BUTLER CLARKE, M.A.

FERREDAY FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD; CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY, MADRID; SOCIEDAD ECONÓMICA, MATRITENSE, ETC.

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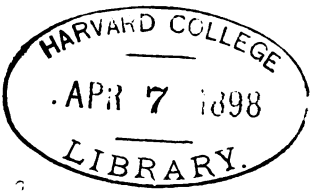

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PREFACE.

AS SPAIN differs from all other lands, so does the national hero stand out in strong contrast with the heroes of other nations, embodying in himself the distinctive character of her people. Some there are among heroes who are so peculiarly the product of a race and age that to transplant them, even in imagination, would be impossible. Bayard, for instance, is the typical Frenchman of his century; others, like Charles the Fifth, or Peter the Great, seem to belong only accidentally to the place and time in which they won their fame. Had Peter the Great been born King of England, he would have been one of the greatest of her kings in the same way as he was one of the greatest of the Czars of Russia. The Cid belongs to the former kind of heroes. "*Dura tellus Iberiæ*" sang one who knew the land well, for keen is the air, harsh and wild the scenery of the greater part of Spain, and grave even to grimness the frank and manly character of the Castillian Spaniard. Below the surface lie beliefs strong to fanaticism, a powerful if somewhat gloomy imagination, and depths of passion and tenderness seldom explored, even as in Sierra Nevada the rich, warm

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valleys nestle unsuspected beneath the snowy peaks. And this imagination it is that, working upon an old and half-forgotten story, has produced the Cid, the national hero. In him the nation saw reflected its own bold, independent spirit, its valour and its manliness, and in course of time added from its own heart the religious fervour, chivalrous feeling, patriotism and loyalty that had sprung up in a gentler age than that of Rodrigo de Bivar. Thus it is necessary to understand both the Cid of history, a shadowy person the finer shades of whose character have faded in the past, and the Cid of legend, the creation as well as the model of Spaniards of a later time. The former, so far as we know him, is unfit to be the hero of a great nation, but his compatriots soon forgot his cruelty, his selfish ambition and lack of patriotism, and remembering only his heroic valour and his efforts in a great cause, they, by the mouth of the ministrels endowed him with all the virtues and graces. The Cid, then, is a name round which the Spaniards have grouped the qualities they most admire, rather than an actual person who possessed these qualities; his legend is not the conscious creation of one mind or one time, but a successive growth, in which may be traced, from the twelfth to the seventeenth century, the evolution of a popular ideal. Thus it is that the rough and turbulent freebooter, the destroyer of churches whose lance was equally at the service of Moor or Christian—provided the pay were good—has become with time the pattern of religious zeal, the mirror of chivalry, the type of patriotism, the champion of popular rights, and the

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model of unquestioning loyalty, as understood by the Spaniards of the seventeenth century. Still stranger is the transformation he has undergone in literature, for Corneille sent him forth into the world at large, speaking and feeling as a French courtier. To attempt to reconcile these opposite characters and stories would be useless. To omit either would be to sacrifice history altogether, or else to leave unexplained the Cid's claim to his position and fame.

The age of the Cid has left us scarcely a monument, inscription, or illustrated document bearing upon his history. In order to illustrate the present volume I have been obliged to have recourse to drawings of places by my friend Don Santiago Arcos, in whose company I visited the most famous sites connected with the history of the Cid, maps, and facsimiles of documents and coins.

In telling the same story, though at much greater length, I have closely followed Professor R. Dozy. Those who are familiar with his works, the titles of which are quoted in my list of authorities, will readily see how much I owe to him. Wherever possible I have gone to original sources, Spanish, Latin or Arabic, but I have found that to differ from him was rash, to improve upon his work impossible. I trust I shall not be accused of presumption in giving my own translation of some passages from Arabic authors quoted in his works. I am aware that as an Arabic scholar he was unrivalled, but it has seemed to me that English often admits of a more literal rendering than French.

My best thanks are due to Mr. Wentworth

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Webster and Miss Florence Freeman for many valuable suggestions and much kind help with my proofs; also to Mr. Bernard Quaritch for generously lending rare and costly books from his splendid collection.

COIN OF SANCHO RAMIREZ OF ARAGON.

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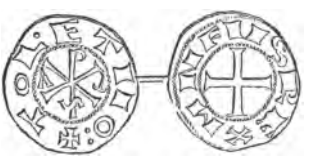

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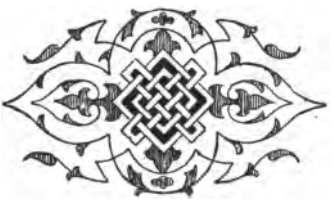

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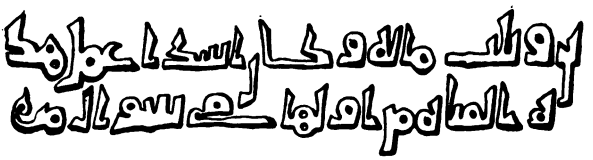

THE CID.

CHAPTER I.

SPAIN FROM THE SARACEN CONQUEST TO THE TIME OF THE CID.

711–1035.

MOHAMMED had already been dead eighty years, and the Khalifs of Damascus, his successors, after conquering the whole north of Africa, were still searching for further lands upon which to impose the choice between Islam, submission, or the sword, when they turned their eyes across the narrow strait to Spain. Here the feeble kingdom of the Goths, after subsisting for three centuries on the remains of Roman wealth and Roman organisation, was tottering to its fall. The coming of the Saracens, the great battle in the south, the rapid conquest from the Pillars of Hercules to the Cantabrian mountains, and from Lisbon to the Pyrenees, became the subject of legends among the hardy remnant of the Spaniards, who refusing to submit to the infidel, and thus cut off from the main body of their countrymen, took

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refuge among the pathless mountains of Asturias, Biscay, and Navarre.

The romantic story of the wild and lawless love of Rodrigo, the last Gothic King, of the treachery of Count Julian and Bishop Oppas, and of the seven days' battle on the banks of the Guadalete, after which no blow was struck to save the country, contains the popular and superficial view of events that had much deeper causes and wider significance. The Moslem invaders were really brought over and aided by a strong political party within the country which supported the claims of certain pretenders to the throne. The helplessness of the Gothic nobles, unnerved by long periods of luxury and peace interrupted only by civil war, was further increased by their factious spirit and by the discontent and indifference of a people weighed down by the privileges of a conquering race. Yet we can dimly make out that more than one stout stand was made against the invaders, and that, if they won the land so quickly and so completely, it was in a great measure thanks to the native malcontents and to the Jews. The latter had long been in communication with their Semitic brethren across the sea, and were ready to accept any lot in preference to that imposed upon them by haughty and rapacious Goths. Nevertheless, the Saracens were hardly less surprised than the Spaniards to find that what was originally intended as a foray had resulted in a conquest as complete as it was rapid. Three years after their landing, the whole Peninsula acknowledged their sway, with the exception of the wild and barren north that seemed

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hardly worth conquering, and the region round Orihuela and Cartagena known as Todmir. This name it received from Theodomir, a Gothic noble of a more hardy stamp than the rest, who by a timely peace had saved it from the general wreck, choosing rather to be tributary than subject to the Saracen. The conquerors at once set to work to organise the fair land they had won as a province of the great Empire of the Khalifs. The country, as far as their rule extended, was known as Andalus and formed part of the vast province of Africa, the capital of which was the lately founded city of Kairwan, south-east of ancient Carthage.

When treating of this period, Spanish historians love to turn their attention almost exclusively to the little band of their fellow-countrymen, who, within a few years after the Saracen invasion, began the reconquest of the land by some small successes against the infidels. They are glad to forget the much larger and more important body of Spaniards who continued to dwell in the south and centre of the country, and tamely submitted to exchange Gothic for Saracen masters. These found the conditions of life certainly not harder under the latter than under the former. As Islam became a ruling power, possessing a mighty empire, the fierce and intolerant spirit that had animated its first adherents in their early conquests wore off, and those who refused its creed were not immediately put to the sword as the Prophet had enjoined. They were even allowed to remain in peaceable possession of their lands, subject only to a higher scale of taxation than that appointed

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by the law for its Moslem followers. They were, however, excluded from all political privileges. In Spain the *muzdrabes*, as the Christian inhabitants of the lands ruled by the Saracens were called, met with peculiarly gentle treatment. Against cities that had stubbornly resisted the first conquering rush of the invaders, or had subsequently revolted, certain severities were exercised; some few, like Toledo, were sacked, but their fate served as a warning to their neighbours, who, for the most part, obtained by timely submission the favourable conditions granted to those who opened their gates on the approach of the conquerors. These were allowed to elect magistrates of their own race to administer the customary law between Christian and Christian under the supervision of the higher Moslem courts. The exercise of the Christian religion was permitted, and we actually hear of Moslem princes who took part in the election of Christian bishops within their dominions, giving proof of a spirit of toleration astonishing at the time and among the people by whom it was practised, and strongly contrasting with the treatment meted out to their descendants when, seven centuries later, they fell under the dominion of the Spaniards.

The conquerors received as their reward the lands of those who had fallen in battle against them, or who had fled northward. They settled down peaceably enough to the plough and the loom amid their Christian subjects. A strong and regular government succeeded a weak and jealous one, and its benefits were at once apparent. Agriculture and

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commerce flourished, and it was only when roused by the victorious approach of the Christians of the north that the southern Spaniards came to regard the Moors* as oppressors. Their conquest by Roman and Goth had broken among the mixed race of the south the fierce and turbulent spirit for which the genuine Iberians were famous. Along the coast, where the Carthaginians had once held sway, a certain amount of Punic blood was diffused, and the presence of the Jews, who even before the spread of Christianity were a power in the Peninsula, had familiarised the inhabitants with the Semitic races to which the majority of their conquerors belonged. This circumstance facilitated intercourse, and subsequently helped to weld the two peoples into one nation. Even at first hostile collisions were rare, and the earlier recorded Christian martyrs were usually those fervid spirits who, not content with toleration, openly mocked the religion of their conquerors. Although no direct constraint was employed, the inducements to embrace Islam were numerous, and the privileges it entailed considerable. The Christian who embraced Islam at once became the equal of his Moslem neighbour. A large number gladly availed themselves of the opportunity of ridding themselves of a badge of inferiority. The higher a person's position the more keenly he felt his exclusion from state affairs, and

* The term "Moors" is generally applied to the Moslems of Spain, and in this sense we shall have occasion to use it frequently. It is, however, incorrect, for the invaders of Spain were a mixed body of Arabs, Syrians, Berbers, Moors, and other races.

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many are the instances of descendants of Gothic nobles who, as good Moslems, occupied positions of trust at Court. Eastern manners, dress, and customs, as well as the Arabic language, were generally adopted, until the *muzdrabes*, in spite of their adherence to the religion of their fathers, were scarcely distinguished from the body of the people. Although important by reason of their numbers and wealth, they played no part in the history of their country, and when overtaken by the reconquest, they were regarded with contempt and suspicion by their so-called deliverers.

Far different was the spirit of the north, where under the leadership of Pelayo, a descendant of the Gothic Kings, a hardy band lived, first as refugees, and then as conquerors. These men, the worthy successors of Viriathus, had purchased liberty at the price of untold hardship, and valued it accordingly. The dangers and difficulties of their position, their utter abandonment by their fellow-countrymen, and their exclusion from all communication with the rest of the world, produced among them a narrow, harsh, and intolerant spirit that spread with their conquests over the whole of Spain. This spirit was excused by its cause, and by the sturdy independence, patience, determination, and valour by which it was accompanied. When these men broke forth from their fastnesses in the mountains to harry and overrun the plain, their wild, unkempt, and squalid appearance, their ruthlessness and cruelty, the roughness of their manners, and their ignorance of the comforts and elegancies of life, shocked and ter-

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rified both the Saracens and those of their own race with whom they came in contact. At first they were despised and overlooked by the Moslems, who found the wild and barren country which they made the base of their predatory expeditions scarcely worth the trouble of conquest, and utterly unsuited to their own bodily constitution and mode of life. When at length it was realised that these mountaineers formed the germ of a powerful nation, it was already too late to crush them. Such organisation as they at first possessed was made up of a mixture of the civil and ecclesiastical. Among the Goths the monarchy had been nominally elective, though it shewed the natural tendency to restrict itself to one family. So too it was after the coming of the Moors in the early kingdoms of Oviedo and Asturias. The King was the leader in battle; the great men of his Court were his captains. These, in conjunction with the bishops, formed the King's council, supreme in all matters, both civil and ecclesiastical. The whole body of the people capable of bearing arms, with the exception of the clergy, formed the army. Adversity had broken down old class distinctions; slavery was rare; serfdom almost unknown; each was valued according to his courage and prowess against the common enemy. Without any formal guarantee of liberty, every man who possessed arms wherewith to defend himself was free to go whither he would, though necessity compelled him to rally to the standard of some captain, and act in concert with his fellows in order to win his daily bread or, later, to protect his meagre flocks.

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Historians have attempted to show that the constitution, legislation, and institutions of united Spain during the period of her glory were directly* derived from those which the Goths had received from the Romans and had modified to their own use. It may safely be admitted that the Gothic code was never formally repealed and that many of its precepts continued to be traditionally observed. But the exigencies of their position prevented the Spaniards from respecting any law other than the necessity of the moment. The relations of the various classes of the community to one another and to the Crown needed not to be strictly defined whilst a common peril obliged all to act for the common good. Gradually traditional usage grew into law; important privileges were granted as the land was won back to those who settled in the towns that were founded to protect the ever extending frontier. At last the confusion between these various and often conflicting local privileges became so great that it was necessary to reduce them to some order. This was done by a formal and general code drawn up by San Fernando and Alfonso the Learned in the thirteenth century, and having as its foundation the ancient Gothic statute-book. Thus, without admitting the continuity of Spanish institutions from the time of Roderick, the last Gothic King, to that of the promulgation of the code called *las Siete Partidas* by Alfonso the Learned, we may account for the important elements common to the

*Traces of an earlier legislation are still to be found in the customary and local institutions of Navarre, the Basque Provinces, Asturias and North Leon.

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two. The nascent state required absolute and untrammelled freedom in order to enable it to carry on its desperate struggle; all formal institutions were forgotten save in so far as they were felt to be necessary for the affairs of daily life reduced to its simplest elements.

One institution, however, survived the shock of the invasion, and kept its traditions unaltered. This was the Church. The clergy who had accompanied the bolder members of their flocks in their hasty flight to the north had borne along with them some of the sacred relics and books. In the caverns of the mountains and the keeps on the plain the practices of the Church were kept up, and the ceremonies and rites of the national religion became the centre of the national life. The same religious enthusiasm that afterwards inspired the Crusaders for centuries encouraged the Christian Spaniard in his daily struggle against the Infidel, and here, with the enemy at the door, it acted more powerfully in combination with a burning sense of personal and national wrong. Paradise was promised to those who fell. Condemned to unremitting misery and danger in this world, the Spaniard turned his thoughts and hopes to the next, and was easily persuaded that by battling day by day for existence he was doing God a service which would receive a rich reward. Religion became to him an ever-present reality, and when he met with any unexpected success, he piously attributed it rather to the intervention of the Saints in his favour than to his own valour. The remnant of the faithful became indeed a Chosen People, and cherished its

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privileges with an exclusive fidelity that subsequently degenerated into intolerance and narrowmindedness, but was in its origin a virtue and necessary to its independent existence.*

For nearly half a century (714–756) Saracen Spain was ruled by Emirs or governors appointed by the Khalifs of Damascus. During this time the generation that had suffered the hardships necessarily entailed by the conquest of the country had passed away, and the south had settled down to acquire rapidly and thoroughly the arts and industries, and assimilate the institutions of its conquerors. In the north a kingdom had arisen almost unperceived, and thanks to the valour and enterprise of its early kings, had extended its conquests from the western ocean to the Gulf of Gascony, and from the Bay of Biscay to the Sierra de Guadarrama, the wild and inhospitable range of mountains dividing Old from New Castille, which down to the time of the Cid, three centuries later, formed the natural frontier between Moor and Christian. The greater part of this vast region was a debatable land continually harried by both Christian and Saracen, and scarcely populated until a further extension of the frontier gave to it the security necessary for the foundation of towns.

The Saracens, during the first twenty years of

* Remarkable proofs of a tolerant spirit are not wanting before the fifteenth century. *Cf.* Latin poem on the Hospital of Roncesvalles (MS. thirteenth century).

Porta patet omnibus, infirmis et sanis
Judeis, hereticis, ociosis vanis,
Non solum catholicis verum et paganis
Et, ut dicam breviter, bonis et profanis.

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their possession of Spain, had been engaged in such mighty enterprises that it is hardly surprising they had quite overlooked the growing power close at hand. They had crossed the Pyrenees at their eastern end and had pursued their victorious march as far as the Rhone. Still unsatisfied they summoned a large force of willing helpers from the East, and again passing the Pyrenees, this time further west, they ravaged the rich country of Aquitaine as far north as Poitiers. In the vast plain that stretches between that city and Tours they were met and utterly defeated by Charles Martel, leader of the Franks, and the danger of a further spread of Islam in Western Europe was for ever at an end.

Disappointed in their hopes of extending their conquests, the Moslems turned their arms against one another. The traditional feuds that had separated tribe from tribe and nation from nation in North Africa, in Yemen, in Egypt, and in Syria had been momentarily forgotten when all were banded together as victors. About the middle of the eighth century they broke out again in Spain. Africa had been for some years the scene of a sanguinary conflict between Berber and Arab. The Berbers of Spain were intensely jealous of the Arabs, who, considering themselves the superior race, had seized the better part of the fruits of a victory that was mainly due to the numbers and valour of those whom they affected to despise. In the division of the conquered lands the Berbers had received their share chiefly on the bleak table-land of the centre of Spain, a position not only unattractive in itself, but made insecure by

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the growing power of the Christians. The discontent caused by this unfair treatment smouldered for a time, until hearing of the success of their compatriots in Africa, the Berbers suddenly revolted and marched southward to claim the warm rich lands of Andalusia on which their Arab rivals were comfortably established. This revolution, at first successful, was crushed by mercenaries brought over from Africa. These in turn imposed their own terms on those whom they had delivered. The north of Spain, deprived of its Berber inhabitants by a famine that succeeded the war, lay open to the attacks of the Christians whose territory at the beginning of these troubles was a narrow strip along the north coast; at their end Alfonso the Catholic, after adding his own dukedom of Cantabria to the kingdom of Pelayo, had thrust the enemy back beyond the Duero.

The struggle between the rival clans of Ummeyah and Abbas in the East ended in 750 with the founding by one of the latter of the Khalifate of Bagdad, after it had been held by their predecessors and rivals for a period of nearly a hundred years. A member of the ousted clan, escaping the general massacre of his kinsmen, made his way after many adventures to Spain. Here he became the leader of a faction, and finally succeeded in dispossessing the Emir who ruled the country in the name of the Khalif. He established himself as an independent monarch at Cordova (756), taking the title of Emir and the name of Abdu-r-rahman I. His long reign was spent in crushing revolts against his authority. In 777 a powerful body of malcontents called in the

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aid of the Emperor Charles the Great, who figures somewhat strangely as an ally of the Infidel. He advanced with a powerful army as far as Saragossa, but mutual distrust prevented concerted action between Moor and Christian. Called away by disturbances on the frontier of his own dominions, the great conqueror withdrew without having effected anything. In the defiles of the Pyrenees a part of his rear guard was surprised and cut off, and Roncesvalles, the scene of this disaster, became one of the most famous names throughout the Middle Ages.

Abdu-r-rahman lived to firmly establish his authority and to commence the building of the great mosque at Cordova, a city which, under his care, was rapidly becoming one of the wonders of the West. His son, the pious Hisham I., found leisure, while maintaining his authority within his own dominions, to attack his neighbours. He proclaimed a sacred war against the Christians, and three times he led his armies against them in different directions. A large part of Galicia and Asturias was plundered and laid waste. The same fate overtook the Basque provinces. The third expedition, directed against the north-east, was still more successful. The suburbs of Narbonne were burned and destroyed, the Count of Toulouse met with a crushing defeat, and the army returned laden with an immense booty, part of which was devoted to the completion and adornment of the new mosque.

In Spain the ninth century produced none of those great men who leave an indelible mark on the history of their country. It passed away leaving the relative

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position of the two nations practically unchanged. The Saracens were continually weakened by civil dissensions, and the Christians were gathering strength to carry on the great struggle in which they were engaged. They had now a national shrine round which to rally, for the alleged discovery at Compostela of the burial-place of St. James (826) was received with the greatest enthusiasm throughout the land, and becoming rapidly famous throughout Christendom, it increased the consideration and even the wealth of the highly favoured country. This period saw the foundation of three independent Christian States within the Peninsula. For a few years Spain north of the Ebro formed part of the vast empire of Charles the Great. On his death the inhabitants shook off the yoke of the stranger and declared their independence, choosing as kings the leaders to whom they owed their successes. Thus were founded on the southern slope of the Pyrenees the kingdoms of Navarre and Aragon, which for some time owed their existence to the inaccessible nature of the mountains among which they were founded. In 801 Barcelona was won back from the Moors by the Franks. Later in the same century it made itself independent of Charles the Bald and became another link in the chain which was destined to crush the life out of the Saracen power in Spain.

The successes of their compatriots in the north came as a faint echo to the *muzárabes* of the south, and gave rise to hopes which were not to be fulfilled until centuries later. For the first time the Moors perceived how great a danger the Christian popula-

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tion that dwelt among them might be, and their sense of this danger was marked by a corresponding increase of severity in their treatment of them. So long as Christianity was the religion of a conquered nation and of a small body of refugees, it met with contemptuous tolerance. But when its adherents in their turn became conquerors, and the *muzdrabes* began to look on the Christians of the north as possible deliverers, a dangerous spirit was aroused and martyrs were again found in the renegade or indifferent south. A similar change took place in the temper of the Saracens; reverses made them more gloomy and bitter towards the subject population, and each successive immigration of wild and uncivilised Africans was marked by an increase of the fanatical spirit from which the original conquerors were singularly free.

At the beginning of the tenth century Alfonso el Magno, King of Leon, made his name famous by his successful campaigns against the Infidel. Later in the same century all the ground he had won was lost again, and a series of crushing blows was dealt to the rising Christian power by Abdu-r-rahman III. This prince is justly celebrated as the greatest of the Ummeyah dynasty who ruled Andalus. At the time of his accession (912) his northern frontier from Galicia to Barcelona was threatened by the Christian armies. His dominions were in a state of utter disorganisation; revolts were so frequent that it seemed as though their internal quarrels would plunge the Saracens of Spain in anarchy, and lead to the dismemberment of their empire. So bold had

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the northern princes become that Ordoño II., King of Leon, had actually in his foraying expeditions marched as far south as Talavera and Mérida, and had defeated at San Esteban de Gormaz the general sent against him. Abdu-r-rahman now took upon himself the leadership of his armies, and his energy and skill soon changed the aspect of affairs. Crossing the Duero he ravaged the country far to the north, meeting with little or no resistance. He then turned eastward towards Navarre, and when met by the united armies of that country and of Leon, he utterly routed them at Val de Junquera (920). Even so the boldness of his enemies was not checked, and four years later he was again obliged to march northward. This time he crossed the Ebro and took Pamplona, thus extending his dominions right up to the foot of the mountains.

Freed for a time from external dangers Abdu-r-rahman turned his attention to the better government of his distracted kingdom; in this task he was no less successful than in his military enterprises. The spirit of revolt and lawlessness, which for the last thirty years had made the authority of the Emirs merely nominal in a large portion of the districts over which their titular sway extended, was thoroughly crushed out. A powerful fleet maintained Abdu-r-rahman's power in the Mediterranean, and by enabling him to conquer a part of the north of Africa justified the proud title of Khalif which he now assumed. An addition to the burdens of the Christians within his dominions, combined with a wise policy of conciliation towards those who

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adopted the Moslem faith, caused a large body of waverers to abandon their ancient religion and to become a source of strength instead of a perpetual danger to the land they inhabited. Peace and security at home produced a marked revival of commerce and industry. The treasury which had long been empty was now so full that large sums could be devoted to public works. Cordova with its population of half a million was already one of the most magnificent and prosperous cities of the world, and its monarch was able to gratify a mere caprice by building a league away from his capital the luxurious suburb of Az-zahirah, the gardens and palaces of which were his recreation from the affairs of state. The even good-fortune of Abdu-r-rahman's reign was broken in 939 by a serious defeat inflicted on his armies by the Christians at Simancas. Among the victors was Fernan Gonzalez, founder of the independence of Castille, and second only to the Cid himself among the Spanish heroes whose exploits were sung by the gleemen of the Middle Ages. The origin of the County of Castille is somewhat obscure (see p. 27). The dignity was not at first hereditary; sometimes we hear of two Counts at the same time ruling as feudatories of the Kings of Leon. The title had existed for about one hundred years, and local jealousy had caused more than one struggle for independence when Fernan Gonzalez revolted against Ramiro II. (940). He had overrated his strength, and fell into the hands of his overlord who kept him a prisoner at Leon until forced to release him. This he did after exacting an oath of allegiance. During

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the civil wars of the succeeding reigns Fernan Gonzalez fought for one party or the other according as his interests dictated. He thus contrived to leave at his death to his son Garci Fernandez his precarious power and his title of independent Count of Castille.

Abdu-r-rahman quickly regained the advantages he had lost by his reverse at Simancas. Before he died (961) his varied talents had rendered his country more powerful and prósperous than it had ever been before. He was succeeded by his son Al-hakem (961–976), a prince of a very different stamp. Al-hakem was a scholar and a patron of scholars, and it was owing to his love of learning that his capital became one of the great schools of the world. He had not, however, inherited his father's capacity for state affairs, and was led to squander a large portion of the wealth that had been so carefully amassed and might have been turned to better account, in an almost fruitless attempt to extend his dominions in Africa. Meantime the Christians, who had scarcely recovered from their crushing defeat at the hands of Abdu-r-rahman, were successfully held in check along the northern frontier.

The name of the next Khalif, Hisham II. (976–1009), is utterly overshadowed by that of his Vizir, the great Al-mansur, who keeping him in perpetual dependence, ruled Andalus mightily for a quarter of a century. The career of this man is of the extraordinary kind not without parallel among Western nations, but more common in the East, where the individual element is more powerful on account of

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the lack of organised public opinion. His birth gave him a position which, without being brilliant, was respectable; he was descended from an Arab family that had settled at Algeciras at the time of the conquest. In his youth he studied in the great schools of Cordova, and when his education was supposed to be complete, he at first gained his living by drawing up in proper form the petitions of the suitors who thronged the gates of Al-hakem II. In spite of his humble employment, his talents did not long escape notice; he was made a magistrate of the court of the Kadi. Appointed afterwards intendant of the private fortunes of the heir-apparent and of the Sultana, a Basque by birth, he made such good use of his opportunities that, even before Al-hakem's death, his authority within and without the palace was universally felt. He combined with other important offices, that of governor of the mint, and thus gained a great insight into the practical side of statesmanship. Meanwhile he cultivated the favour of the African tribes from which the soldiers of the Khalifate were drawn, and added military rank and experience to that which he had already gained. His marriage with the daughter of Ghalib, a general of skill and experience, further paved the way towards the supreme power at which he aimed.

When Al-hakem died his son and successor Hisham II., last and feeblest of the Ummeyah Khalifs, was only twelve years old and entirely under the influence of his mother and of the minister, who as yet contented himself with the title of Vizir or privy councillor. This influence he was careful to

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maintain and increase. When Hisham was fourteen years old he was removed from Cordova to the new suburb of Az-zahirah hard by. His palace was surrounded with a wall and ditch, and thus became a prison into which none entered save by Al-mansur's orders. Thus removed from dangerous influences, the boy's intelligence was never developed. He was left a mere puppet in the hands of others, amused and enervated at the same time by all the pleasures of a mock Oriental Court.

Meanwhile Al-mansur, after a successful expedition against the King of Leon (977), had so greatly increased his reputation that he was able, in the following year, to obtain by intrigue his appointment to the office of Hajib or first minister. There remained only one person capable of rivalling Al-mansur's power. This was Ghalib, his father-in-law, of whose military skill he had made use of for his own advancement. Now that he was no longer useful, and refused to be a tool in the hands of his ambition, the future monarch prudently quarrelled with him. Al-mansur's talents and determination were such that he did not fear to measure himself against the professional soldier. Assembling an army of Berbers in Africa, he attacked and slew his father-in-law in 981.

The odium attaching to the successful leader of a civil war was quickly obliterated by military successes against the national enemy. The arms that had defeated Ghalib were turned against the Christians. The combined forces of Ramiro III., King of Leon, Sancho el Mayor, King of Navarre, and Garci Fernandez, Count of Castille, were defeated at Rueda

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in the neighbourhood of Valladolid. Simancas again fell into the power of the Moslems, and only bad weather prevented them from pursuing their advantage in the kingdom of Leon which lay at their mercy. It was in honour of this event that the Hajib took the title of Al-mansur billah, the favoured of God, by which he is best known.

In the civil war which followed the death of Ramiro III., King of Leon (984), Al-mansur supported the pretensions of the late King's cousin, Bermudo, and put him in possession of a dependent crown. He next (985) marched against Barcelona, and after taking the city by storm, he sacked and burned it. Two years later, being dissatisfied with the conduct of his creature Bermudo, he avenged himself by a bloody campaign in the north-west. Coimbra fell into his power; the kingdom of Leon was mercilessly ravaged; Zamora was utterly destroyed, and of the royal city of Leon only one tower was left standing to testify how strong had been the place which was unable to resist the conqueror. Bermudo became a fugitive in his own dominions, and Garci Fernandez, Count of Castille, who had rashly supported a rebellious son of Al-mansur, was severely chastised.

Submission of the most humiliating character procured Bermudo's forgiveness and restoration; but unwarned by his former misfortunes, and believing Al-mansur to be fully occupied by the cares of an African campaign, he again rebelled, refusing to pay the stipulated tribute. Al-mansur now resolved to utterly crush the turbulent princes of the north.

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Setting out from Cordova he marched to Oporto, where he was met by his fleet and by many of his Christian vassals who had not dared to disobey the imperious summons to join his standard. The Duero and Minho were successfully crossed by help of the ships, and the infidels marched on Santiago de Compostela. Their course was well calculated to spread terror and dismay among the Christians. The shrine of St. James was already revered throughout Europe as one of its most famous sanctuaries. To the Spaniards it was doubly dear on account of the miraculous aid with which its patron was supposed to favour their enterprises against the Moor. But such was the dread inspired by Al-mansur's approach that the inhabitants fled, and not an arm was raised to shield the holy place. The city was razed to the ground and the cathedral plundered. After a week spent in the neighbourhood for the purpose of refreshing his troops and plundering the country, Al-mansur marched away southward leaving a wilderness in his track and bearing with him the bells of St. James which were turned into lamps for the mosque of Cordova. Five years later (1002), Al-mansur died, and the power that his talents had acquired among his own people, and his military skill had spread over the rest of the Peninsula melted rapidly away. So soon as the strong hand was removed, factions sprang up which lesser men were unable to repress, and the Christians of the frontiers again became formidable. The chroniclers of the thirteenth century tell of a great battle fought at Calatañazor, between Soria and Burgo de Osma,

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north of the Duero, in which Al-mansur, the terrible, was defeated and slain. No allusion to this battle can be found in the earlier documents, either Latin or Arabic. It is possible that some engagement at Calatañazor may have been the beginning of the Christian successes that followed Al-mansur's death, but certainly it cannot have been so glorious for the victors or so crushing for the defeated nation as the chroniclers represent. The Arabic historians relate that Al-mansur died from natural causes in the full tide of his prosperity. The monk of Silos, writing a century later, thus graphically describes his career and end from a Christian point of view:

"To him God's judgment for our sins later allowed such licence that in twelve successive years he attacked an equal number of times the Christian territories, and captured Leon and the other cities, destroyed the churches of St. James and of the holy martyrs St. Facundo and St. Primitivo, as I have before mentioned, together with many others which it would be tedious to enumerate; he desecrated all holy things with reckless audacity, and finally subdued and made the whole kingdom subject to himself. At this same time all religious worship perished out of Spain and all the glory of the Christians fell away. The heaped-up treasures of the churches were utterly pillaged until at last God's clemency, taking pity on these misfortunes, vouchsafed to relieve the shoulders of the Christians of their scourge (*clades*). So it befell that in the thirteenth * year of

* Al-mansur assumed the royal title in the year 991 and died eleven years later.

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his reign, after many hideous massacres of Christians, Al-mansur was seized hard by the great city Medina Celi by the devil who had possessed him during his life and hurled into hell."

The shadow without the substance of Al-mansur's authority was inherited successively by two of his sons, Abdu-l-malik and Abdu-r-rahman. The latter caused the feeble Hisham II., who still retained the title of Khalif, to declare him his successor. This provoked a revolt in which Abdu-r-rahman lost his life (1009). Four years later the struggle between rival candidates for the Khalifate brought about the fall of Cordova. It was captured by a Berber army, and straightway the empire of the Ummeyahs fell to pieces. The governors of the provinces either formally declared themselves independent or tacitly disregarded the authority of the Sultan Suleiman, whose real power was limited to the cities of Cordova, Seville, Ocsnoba, Niebla, and Beja, with their districts. Thus originated the small Saracen kingdoms of the eleventh century. The most important of them were Saragossa, Toledo, Badajoz, Seville, and Granada. Their rulers are contemptuously called by the Spaniards princelets (*reyezuelos*) or kings of districts (*reyes de tailfas*). Ali, the first Khalif of the Hammudite dynasty, was torn from the throne by the very hands that had set him up, and so the struggle went on between Hammudite and Ummeyah, Arab and Berber, till the list of feeble Khalifs who served as tools in the hands of popular leaders closed in 1031 with the abdication of Hisham III., and Cordova became a republic.

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In 1029 Garci Sanchez, great-grandson of the famous Fernan Gonzalez, and the last of his line, was treacherously murdered at Leon whither he had gone to demand of Bermudo III. the formal recognition of his title of King of Castille and the hand of Bermudo's sister, Sancha, in marriage. The two sisters of the murdered prince were the queens severally of Sancho el Mayor, King of Navarre, and Bermudo III., King of Leon. Both laid claim to the dominions of their deceased brother-in-law who had taken the proud title of King of the Spains. A war broke out between the two countries, in which the Navarrese gained the advantage, thanks to the indomitable energy which characterised their King, Sancho, throughout his reign of sixty-five years. He invaded and took possession of Castille, and after adding it to his own dominions, fixed his capital at Nágera hard by the frontier, in order the better to hold in check the pretensions which Bermudo, although beaten, refused to relinquish. Not content with the possession of the disputed territory, Sancho pushed his conquests further to the west and finally left to his rival nothing but the province of Galicia.

In 1035 King Sancho el Mayor died, leaving two legitimate sons. To the elder of these, García, he bequeathed his hereditary dominions of Navarre. To Fernando, the younger, married to Sancha, sister of Bermudo of Leon, he bequeathed the kingdom of Castille, together with the lands which he had conquered to the west between the rivers Pisuerga and Cea. Two other sons remained, and to them also, in spite of their illegitimate birth, he gave separate

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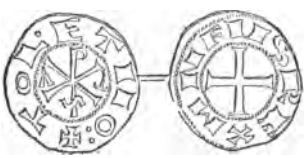
dominions. Ramiro became king of the district that had hitherto been styled the county of Aragon. Gonzalo received the principality of Sobrarbe and Ribagorza at the foot of the Pyrenees.

Seeing, as he thought, in the death of his formidable rival the opportunity of regaining his lost dominions, Bermudo invaded Leon, but the brothers of Castille and Navarre united against him, and he was defeated and slain in the battle of Tamaron (1035). Fernando made good his wife's claim to the whole of her brother's dominions.

With the subsequent victories of King Fernando over his brother, García of Navarre, legend associates the name of the Cid. Those of the Cid's exploits for which we have reliable historical evidence belong to a somewhat later period. But the part of his history of which we have undoubted proof in the writings of Christians and Arabs is often a mere outline, and does not explain the extraordinary honour in which he was held in his own time and subsequently, so we shall tell the earlier part of the story as it is told in the great History written by Alfonso the Learned in the thirteenth century or by the minstrels of a still later date, merely distinguishing between events that are undoubtedly fabulous and others of a more trustworthy character.



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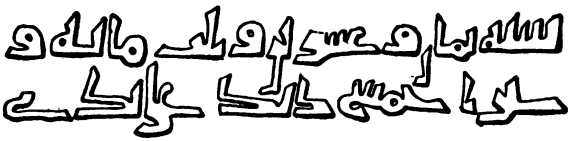

CHAPTER II.

THE ANCESTRY AND NAMES OF THE CID; LEGENDARY ACCOUNTS OF HIS YOUTHFUL EXPLOITS.

1035–1066.

A CHARTER granted by King Fernando to the city of Burgos in the year 1217 relates that during the early years of the tenth century "the Castillians who dwelt in the mountains of Castille were sore aggrieved by being obliged to go to Leon for legal business, because it was far off and the road was long and they had to cross the mountains, and when they arrived there the Leonese treated them haughtily; and for this reason they chose two powerful men (*omes buenos*) of their own district, Munyo Rasuella (Nuño Rasuera) and Layn Calvo, to decide disputes in order that they might not be obliged to go to Leon; for they had not the power to appoint judges without leave of the King of Leon."

More than one interpretation has been put upon these words, but the true one probably is that Nuño Rasuera and Layn Calvo were really nothing more than mediators, judging causes and giving sentences

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the sole authority of which was derived from the compact made between litigants to respect them and thus escape the costly and precarious "justice" of the King of Leon. Nuño Rasuera was connected with the noble family of Porcelos, the founders of Burgos and ancestors of the great Count Fernan Gonzalez, whom we have already mentioned as the champion of Castillian independence. A marriage between Layn Calvo and the daughter of Nuño Rasuera established a close connection between the two families that had been so signally honoured by the confidence of their fellow-countrymen. From this marriage sprang, in the fifth generation, Diego Laynez, father of the Cid. Diego Laynez was a person of wealth and consideration as befitted his ancestry. He had inherited the estate of Bivar, hard by Burgos, and fighting gallantly by the side of King Fernando in his Navarrese wars, had received as his reward the lordship of several villages. He married the daughter of Don Rodrigo Álvarez, Count and Governor of Asturias. The son born of this marriage received at baptism the name of his maternal grandfather, Rodrigo. To this was added, according to the custom of the time, the surname Diaz or Diez,* meaning son of Diego, and the territorial title of nobility derived from the family estate; his whole name was thus Rodrigo (or Ruy) Diaz de Bivar. In official documents he generally used the Latin form, signing Rodericus Didaci, sometimes adding Castellanus in order to distinguish himself

* -az or -ez is the common patronymic termination in Spanish. Thus Álvarez means son of Álvaro; Martinez, son of Martin, etc.

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from his less famous brother-in-law, Rodericus Didaci Asturianus.

These names, however, are not those by which our hero is best known. It is as "The Cid," in Spanish, "El Cid," or "Myo Cid," that Rodrigo de Bivar has become famous in all countries, but the true origin and meaning of the well-known name are still matters of conjecture. The most generally received opinion is that Cid is a Spanish form of the Arabic Sidy, Lord, or My Lord. According to the legends, Rodrigo de Bivar was thus addressed by certain Saracen chieftains, his prisoners of war, in the presence of the King of Castille, and the King was pleased to decree that by this name, so honourably gained, he should be known. That the name, Cid, may have been acquired among the Saracens is not at first sight improbable, but before accepting this theory, several objections must be considered. First of all there is no evidence to show that Rodrigo Diaz was thus called in his lifetime. The name does not appear in contemporary documents, nor is it used by early chroniclers, Christian or Arabic. It is first found in a Latin poem on the taking of Almeria by Alfonso the Seventh, written about the year 1160*; in the *Poema del Cid* (latter

* The passage runs:

"Ipse Rodericus, mio Cid semper vocatus.
De quo cantatur, quod ab hostibus haud superatur,
Qui domuit Mauros, Comites domuit quoque nostros,
Hunc (Alvar Fañez) extollebat, se laude minore ferebat:
Sed fateor virum (verum ?), quod tollet nulla dierum
Meo Cidi primus fuit, Alvarus atque secundus."

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part of twelfth century), and in the *Crónica General* it is constantly used. From this we must conclude that the name Cid somehow became attached to Rodrigo de Bivar during the century that succeeded his death, and that it was adopted by the gleemen, with whom his exploits formed a favourite theme. It is, however, a curious fact that the names Cid, Myo Cid, and Citiz are by no means rare in documents of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. In a donation of the year 1068, which was undoubtedly signed by the Cid, we find the two names *Rodrigo Didaz* and *Cid Didaz*. It is possible that the former may be the son of the Count of Asturias and the latter Rodrigo of Bivar. A donation to the church of San Eugenio, of which the Abbot Licinius, cousin of the Cid, was rector, is subscribed by Rodrico Didaz and, lower down, by *Mio Cid Petrus Roderici* (Rodriguez) *de Olea miles*. It bears the date 1077: in a confirmation of the same, eighty years later, is found the signature *Mio Cid Roy Gonzalez de Olea*. Even Jews and slaves sometimes bore the name *Cid*, or, in its feminine form, Cita.*

While it is probable that Rodrigo Diaz was not called "the Cid" during his lifetime, it is certain that he made use of the honourable title of "Campeador," a title which also appears in the Latin forms Campidator, Campiductor, and Campidoctus, meaning

* It has occurred to me that the name Cid may be derived from the Arabic root sa'ada (to be fortunate), and that the gleemen merely translated it when they spoke of "him who was born in happy hour," and alluded to it when they spoke of his "good auguries" and "fortune" (*suerte*).

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Champion. This name was bestowed on him for his valour and prowess in single combats. It was customary among the Saracens, as among many other peoples, when two hostile armies were in sight of one another, for picked men to come forth from the ranks and to challenge the bravest of their enemies to a duel. The challenger in such a case was called in Arabic *Mubariz*, in Spanish *Desafiador* or *Campeador*. That Rodrigo Diaz was in the habit of taking upon himself this dangerous duty, and that hence he derived his title of Campeador, is proved by the following verse taken from a Latin poem written to celebrate his exploits within a hundred years after his death. It alludes to a circumstance that we shall mention later:

"Hoc fuit primum singulare bellum
Cum adolescens devicit Navarrum
Hinc campidoctor dictus est majorum
Ore virorum."

The Arabic historians frequently make use of this name in the form Al-kambeyator when referring to the Cid; his enemy, the Count of Barcelona (see p. 194), reminds him of the obligation entailed on him who bore it, saying: "if thou comest forth to fight us thou wilt show thyself to be in truth that Rodrigo whom men call the Warrior (Bellatorem) and the Champion (Campeatorem)."*

*There existed also during the Middle Ages "Champions" of another kind whose office and persons were held infamous. These were the men who wandered from place to place hiring their services to fight with staff and buckler in the judicial combats, the so-called appeals to the judgment of God, which disgraced the statute-books of

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History first makes mention of the Cid, for so long established usage compels us to call him, about the year 1066, but of the date and circumstances of his birth nothing is known. The legends embodied in the chronicles of the thirteenth and following centuries, however, contain several curious stories which deserve to be recapitulated before we come to surer ground. According to them the Cid was born about 1026. The General Chronicle introduces him abruptly in the middle of the reign of Don Fernando, saying, "at this time lived Rodrigo de Byuar (Bivar), a stalwart youth in arms and of good manners; and the people loved him greatly for that he was very successful in protecting the land against the Moors." His descent from Layn Calvo and Nuño Rasuera is carefully traced and an explanation is attempted of the story, often alluded to by the gleemen that the Cid was the son of a miller.* Diego

almost all European countries. The Spanish historian Masdeu, a determined enemy of the glories of the Cid, has sought to show that if he existed at all, he belonged to the latter class. Not to mention Dozy's learned investigations, this theory is sufficiently disproved by the esteem in which the Campeador was held by the great men of his time, and by the evident pride with which, when already famous as a leader of men, he signs himself Campiductor.

*See Poema I. 3378:

Hya, varones ¿ quién vio nunca tal mal?
¿ Quién nos darie nueuas de myo Cid el de Biuar?
¿ Fuesse a Rriodouirna los molinos picar,
E prender maquilas commo lo suele far?

The same story is told of the birth of the Emperor Charles the Great. See also the curious account given of himself by Cid, *Chrónica Rimada*, v., 879.

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Laynez, we are told, when of marriageable age, got him to horse on the feast of S. James, and riding forth met a peasant-woman who was carrying her husband's dinner to the threshing-floor. He seized and forced her. When he let her go, she went on her way to her husband and told him what had happened. The husband held her blameless, and when her time came she bore two sons, one by Diego Laynez and one by her husband. This illegitimate son of Diego Laynez was called Fernando Diaz, and is confounded "by those who do not know the story aright," with his half brother, Rodrigo Diaz, who was born later from his father's marriage with Teresa Nuñez the daughter of Count Nuño Álvarez de Amaya. As for Fernando Diaz, he married the daughter of Anton Antolinez of Burgos and became the father of the Cid's nephews Martin Antolinez, Pero Bermudez, and Ordoño el Menor, names that constantly recur in the chronicles and ballads of the Cid. These traditional genealogies are utterly untrustworthy. They originate in the desire to establish a connection between celebrated men. Even the authors who make use of them do not in any degree hold themselves bound to reconcile their own accounts with those of their predecessors. A Bermudez and an Antolinez can scarcely have been the sons of one man (see note p. 28).

Almost as well known as the name of Cid is that of the famous steed Babieca which bore him in all his battles. Babieca is supposed is to have lived more than fifty years and to have carried his master's dead body from Valencia to Burgos. How

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the Cid became possessed of this extraordinary horse, and the horse of his extraordinary name, is told as follows: The Cid's godfather was Don Pedro de Burgos or Peyre Pringos (Peter Fat), a priest of Burgos. From him the Cid, whilst still a boy, begged a colt. The good priest led his godson to a paddock where the mares were running with their colts at foot, and bade him choose the best. The boy stood by the gate of the paddock while the herd was driven past him. The best looking of the colts passed him unheeded, till at last a mare came by with a very ugly and mangy colt running by her side. Suddenly he called out, "This is the one for me." His godfather, angry at so apparently foolish a choice, exclaimed, "Booby (Babieca)! thou hast chosen ill." But the young Cid, no whit abashed, answered, "This will be a good horse, and Booby (Babieca) shall be his name."

But the most famous legend connected with the youth of the Cid is that of his fight with the Conde de Gormaz or Haughty (*Lozano*) Count, and his marriage with the daughter of his slain enemy. The development of this story is of late date, but the outline is found in the General Chronicle, which says merely, "as he went about in Castille he had a quarrel with the Count, and they fought their fight, and Rodrigo slew the Count." The ballads are much fuller and make the Cid an extraordinarily precocious youth. Before reaching the age of ten years he took on himself the duties of a man and the privilege of doing justice which belonged to the great nobles or *señores de cuchilla y horca* (lords of

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knife * and gallows). One of his earliest exploits was the trying and hanging of a robber who had fallen into his hands.

It happened, says the ballad, that Diego Laynez when an old man, and incapable of bearing arms, was grievously insulted and struck by his enemy, the Conde de Gormaz. Sorrowfully he returned to his house at Bivar "reflecting on the dishonour done to his lineage, so noble, rich, and ancient, even before Iñigo Abarca. And seeing that he lacked strength to exact the vengeance due to him, for by reason of his many years he could not win it with his own hands, he could neither sleep by night, nor taste his food, nor raise his eyes from the ground, nor dare to go out from his house, nor to speak with his friends. Nay, more, he forbade them to speak to him, fearing that the breath of his infamy might stain them. Whilst thus he struggled with his revolted pride, he bethought him to call his sons † and to put them to the proof. This fell out as he had hoped; without uttering a word he squeezed one by one their noble and delicate hands. Thoughts of his honour lent strength, despite his years and grey hairs, to the cold blood that ran in his veins and to his chilled thews and sinews. So hard he squeezed that they cried: "Hold, Sir! What means this, or what wouldst thou of us? Let go, or thou wilt kill

* Capital punishment was inflicted on persons of noble birth not by beheading but by cutting the throat. This explains the word *cuchilla*.

† The Chronicle states explicitly that the Cid had no brother except the Fernando Diaz mentioned above.

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us!" When he came to Rodrigo he had almost lost hope of the result he longed for—but hope is often late fulfilled—the boy's eyes blazed forth with the glow of an angry tiger, furious and unabashed he uttered these words: "Let me go, father! A curse on thee! Let go! A curse on thee! For hadst thou not been my father, not by words alone would I have shewn my rage; with my very hands I would have torn out thy heart, driving in my finger instead of dagger or knife!" The old man wept for joy. "Son of my heart," he said, "thy fury heals my own, thy indignation is my joy. Shew but this spirit, my Rodrigo, in the quest of my honour, which is lost to me forever if it be not recovered and won back by thee." He told him of the insult he had suffered, and gave him his blessing and the sword with which the Cid made an end of the Count and a beginning of his exploits.

In another ballad a still more barbarous method of proving his sons is attributed to the father. He placed their fingers in his mouth and bit them until the pain became intolerable. The result is the same in either case: Rodrigo is chosen to be his father's champion. He sallies forth and meets the haughty * Count of Gormaz; his challenge is at first received with derision, he is mocked as an upstart boy, and is threatened with a whipping; finally, however, his high spirit and earnestness prevail, and he returns in triumph bearing the bleeding head of the Count wherewith to heal his father's wounded honour.

* The epithet *Lozano* is applied by the gleemen to this person and to other great nobles.—*Cf. Chrónica Rimada*, v., 680. In the Ballads it is used as a proper name.

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The Count left behind him a beautiful daughter, Jimena Gomez, who inherited his proud spirit, and took upon herself to avenge his death. She made her way to King Fernando's Court and proudly demanded redress against the slayer of her father. The King is unwilling to sacrifice so goodly a youth, and after the rough fashion of the time, the feud is healed by the lady being induced to accept the hand that had slain her father in satisfaction of her claims upon his slayer.

Such is the legendary account of the Cid's marriage with Jimena Gomez, the mother of his two fabulous daughters, Elvira and Sol, whose story will be told later. The Cid's real wife was also called Jimena, and many attempts have been made to identify her with the virago of the legend, or to show that the Cid was twice married. These have been unsuccessful, and if there is any foundation of fact for this famous legend, it is so overshadowed by the mass of fiction as to be indistinguishable. It must be borne in mind that there are two Jimenas, one legendary and one historical, just as there are two Cids whose characters and actions are at times irreconcilable.

Rodrigo had no time to devote to the lady to whom he found himself bethrothed under such strange circumstances. He left her at Burgos in his mother's charge and vowed not to see her again until he should have made himself worthy of her by some notable exploit. The occasion for the fulfilment of this vow soon presented itself. The Moors of Aragon led by "five kings" had made one of their

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periodical forays down into Castille harrying Logroño and Nágera. As they returned through the passes, encumbered with their booty and driving before them herds of captives and cattle, they were set upon and defeated by the youthful Cid. The prisoners were kindly treated and generously set free. Out of gratitude they acknowledged themselves vassals of their captor, and later, at the King's Court, bestowed on him the title of Cid.

Not long afterwards, the Cid was chosen by the King to represent Castille in battle with a chosen champion of Aragon. The stake was the possession of the city of Calahorra. The two Kings, says the chronicler, had met to discuss their claims and "they made an oath, each of them, to come and bring a knight who should combat for their right, and that the knight who conquered should win Calahorra for his lord. When this agreement had been confirmed they returned each one to his own land." The King of Aragon chose a certain Martin Gonzalez to represent him. The Cid cheerfully accepted King Fernando's commission as a ready means of acquiring further glory. He decided to employ the interval before the date fixed for the combat in making a pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostela. So he set out accompanied by twenty of his knights, and as he went along his way he did many good deeds and gave much alms, satisfying the poor and needy. So it befel that he came upon a leper who had fallen into a bog by the roadside. The leper cried aloud and besought the passers-by to pull him out for the love of God. The dread and loathing

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inspired by his terrible disease was so great that none harkened to his prayer, and he was like to perish when the Cid dismounted and went to his assistance. When he had got him safely out on the road, he placed him on his own beast, and brought him to the inn where they lodged. The knights of his company were horrified by the risk he thus ran, and their horror was changed to disgust and indignation when the hour for supper came and their leader, after bidding them be seated, took his strange guest by the hand and placed him by his side. As the two ate out of the same dish it seemed to the bystanders that the scales of the leprosy fell into the food, and they rose from the table and left the inn. The Cid finished his supper and ordered a bed to be prepared for himself and the leper, and they slept the two of them together. At midnight the Cid felt a sudden blast of air on his back, so strong that it passed right through him and out at his chest. He awoke and sought for the leper by his side. Failing to find him he called aloud for him, but none answered. At length a light was brought, and leaving it burning by his side, the Cid lay down again and began to consider what had befallen him. While thus he meditated and considered, there appeared to him a man in white raiment who asked "Sleepest thou, Rodrigo?" and he answered and said, "Nay, I am awake; but who art thou that bearest about thee so bright a light and so sweet a smell?" The vision answered, "I am Saint Lazarus, and would have thee know that I was that leper to whom thou shewedst such kindness and honour

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for the love of God. And for the kindness and love that thou didst shew me, God bestows on thee this great boon, that when the blast that thou didst feel but now shall come upon thee, thou mayest undertake that on which thy heart is fixed, whether it be fighting or other matters, and it shall go well with thee. Thus shall thine honour increase from day to day, and thou shalt be feared and respected by Moors and Christians. And never shall thine enemies have power to harm thee, and thou shalt die an honourable death in thy house and amid thy possessions. For never shalt thou be conquered but ever victorious, for God grants thee His blessing, so rest thee well and do ever the right." The Cid arose from his bed and prayed till morning. Then he went on his way rejoicing to fulfil his pilgrimage.

At length the day came on which the fate of Calahorra was to be decided. The two Kings were met together in the city, the lists were prepared, only the Cid was wanting. His cousin, Alvar Fañez *, offered to replace him, and already he stood fully armed and prepared to mount when the rightful champion appeared. No time was to be lost; the Cid took the horse that stood ready and at once made for his adversary who met him with equal valour. Both lances were broken in the first onslaught, and both champions were badly wounded. While they were preparing to renew the combat with

* Alvar Fañez is a real personage. He was one of the most famous captains of Alfonso VI., but, though there is evidence to show that he was the Cid's cousin, the two were not so intimately connected in common enterprises as the story represents.

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their swords, the Aragonese knight "began to say his words to Rodrigo, thinking to frighten him." "Right sorely dost thou rue, Don Rodrigo, that thou art come into this place with me, for I will hinder thy marriage with Doña Jimena, thy betrothed, whom thou lovest so dearly. Thou shalt not return alive to Castille." To this threat the Cid replied with moderation, "Don Martin Gonzalez, thou art a good knight. Such words befit not this place. Our fight must be fought out with our hands and not with empty words. Everything is in the power of God to give strength unto whom He will." He followed up his words with a mighty stroke which, descending on the helmet of his adversary, inflicted a grievous wound. The Aragonese retaliated with a blow not less crushing but not so well directed. It caught the edge of the Cid's shield and bit into it. The sword became so firmly fixed that, when its owner drew it towards him, the Cid was obliged to let go his shield. A cut across his adversary's face compensated for this disadvantage, but still Gonzalez held good, and it was only after a long and tough fight that at last he fell from his horse exhausted by loss of blood. Then the Cid dismounted and slew him and asked if anything more remained to be done for the right of Calahorra. The umpires answered, No, and King Fernando himself aided the Cid to disarm, whilst the King of Aragon sorrowfully bore away the body of Martin Gonzalez to burial in his own land.

The Cid's enemies, as well as his friends, are introduced into these legends of his early life, often

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with circumstances of great improbability. Thus the tale is told how, after defeating and slaying the Aragonese knight, the Cid increased so greatly in the King's favour that many of the nobles of Castille become jealous and sought to rid themselves of their rival by treachery. They attempted to attain their purpose by means of a battle with the Moors. During the Middle Ages the science of tactics was altogether ignored or neglected. It was the custom of leaders of armies to agree upon a place and date on which their quarrel should be fought out as if in the lists. The belief in the Judgment of God, to which direct appeal was made in the judicial combats between single champions, was extended also to general engagements fought during wars between independent sovereigns. Thus Might was Right according to popular view in more senses than one. The treacherous nobles who sought the Cid's death communicated with the Saracens of the frontier and arranged that a battle should be fought on Holy Cross Day in the month of May. Either party would then have an opportunity of ridding themselves of the young hero whose growing prowess was a standing menace to the pretensions of the one and the security of the other. This battle was never fought, for the treacherous intention with which it had been planned was revealed by the Saracen chiefs whom the Cid had captured and chivalrously set free on condition of their becoming his vassals. Wishing to shew their fidelity and gratitude, they now warned him of his danger. The Cid at once laid the matter before the King, and sentence of banishment was

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pronounced against those implicated. Among them, says the story, was the powerful noble, Count Garcia de Cabra, whose enmity towards the Cid at a later period is one of the best attested facts of his history. The King's attention was taken up with planning a pilgrimage to the shrine of S. James, and he entrusted to the Cid the charge of driving out such of the banished nobles as did not at once obey his sentence. In these circumstances there came before the Cid his sister (or cousin) Elvira, the wife of García de Cabra, and besought him to grant to her husband letters to some of his Saracen vassals which should secure him a safe retreat in his exile. The Cid sent his letters to the King of Cordova, who submissively granted to Count García the lordship of Cabra from which he took his title. The chronicles comment on the ingratitude of the Count who, after receiving such a favour, was ever ready to turn his arms against his benefactor. But the whole story is full of improbabilities, and was evidently invented to account for a well-known feud, the origin of which is lost in obscurity. It is almost certain that at the time to which this legend refers the Cid was a mere child; he certainly was not a person of enough authority to have played the part here attributed to him.

The power and prosperity of Don Fernando, as King of the united monarchy of Leon and Castille, was looked on with the utmost jealousy by his brother García of Navarre, whose violent and treacherous character contrasts unfavourably with Fernando's clemency and frankness. In 1052 García fell ill, and Fernando went to visit him at Nágera,

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now, by the arrangement of Sancho el Mayor, the capital of Navarre. Here he received information that his brotherly attention was to be repaid by treachery, and that García intended to seize his person. By withdrawing suddenly and secretly to his own dominions he frustrated the plot. Indeed, so cautiously did Fernando act, that García was unaware that he knew of the danger he had narrowly escaped. The following spring Fernando in turn fell ill, and García came to Castille to visit him, "rather," says the contemporary author, "that he might atone for his criminal attempt than in order to condole with his brother on his infirmity; for he desired not only his sickness but his death also, that he might leave him in possession of the kingdom." García was arrested and kept for some time a prisoner in the castle of Cea, not far from Leon. He succeeded at length in escaping and returned to his own kingdom vowing vengeance on his brother. It was not long before he assembled a large army in which were enrolled many Saracens mercenaries from Saragossa and Tudela, for García possessed the reputation of being one of the most skilful captains as well as one of the hardiest soldiers of his day. He boldly crossed the Montes d'Oca and encamped at Atapuerca, about twelve miles from Burgos. Fernando marched out hastily to meet him in command of a force, the small number of which was more than redeemed by its high spirit and loyalty to its leader. Whilst the two armies were encamped in sight of each other, Fernando sent to offer peace on condition that the invading army would immediately

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recross the frontier. The ambassadors were roughly treated and sent back with a contemptuous answer, in spite of the protests of García's knights who saw that, in the event of defeat, this overbearing conduct would be bitterly avenged. The Navarrese now took advantage of their King's situation to demand the confirmation of their privileges and the restoration of the honours and estates of which certain of their number had been deprived. This disloyal claim was roughly rejected, whereupon two of those who considered themselves specially wronged renounced their allegiance and went over to Don Fernando's army. The discontent among the rest was so great as to cause the gloomiest outlook for the battle which, as usual, was fought at a prearranged time and place. King García's tutor (*ayo*) came at the last moment into his presence and, with tears in his eyes, besought him to secure his own safety by granting the request of his barons. When at length his patience was exhausted in a vain attempt to overcome García's obstinacy, he exclaimed: "Sure I am that to-day thou wilt be conquered and slain; wherefore I would die first, for with great fidelity did I bring thee up." The two armies were already drawn up in battle array when the old knight, casting away his shield and breast-plate, rushed upon the Castillians with no other arms save his lance and the sword he wore at his side. He speedily met his death, and over his body the battle became general. Among those who specially distinguished themselves on Fernando's side were many of the knights who had once belonged to the household of his predecessor,

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Bermudo, and who now sought to gain the favour of the King whom fortune had placed over them. The Navarrese, who formed the backbone of García's army, at first made some show of fighting, but the unpopularity of their King prevented any real effort being made to save him from his fate. García fell, mortally stricken, it is said, by the hand of one of the two knights who the day before had renounced their allegiance. He was buried with all honour at Nágera in a church which he himself had built and endowed. Fernando used his victory moderately; so soon as the day was won, he gave orders to check the slaughter so far as Christians were concerned. As for the Moorish mercenaries of his late brother, they were all slain or made prisoners. Navarre lay at his mercy, and he would have been justified by the custom of the time had he invaded and subjugated it. He however contented himself with adding to his own dominions the part of García's territory which lay on the right bank of the Ebro, leaving Sancho Garces, the son of the slain monarch, to inherit his father's kingdom from the Ebro to the Pyrenees. It is remarkable that the chroniclers, who relate the circumstances of this battle in the course of their long and minute history of the Cid, make no mention of his presence on the occasion. This is another proof of the theory that he was born some twenty years later than these chroniclers suppose.

For the first sixteen years of his reign, Don Fernando was so engaged in repressing his enemies at home that he had no time to give to the extension of his dominions among the Saracens. Four years

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after the battle of Atapuerca (1056), he attacked Almudaffar, the Saracen King of Badajoz, and captured several towns situated in the present kingdom of Portugal. Instead of driving out or massacring the inhabitants, he left them in possession of their lands, exacting only a heavy tribute. He next turned his arms against the city of Viseu, where, thirty years before, his father-in-law had been slain by a bolt shot from the walls. The crossbowmen whose skill had rendered the place famous made use of their weapons on this occasion also. Their bolts were said to be shot with such force as to pierce a shield and triple cuirass; but Fernando protected his men by having boards attached to the fronts of their shields, and took the city after a short and vigorous siege. The archer by whose hand Alfonso the Noble fell was captured along with the rest of the inhabitants, and Fernando exacted an unkingly vengeance by cutting off his hands and tearing out his eyes, according to the cruel custom that had prevailed among the Goths. The expedition ended brilliantly with the capture of Lamego. The King of Badajoz became a vassal of the King of Leon and Castille. The inhabitants of the conquered lands were obliged to rebuild the churches which their ancestors had destroyed. The chronicler, anxious as we must suppose to attribute to the Cid a share in all this glory but unable to cite any definite exploits, merely says, "during all this war Rodrigo de Bivar was one of those who wrought much in good and notable deeds of arms."

The success of this expedition stirred up King

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Fernando to yet further efforts. In 1058 he boldly crossed the Duero and seized the strong castle of San Esteban de Gormaz. Pushing on eastward, he destroyed the *atalayas*, small watchtowers and keeps which studded the Moorish frontier and gave warning and protection to the inhabitants of the open country when the Christians were foraying across the border. From Medinaceli to Tarazona the whole land was laid waste. The passes of the mountains through which the Saracens were accustomed to pour down upon the plains of Castille were roughly fortified. The King of Saragossa was compelled to purchase peace at the price of an annual tribute, and Fernando turned his victorious arms against his neighbour Al-mamun, King of Toledo. This expedition was no less successful than the last. The Castillians crossed the wild and chilly passes of the Guadarrama and laid waste the valleys of the Henares, Jarama, and Manzanares, now part of the bleak dry table-land of the centre of Spain, but then well wooded and well watered. They next laid siege to Alcalá, hard by Madrid, and here it was that Al-mamun came in person to their camp to make his submission. Peace was granted, Toledo became a tributary state, and Fernando returned to his own country, having now secured a strong footing on the southern slope of the mountains.

The country immediately to the north of the Duero, though nominally forming part of the kingdom of Leon, had for centuries been little else than a debatable land. Here the husbandman, if he sowed at all, sowed with arms at his side and with but slen-

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der hope of reaping the fruit of his toil. Such cities as were springing into life in this desolate region had been utterly destroyed by Al-mansur in his great campaign, and still lay as he had left them. King Fernando having now pushed his frontier further south, turned his attention to repeopling the country and rebuilding and fortifying the cities that were needed for its cultivation and protection. The rock fortress of Zamora formed the key to the whole region; its natural strength was increased by elaborate fortifications, and inhabitants were secured by the usual device of offering special privileges to those who took up their residence in positions of danger near the frontier.

In order to ensure the tranquillity of his new city, Fernando attacked the Saracen castle of Montemayor, the garrison of which had long been a scourge to the inhabitants of the plain. It is probable that the Cid, still a mere youth, took part in the siege. We are told that he greatly distinguished himself by the valour he displayed in leading forays and escorting convoys of provisions through a disturbed district. In this service he fought several tough fights, and it was noticed that, however hard pressed he might be by the superior numbers of the enemy, he was never compelled to send to the King for aid. These, if genuine, must be counted amongst the earliest of the exploits of the Cid.

Whilst the work at Zamora was still going on, Fernando rebuilt the church of S. John the Baptist at Leon, which after its destruction by Al-mansur, had been temporarily restored by Alfonso V. In

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this he was probably influenced by his wife who regarded with affection the burial-place of her father and brother. Fernando had intended to be buried at Oña or at San Pedro de Arlanza, but as the new church grew up, he changed his mind. "He saw," says the chronicler, "that the city (of Leon) lies in the best part of the kingdom ; and is a right good and healthy land of salutary breezes, and rich in all things needful; and pleasant; and beyond all this abounding in many and good Saints who suffered martyrdom for the love of Jesus Christ." Influenced by these considerations, he chose it as his sepulchre, and strove to enrich it with further relics. This pious purpose was combined with further conquest. In 1063 Fernando led his armies against Al-mutadhed, King of Seville (called by the chroniclers Abenhabet). By ravaging the Algarve he obliged the Saracens to sue for peace. In addition to an annual tribute, he demanded the bodies of the virgin saints Justa and Rufina who had lain buried at Seville ever since they suffered martyrdom during the persecution of Diocletian. The Bishops of Astorga and Leon were sent with a small force under Count Munio, or Nuño, to fetch the relics, but without exact instructions as to the place in which they might be found. At Seville they were honourably received by King Al-mutadhed, who professed his willingness to help them in their search; but neither he nor any other was able to point out the place where the bodies lay.

Face to face with this difficulty, the good bishops fasted for three days, praying for a miracle which should enable them to fulfil their commission. At

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last as Alvitus of Leon, worn out with his long fast, reposed in his chair murmuring a passage of the Psalms, he fell asleep. There appeared to him a figure dressed in bishop's robes which comforted him saying: "Servant of God, it is not His will that you should carry hence the holy bodies of the virgins. For this city shall be conquered by the Christians, and for their consolation He wills that they remain here. But for the sake of your holy life, and for the honour of King Don Fernando from whom He received much service, God permits you to bear away my body to Leon." Alvitus remained for a time entranced and struck dumb by the wondrous vision and the fragrance that accompanied it. He then made bold to ask who it was that thus addressed him, and San Isidoro, for it was he, declared himself. Three times was the vision repeated, and thrice it pointed with a wand to the place where the relics lay. Alvitus was informed that, on digging them up, he should be seized by a sickness of which he should die. He roused his companions and told them what had happened. They at once recognised the place where the miraculous wand had struck; a marvellously sweet odour convinced them by its healing effect on Moors and Christians that their search was successful. When at last the bones of the saintly Doctor were found lying in a casket of juniper wood, the Moorish King was for a time unwilling to consent to their removal. But this danger was averted by another miracle. So soon as he began to meditate on the advisability of seizing the relics they became invisible to him, "his

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thoughts took another direction and all desire of possessing them deserted him." Alvitus, as the vision had prophesied, died seven days after. His body was carried back to Leon by his companions, along with the bones of San Isidoro. These were enclosed in a casket of gold, and the new church was dedicated to the saint who had shewn such marked favour to its founder.

The church of San Isidoro was afterwards enriched with yet further treasures. King Don Fernando, as he went about his dominions, took from the city of Ávila, which had been long in ruins, the bodies of the martyrs, San Vicente, Santa Sabina, and Santa Cristina. As to the exact place where he laid them there exists some difference of opinion. Valencia claims to be the resting-place of Santa Cristina; but others say that all these relics are still at Ávila. The Archbishop, Don Rodrigo of Toledo, in the thirteenth century, refused to pronounce an opinion on this difficult question, saying that "since they were in a Christian land and moreover within the realms of Castille and Leon, it mattered not at all."

The Spaniards have always been jealous of their neighbours on the other side of the Pyrenees. In order to rival the mighty legend of Roland and his Peers, they invented, as early as the thirteenth century, that of Bernardo del Carpio, the fabulous Spanish hero who defeated the armies of Charles the Great at Roncesvalles and crushed the Breton Count to death in his arms. It would therefore be surprising if there were not found among the fables connected with the Cid one that represents him as the

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CHURCH OF SAN ISIDORO.
(LEON.)

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conqueror of the traditional enemy, and seeks to exalt Castille at the expense of other nations. Such a legend does indeed exist and was written down by Alfonso in his History. It is hard to imagine how so learned a man allowed himself to accept as fact a narrative containing so many inherent improbabilities, and rejected by, or unknown to, his predecessors Lucas de Tuy, and the Archbishop Don Rodrigo. He probably took it from the songs of the gleemen which he often mentions though always with distrust. Although it has no historical foundation whatever, it is worth while to give this extravagant legend in the words of the Chronicle of the Cid, in order to show how the Spaniards, the most Catholic nation, were once proud to think they had withstood the power of Rome. It further illustrates the Spaniard's belief in the past glories of his nation, by which he has ever justified his haughty conduct towards his neighbours, and his jealous dread of foreign influences.

"Pope Urban held council, and thither resorted the Emperor Henry, and many Christian Kings, and many great nobles. And the Emperor made complaint of King Don Fernando of Spain that he would not recognise his authority but refused to pay him tribute as other kings were wont to do. So he begged the Pope to compel the King of Spain to recognise his authority and to pay him tribute. The Pope sent his admonition to the King, bidding him submit to the authority of the Emperor, and threatening to send a crusade against him. At the same time the Emperor and the King of France and the

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other Kings sent him a cartel of defiance. King Don Fernando when he saw the letters was sore alarmed, for he feared that great harm would befall Castille if this should come to pass; so he held a council of all the honourable men of his kingdom. These, seeing on the one hand the great power of the Church, and on the other hand the great damage that would arise if Castille and Leon should be tributary, knew not how to counsel him. But at last they bade him be obedient to the Pope's command. Now in this council the Cid Ruydiez had no part, for he had but lately taken Jimena Gomez to wife and was gone to join her. While matters stood thus he arrived, and the King shewed him the letters and told him the whole matter, and what all his nobles bade him do. And he charged him on his duty as a loyal vassal to advise him as his lord. The Cid, when he heard all this, was right sorry at heart, but rather because of the advice that the nobles had given to the King than because of the message from the Emperor's Court. So the Cid turned to the King his lord and said to him: 'Sir, a bad day for Spain was that on which you were born, if in your time she shall be put to tribute, for never has this thing been until now. For all the honour that God bestowed upon you and all the favour he showed you becomes of no avail. And, sir, he who bids you do thus is not loyal, nor desires your honour, nor your sovereignty. But, sir, since they will have it so, send and defy them, and let us go and fight them on their own ground. You, sir, shall take five thousand Moorish knights whom the Moorish kings your

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vassals will lend to you, and I, sir, will be your marshal (*aposentador*) and will go on before with one thousand nine hundred of my friends and vassals to fix the camps. You, sir, are one whom God loves greatly and he will not suffer your honour to perish.'

"And the King held the counsel which the Cid Ruydiez gave him for good, and he took heart and great encouragement and thanked him earnestly. The story goes on to tell how King Don Fernando ordered letters to be written, and in them he begged the Pope not to take action against him unjustly. 'For Spain,' he said, 'was conquered by those who dwell in her, and by the blood that our forefathers shed abundantly, and never were they subject to tribute, nor will we be so in any manner, but will rather die for it.' Moreover, he sent his letters to the Emperor and to the others, telling them that they knew right well that what they asked of him was unjust, and wrong, and an insult, since they had no jurisdiction or just claim upon him. So he begged them not to interrupt the war which he was carrying on against the enemies of the faith. Moreover, he told them that, if they refused to do as he bade them, he would renounce their friendship, and that he defied them and would go to meet them all on their own ground.

"Whilst this message was on its way, he ordered his people to make ready, as he had agreed with the Cid. So he set out accompanied by eight thousand nine hundred knights, what with his own and those of the Cid, and the Cid went on before. And after

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they had passed the gates of Aspe* they found the people in an uproar, so that they refused to sell food to them. But the Cid began burning all the land and plundering all that he could lay hand on of the property of those who refused to sell them food; but to those who brought them food he did no harm whatsoever. And so well were his plans laid, that when the King came up with his people, they found ready prepared everything they needed. This was carried out in such a manner that the fame of it went abroad throughout all the land and all men trembled.

"Then the Count Don Remon, lord of Savoy, with authority of the King of France, assembled twenty thousand knights and came to the hither side of Toulouse to check the march of King Don Fernando. But he met with his marshal, the Cid, going on before to fix the camps; and they fought a stubborn fight. The army of the Count was defeated and the Count himself made prisoner and many others with him; many moreover were slain. Then the Count besought the Cid to let him go, and promised to give him his daughter who was exceeding beautiful. And the Cid did as he besought him, and the Count sent for his daughter and gave her to the Cid, who straightway set him free, and by this daughter of the Count of Savoy King Don Fernando had a son, the worthy Cardinal. After this the Cid fought another fight with all the mightiest of France, and he overcame them unaided, for King Don Fernando and his folk never came up in time to take part in these battles.

* A famous pass in the Pyrenees leading from Jaca in Spain to Oloron in France.

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Now the fame of these exploits and of the gallant deeds of the Cid reached the ears of the council, and one and all they became aware that he was a conqueror in battle, and they knew not what to determine. So they besought the Pope of his grace to send his letters ordering King Don Fernando to return to his own land, for they would have none of his tribute. And whilst the King was beyond Toulouse these letters reached him, and he took counsel with the Cid and with all his honourable men, and they advised him to send thither two of his honourable men to bid the Pope send a Cardinal with power to certify that never again should such a claim be made upon Castille under the penalty of a great forfeit, which should be agreed upon. Moreover, representatives of the Emperor and the other Kings should come with full powers to confirm this agreement, and, until such time as they arrived, he would remain where he was. But he told them that, if they did not come or send, he would go to fetch them where they were. When they came to the Pope and gave him the letters, he was sore afraid and took counsel with all the honourable and good men of his council how they should act. And they made answer bidding him do according as the King required, for none would fight with him by reason of the good fortune of the Cid his vassal. Then the Pope sent with full powers Micer Roberto, Cardinal of Santa Sabina, and there bore him company the heralds of the Emperor and of the other Kings, and they determined the question between them right well, that never again should such a claim be made against the

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King of Spain. And the writings that they made with regard to this matter were signed by the Pope, and the Emperor, and the other Kings there present, and were sealed with their seals. And while all this was being put in order the King remained in that place six months. And the Pope sent to beg of him the daughter of the Count, who was already far gone with child, and he sent her to him by the advice of the Cid his vassal. And he sent and told him all the truth, and begged him of his grace that she might be put in safe keeping. And the Pope gave orders for her to be kept until her time came and she bore the Abbot Don Fernando. The Pope was his godfather and brought him up right well and honourably, and granted dispensation that he might fill any office in the Church, and afterwards he was greatly honoured as you shall hear further on in the story.* So King Don Fernando returned with much honour to his land . . . and by reason of the glory that the King had won he was afterwards called Don Fernando the Great (*el Magno*), the peer of the Emperor. And this was the reason why men said that they had passed the Gates of Aspe in spite of the Frenchmen."

Two more successful expeditions against the Moors brought King Fernando's long career of conquest to an end. In 1064† he prepared to march into Portu-

* No further mention is made of this personage in the *Crónica del Cid.*

† The Monk of Silos, who was nearly, if not quite, a contemporary, places this expedition before the conquests beyond the Duero and the taking of San Esteban de Gormaz.

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gal, having first invoked the aid of the Apostle by a pilgrimage to his shrine at Compostela. He laid siege to Coimbra and took it after six months. This was an unusually long time for an army to be kept together in the enemy's country, and from this circumstance, and from the accounts of the chroniclers, it is probable that he was helped by the *muzárabe* inhabitants of the country. In the principal mosque of the city, which had been hastily consecrated as a church, the Cid was dubbed a knight. He had well earned this distinction by his exploits during the siege. It is, in fact, impossible to understand how it had been withheld from him so long, if one-half of the mighty deeds attributed to him before this time were true. In order now to do him still further honour, the King when he embraced him, as was the custom towards new-made knights, kissed him on the mouth and omitted the usual blow on the neck with the flat of a sword. According to the ballad, the Queen girt on his sword, and the Infanta Urraca, her elder daughter, buckled on the golden spurs. Immediately after being dubbed a knight, the Cid was allowed to confer the same honour on nine of his chosen companions.

The King's pilgrimage to Compostela had not been in vain; Santiago still further established his claim to be considered the patron of Spain by a miracle which took place during the siege of Coimbra. There had come to his shrine in Galicia a pilgrim from Greece whom the chroniclers call Don Estraño. He was a bishop, but had quitted his bishopric "in order to labour with his body in the service of God."

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At Compostela he often heard Santiago spoken of as a knight who aided the Christians in their battles against the Moors. Considering this as an outrage on the sacred character, he rebuked those who spoke thus, saying: "Friends, call him not a knight but a fisher, for he never rode, or even mounted a horse." Shortly after this, Don Estraño fell into a trance, and the Saint appeared to him bearing keys in his hands. He declared himself to be a knight of Jesus Christ and helper of the Christians against the Moors. As he uttered these words there was brought to him a horse exceeding white, and the Apostle Santiago mounted upon it, armed at all points with new, shining, and beautiful armour, like a goodly knight, and proved his skill by riding three times round his own church. In order to convince the good bishop of the genuineness of his vision, he revealed to him the day and hour at which the gate of Coimbra should be unlocked by the keys that he bore. This prophecy the bishop communicated to the people of Compostela, and the event proved its truth. The newly-conquered province was placed in charge of a certain Sisenander, who, captured by the Saracens in his youth, had risen to great authority among them. Once reconciled to the Christians to whom he belonged by birth, he proved a faithful and able ally.

About the end of the year 1062 or beginning of 1063 occurred the battle of Grados of which we know little more than the name. The contending leaders were Ramiro of Aragon, and Sancho, son of King Fernando. The victory is disputed. The two accounts that have come down to us of the battle

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are consistent with one another, but are difficult to reconcile with indisputable facts drawn from other sources. The author of the Gesta, whose statements are generally trustworthy, writes: "When Sancho the King marched against Saragossa, and fought with King Ramiro of Aragon at Grados, and conquered and slew him, then Sancho the King took Rodrigo Diaz with him, and he was present at the victory."

The inscription on Ramiro's tomb in the monastery of San Juan de la Peña, taken in connection with other evidence, makes it certain that he died on May 8, 1063. Yet other documents show that his son, Sancho, was King of Aragon in February of the same year. In order to avoid the seeming contradiction, it has been suggested that the battle of Grados was fought in January, 1063, and that Ramiro was so seriously wounded that he abdicated immediately after the battle and died four months later. This supposition is consistent with the account of Ramiro's death as given by an Arabic historian. He states that Al-muktadir Ibn-Hud (1046–1081), King of Saragossa, marched out to fight Ramiro, "the prince of the Christians." Al-muktadir's troops were already routed, when one of his warriors named Sadada treacherously approached Ramiro and wounded him in the eye with a lance-thrust. Ramiro fell to the ground, and the would-be murderer called aloud "The King is dead, O Christians." Ramiro's troops were thereupon defeated and dispersed.

It is almost impossible to reject this cumulative evidence, yet it affords no explanation of the pres-

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ence of Don Sancho of Castille and the Cid in the battle. We cannot however thrust aside the distinct statement of the Gesta, and must suppose either that they were present as allies of Al-muktadir, or that the chronicler has confused the battle of Grados with that of the Three Sanchos, four years later, which he passes over in silence. This latter supposition is supported by the fact that Sancho of Castille, in the account given by the Gesta, is called King, a title to which, so far as we know, he had no right until after his father's death in 1065.

After carrying his frontier southward as far as the river Mondego, King Fernando was minded to pass the rest of his days in peace and in works of piety. Many tales are told of the simplicity of his life, and of his generosity to the monks, who made him in some sort their hero. Sometimes he would lay aside his royal robes and humbly serve them as a lay brother at table. One day, while hearing the Hours, according to his custom, in the church of S. Mary at Leon, he noticed that those who served the altar were barefoot. He found on enquiry that the reason of this was their poverty, and he set aside a yearly sum to provide them with shoes.

At Sahagun, a place he greatly loved, and which he had once intended to be his sepulchre, he was accustomed to take part in the devotions of the monks, "singing sweetly with them in the choir." After the offices he would ask the Abbot what they had to eat, and would accompany him to the common refectory and dine meagrely on whatever might be set before him. When special food was prepared

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for him by his own servants, the monks too had their share. Dining thus one day with the Abbot, they gave him to drink in the Abbot's own glass, and it fell from his hand and was broken. The King was sore grieved thereat, and sent straightway for a golden cup set with precious stones, and gave it to the Abbot, adding also, as a sign of his favour, a considerable donation in lands.

From this tranquillity the old King was aroused by a revolt of the Saracens of Celtiberia and Carpentaria on his eastern frontier. Old and feeble as he was, and given up to the contemplation of his approaching end, he at first heeded not at all. But the Queen, Doña Sancha, a wife worthy of a great conqueror, braced him to a last effort. She pointed out how failure at the last would tarnish a long list of brilliant successes; it is said that she even gave the whole of her private fortune towards the fitting out of the expedition that followed. Led by the King in person, it passed, burning, slaying, and plundering, through Murcia, and actually reached the shores of the Mediterranean near Valencia. Had the King been young and vigorous as of old, he might have fulfilled the boast of the chroniclers and made all Spain tributary to him. But he fell ill, and San Isidoro, whose body he had so signally honoured, warned him that his end was near. He returned hastily to his own dominions, and, sick unto death, reached the city of Leon on Christmas Eve, 1065.

Next morning he was in his usual place in the choir of the church of San Isidoro, and, with the hand of death upon him, he sang the Matins of the Nativity.

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On S. Stephen's Day he arrayed himself for the last time in his royal robes, and, wearing his crown, he visited on his knees the relics he had piously collected from all parts of his kingdom. Before the shrine of San Isidoro he stripped off his gold-embroidered robes and placed his crown upon the altar, humbly confessing the nothingness of kings. Then he put sackcloth on his body and ashes on his head and, after publicly deploring his sins, was shrived clean by the bishops there present. All night long he wept and bewailed his transgressions, still wearing the weeds of penitence, and on S. John's Day, at the sixth hour, he died peacefully. His body was buried beside that of his father which he had brought to his new church. The contents of his will were known before his death, and men were prepared for the evil days which were to follow.

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PANTEON DE LOS REYES, THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF LEON.

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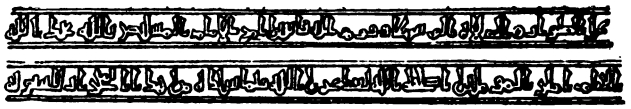

CHAPTER III.

REIGN OF DON SANCHO.

1065–1072.

DON FERNANDO, more than any other, ought to have known that, in order to carry on his lifelong task of winning back the land from the Saracens, Spain needed to be united. But affection for his children outweighed political wisdom, and he made use of the privilege assumed by the Kings of Leon in troubled times to leave his dominions to whom he would. His sons and daughters had been carefully educated. They had acquired, says a contemporary author, such liberal learning as the age could afford, and, besides this, the boys had been trained, "according to the Spanish custom, in hunting, riding, and warlike exercises. The girls were perfected in all becoming womanly pursuits, lest idleness should blunt their minds."

In accordance with the provisions of their father's will, Sancho the eldest son, received Castille and a part of Navarre including Nágera and Pamplona: Alfonso, the second and dearest loved, received Leon and Asturias together with the Campos Góticos: García, the youngest of the three brothers, inherited

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Galicia and the part of Portugal north of the river Mondego. In pursuance of his plan for securing the independence of each of his children, Fernando gave to Urraca, his first born, the strong city of Zamora with its district, and to Elvira, his second daughter, the neighbouring city of Toro.* It was clear that this division of the kingdom must end in disaster, and there is probably some truth in the legend that Don Sancho had from the first refused to abide by it, claiming the whole as his birthright in spite of the curse pronounced by King Fernando on him who should first disturb his brothers' possessions. For two years, however, Don Sancho's fierce and passionate temper was restrained by his mother, the good Queen Doña Sancha. He employed his energies in fighting with the Moors of Saragossa with whom he had some disagreements.

The real object of this campaign is said to have been the extension of the Castillian frontier to the Ebro, but apparently it was unsuccessful, for, in later documents, districts to the south of the river are mentioned as still belonging to the Navarrese. Sancho of Castille met his match in his cousin Sancho Garces of Navarre and in Sancho Ramirez of Aragon who had entered into a close alliance, probably for the purpose of checking the growing power of Castille. In 1067 a battle, known as the battle of the Three Sanchos, was fought near the

* Some doubt has been cast upon this bequest to the two Infantas. The monk of Silos merely says that the King left to his daughters all the monasteries of Spain, bidding them lead a single life. See the beautiful ballad, No. 763, in the Romancero of Duran.

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site of the city of Viana at a place called the Field of Truth (*Campo de la Verdad*) from its use as the scene of judicial combats. All that is known of this engagement is that it was hotly contested and that, in the end, the King of Castille was obliged to escape on horseback, abandoning to his cousin Sancho of Navarre the lands he had previously gained in the Rioja.

It is at this period that documents of recognised authenticity first make mention of the Cid. According to these, he was left by Don Fernando in charge of Don Sancho, who was careful for his welfare and made him a belted knight. After a successful expedition against Aragon, Don Sancho's affection for the Cid increased and he made him his standard-bearer and chief of all his army; "so Rodrigo waxed great and became a mighty man of war and Campeador at the Court of King Don Sancho." It must be noticed that this account is scarcely consistent with the theory which makes the Cid little more than twenty years old at this time.

In 1068 hostilities broke out between the two elder brothers, Sancho and Alfonso, and a great battle was fought at Llantada (now Plantadilla, twenty miles northeast of Palencia). Don Sancho proved victorious, thanks to the Cid's help, but for reasons that are not stated he did not make use of his victory to deprive his brother of his kingdom. Peace was restored, and lasted for three years. It was probably the rash García, King of Galicia, who first gave his brother the example of aggression by depriving their sister, Urraca, of half her inheritance. Sancho took upon

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himself the duty of maintaining his sister's rights, and tried to persuade Alfonso to join him in an expedition against García, promising him half of the kingdom of Galicia, which he doubted not would be easily conquered by their united arms. But Alfonso knew that his brother's ruin would be but a step towards his own, and refused to share in the enterprise. When asked to grant Don Sancho's army a free passage through his dominions, he replied that he would neither hinder nor aid him. Unrestrained by the representations of his nobles and advisers, who besought him not to bring upon himself his father's curse, Don Sancho hurried on his preparations for the invasion of Galicia. He collected a powerful army of Castillians, Leonese, Asturians, and Navarrese, and accompanied by a considerable body of Aragonese mercenaries he marched westward, after first sending a message to García, bidding him surrender or accept his challenge. García replied begging his brother to remember the curse uttered by their father, and threatening resistance should it become necessary. He moreover sent a request to his neighbour, Alfonso, urging him to prevent the passage of a hostile force through his mountainous country. But Alfonso, ever cautious, maintained his strictly neutral attitude and replied merely: "If he can help himself I shall be glad."

Left thus to his own resources, García set about collecting an army, but he was ill supported by the powerful barons of the country, who regarded as an insult to themselves the riches and honours that he had lavished on an unworthy favourite. Accordingly

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they met the King's summons to appear before him in arms for the purpose of defending the land with a counter demand that the favourite should be put away and abuses remedied throughout the kingdom. On García's haughty refusal the nobles murdered his favourite in his presence. The King showed great severity to those whom he suspected of a share in this outrage; his other subjects were alienated by ruinous taxation and acts of oppression; all chance of making his own cause the national one was gone. Nevertheless, at the head of a small body of picked troops, he at first obtained some slight successes against a detachment of the invading army. When the main body came up he was obliged to retire into Portugal and look helplessly on whilst his Galician dominions were harried and overrun. Reverses made him somewhat more prudent, but he was brought to bay at last.

His Portuguese subjects, whom his father had freed from the Saracen yoke, did not share in the ill-will which the Galician nobles bore him, and by adroit flattery he obtained promises of help from them. It is said that he even applied to the Saracens for aid, promising to give up to them Leon and Galicia, if they would enable him to take vengeance on his brother. But he met with a rebuff, for the princes to whom he applied tauntingly asked how one who had no kingdom that he could call his own proposed to bestow kingdoms on others. Unsuccessful in obtaining help in troops, he succeeded in borrowing money, and on his return to Portugal, he won back many of the castles which had been

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occupied by the Castillian forces. After some desultory fighting he was shut up in Santarem, and so hotly pressed that even during the night the garrison was obliged to defend the walls against repeated attacks.

But García felt strong enough to fight without the protection of walls, so he marched out of the city and staked his fortune on the event of a pitched battle. The field was stubbornly contested at first, but when some of the Castillian leaders were slain and others wounded, their followers were thrown into confusion and fled. Don Sancho himself, says the chronicler, was captured by his brother who gave him in charge to six trusty knights, and then rode off to continue the pursuit. Left alone with his guards Sancho attempted to induce them to let him go, promising them a rich reward and undertaking to quit the kingdom of Galicia and never more to trouble it. The knights had just proudly refused to betray their trust when up rode Alvar Fañez who afterwards became so famous a captain under King Alfonso. At this time he was a hot-headed youth; that very morning, says the chronicler, he had applied to Don Sancho for a horse and arms, for he had gambled away his own to his companions in the camp. The King had granted his request, and he had promised that, thus well mounted and armed, he would do as much execution in the battle as six knights. Now he had the opportunity of fulfilling his boastful words. Seeing the King a captive and but feebly guarded, he assembled a small body of the bolder spirits among the fugitives,

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released him, and led him to a thicket hard by. Here he found a considerable body of the discomfited Castillians, and by urging them before it was too late to act in a manner worthy of their fame, he had already got together a body of four hundred mounted men when the green banner of the Cid was seen waving in the distance. Its owner, who had not been present during the early part of the battle, now brought up three hundred lances, fresh and eager for fighting. So when García returned from the pursuit to the scene of the battle, singing and congratulating himself on the completeness of his victory, his spirits were dashed by the news that not only was Don Sancho free, but that he was prepared to renew the battle with better chances of success. The Galicians and Portuguese were dispersed in every direction, engaged in pursuit and in plundering the enemy's camp. García's body-guard was easily routed, and he himself captured and sent as a prisoner to the castle of Luna where he lived many years a prisoner.*

Having transgressed his father's command and

* Most historians, following Rodrigo de Toledo, suppose that Sancho deprived Alfonso of his kingdom before García. Documents quoted by Sandoval (*Cinco Reyes*) go to shew that García had lost Galicia before the decisive battle of Golpejara, 1071 or 1072. The last extant document in which García is called King of Galicia is dated 1069. With regard to these events I have followed the *Crónica General* which is fuller and somewhat more consistent than the rest. The story of the capture and escape of Don Sancho at Santarem must be regarded with suspicion on account of its likeness to the more trustworthy account of the battle of Golpejara. Some authorities state that García escaped and found refuge among the Saracens. See p. 106 and note.

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incurred his malediction, it was not to be supposed that Sancho would rest content without attempting to win the whole of what he considered his birthright. The brief and haughty message that had warned García of what was about to befall him was repeated, addressed this time to Alfonso of Leon. A pitched battle with the two kingdoms at stake was fought by agreement at Golpejara on the river Carrion. Alfonso won the day, and utterly routed the forces opposed to him. Supposing his victory complete, and that to slay the fugitives would be to slay his own subjects, he checked all pursuit and withdrew to his camp. Again the arrival of the Cid changed the fortunes of the day. The sight of his green banner gave new courage to the flying King. "Sir," he said, "be not troubled, for it is in God's hands to humble or to exalt. And, Sir, collect the flying people about you, and speak to them, and comfort them, and to-morrow at dawn return to the field, for the enemy will fancy themselves secure by reason of the good fortune that has fallen to their lot. Moreover the Galicians and Leonese are given to much talking, and at this moment they are with the King Don Alfonso, their lord, bragging of what they have done, for they love big words and their speech is overbearing and raillery is their delight. If it be God's will, their joy of to-day shall be turned to grief, for everything is in the power of God to accomplish it, and if it please Him, Sir, you shall regain honour."

As the Cid had foreseen, the Leonese and Galicians caroused deeply after their victory, and at

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dawn they slept, little thinking that the enemy was upon them. To attack them thus unprepared was little less than treachery, for it had been agreed that the quarrel of the brothers should be decided by a single battle. Taken at a disadvantage, they nevertheless for a time made a stubborn resistance. Their retreat was rapidly becoming a rout when their King took refuge in the church of S. Mary of Carrion. He was immediately missed and a gallant rally was made to prevent his falling into the hands of the enemy. It was unsuccessful, but during the confused fighting that followed, Don Sancho, already victorious, became separated from the main body of his troops, and was made prisoner by a small detachment of Leonese. He was just being marched off the field escorted by thirteen of his captors, when the Cid became aware of what had happened. Without waiting to summon his men to his assistance, without even taking a new lance to replace the one he had broken in the battle, he hurried up to where the King stood, calling aloud "Knights, give me back my lord and I will give you yours." He was immediately recognised by his well-known armour, and those whom he thus addressed answered, "Ruy Diaz, get thee gone in peace and strive not with us lest we carry thee off captive along with him." His reply was a wrathful challenge, "Give me but one of your lances, and I alone against the thirteen of you will quit my lord of you. This will I fulfil by God's grace." Seeing him thus alone, the Leonese knights made light of his threats and scornfully gave him the lance he demanded. They soon

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had reason to rue their rashness, for he fell upon them and slew eleven and put the other two to flight. Joyfully he returned to his comrades accompanied by the liberated King, and the whole army set out for Burgos bearing with it Don Alfonso a prisoner.*

Alfonso had always been the favourite of his elder sister, Urraca. She had stood in the place of a mother to him, watching over his early education and, according to a contemporary writer, even dressing him with her own hands. After her father's death she had retired from the world, little thinking how conspicuous a part she would be obliged to play later on. At home she wore the garb of a nun, though abroad she was arrayed as befitted the dignity of a King's daughter and independent princess. When tidings came to her that Alfonso was a prisoner in the hands of Sancho, she feared lest Sancho, whose violent temper she well knew, would murder him in a fit of fury. To prevent this she hurried to Burgos, and the better to secure her end, she took the Cid into her confidence. By his advice she proposed to Don Sancho that he should set his brother free on condition of his becoming a monk in the monastery of Sahagun. Don Sancho probably saw that this was merely a device for getting Alfonso out of his hands, but he could scarcely refuse so modest a request and condemn a second brother to perpetual captivity. Alfonso's power seemed thoroughly broken, and there was no longer any reason

* Whereas the main features of this battle as here recounted are authentic, the details and conversations are undoubtedly supplied by the imagination of the chroniclers.

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to fear him. The defeated King entered the cloister along with his three faithful adherents, the brothers Ansures, and these also bore him company when, shortly afterwards, he made his escape from Sahagun and hurried southward to beg the protection of his father's former vassal, Al-mamun, the Saracen King of Toledo. He was received with all honour, and granted a spacious lodging near the King's palace in order to secure him from annoyance from the fanatical Moslems of the city. An oath was exacted from him that he would love and defend his benefactor so long as he should remain with him and would not leave the city without his consent. Such confidence had Al-mamun in his guest, that he allowed him to fortify the village of Brihuega on the Tagus which had been assigned to him for hunting-quarters, and was garrisoned by a body of Christian huntsmen (*monteros*).

So Alfonso passed his days in idleness, waiting for news from Castille, and making observations on the strength and resources of Toledo which he was destined to turn to advantage at a later date. After the city fell into his hands some fifteen years later, several prodigies were remembered or invented which ought to have warned Al-mamun of the evil that was about to overtake his kingdom by Alfonso's means.

One day the Moslems of Toledo were celebrating a great religious festival and Al-mamun, the King, went out from the city to sacrifice a lamb according to custom. With him went the ex-king of Leon walking by his side, and behind followed the great men of the Court. Meanwhile two of the courtiers

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fell to talking of the Christian whom they all, like their King, had learned to love. And one said, "What a handsome knight is this Christian and how gallant his bearing; he ought to be king over broad lands." His fellow answered, "I dreamed but three nights ago that this same Alfonso entered Toledo, mounted on a huge hog, and many hogs followed him, and they rooted up all Toledo and the very mosques along with it." The other replied, "Doubtless this man will be King of Toledo." And whilst they talked thus a lock of King Don Alfonso's hair rose up and stood erect, and Al-mamun, the King, stretched forth his hand to smooth it down, but as soon as he removed his hand it rose again. The two Moors understood the meaning of the omen, and it came to Al-mamun's ears through a courtier who had overheard their talk. Al-mamun sent for them and asked their advice as to what he should do in so delicate a matter. They bade him slay his Christian guest. This the King refused to do, and contented himself with demanding the repetition of the oath whereby Alfonso had bound himself to hurt neither him nor his sons. After this the friendship between the two became even stronger than before.

On another occasion Al-mamun and his Court were taking their pleasure in the delightful gardens beyond the Tagus, the gardens that were afterwards chosen by Tirso de Molina, the Spanish Boccaccio, for the scene of his stories. Their talk was of the beauty and strength of Toledo, the noble city that lay stretched before their eyes, crowned by its famous citadel and with the rapid yellow river at its

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feet. Al-mamun was in right royal humour, and he boasted that Toledo stood safe from the assaults of Moor or Christian. His mood was damped by one of the courtiers. "Sir," said this kill-joy, "if you will not take it ill, I will tell you how the city might be lost. If it were besieged seven years, and each year its corn and wine were wasted and its other produce, it would fall through lack of food." Scarcely had the King admitted the truth of these words when he caught sight of Alfonso who lay hard by among the trees apparently asleep. His secret conversation might possibly have been overheard by the Christian, and he was at a loss to know what to do. His courtiers advised him to make sure of the matter by slaying his guest, but with a mixture of generosity and prudence, the King exclaimed, "Shall I betray my promise? Moreover he is asleep and perchance has heard nothing." The courtiers replied, "Sir, wouldst thou know if he is really asleep? Go then and wake him, and if his lips be wet, he was really sleeping; if not, he was awake." So Don Alfonso wetted his mouth and chin, and pretended to rouse himself with difficulty. Thus he saved his life, and later events shewed that he had not forgotten the secret of Toledo; it was destined to make him one day master of the ancient capital of the Goths.

When Sancho had thus ridded himself of his two brothers, "he placed the crown upon his head and called himself King of three kingdoms." He was not, however, satisfied as yet, for, breaking the continuity of his dominions which stretched from the Ebro to the Western Ocean, and from the Bay of

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Biscay to the upper waters of the Tagus, stood the two independent towns of Zamora and Toro, the patrimony of his sisters. The latter he gained in a campaign that was little more than a parade, and he hoped to make himself master of Zamora without difficulty. A haughty message was sent to Urraca bidding her accept in exchange for the city certain estates in the plains. Zamora is one of the most strongly situated places in Spain and at this period was held to be impregnable. On one side it is defended by the river Duero, and on the other the ground rises steeply up to the citadel that crowns its rocky height.

Zamora había por nombre,
Zamora la bien cercada :
De una parte la cerca el Duero
De otra, peña tajada.*

The mistress of this fortress was a woman of bold and determined character, gentle towards her friends but unbending towards her enemies. Sancho knew that it was by her advice that Alfonso had escaped to Toledo; so long as Zamora remained in the hands of those whom his violence and aggression had made his enemies, it might at any time serve as a centre of revolt. If, however, he could induce his sister to exchange Zamora for an undefended town in the plains, she in whom he recognised the leader of his enemies would be in his power, and he could at once

* Zamora the name men called her—
Zamora the well-walled town—
Where Duero has left her defenceless
Steep slopes the precipice down.

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THE WALLS OF ZAMORA.

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crush any hostile attempt by immediately depriving her of the feeble sources of her strength.

Urraca saw the trap and refused to fall into it. She replied to Sancho's message humbly enough. She begged him to let her live on in Zamora, and promised that he should never receive any disservice from herself or from the city. But Sancho was not to be turned from his purpose by mild words, and though it was now winter time and unfavourable for military operations in that cold and bleak land, he sent forth his messengers from Burgos, bidding his vassals assemble by the first day of March at Sahagun for the purpose of marching against Zamora. Little as they approved of the project, they nevertheless obeyed his command, for, as the chronicler has it, "although the King was young, and his beard was not yet grown, he was exceeding fierce and high hearted, and the people feared him greatly."

About the siege of Zamora and the death of Don Sancho by the hand of the traitor Bellido Dolfos a beautiful legend has grown up. It centres in the romantic but not improbable story that the wise princess Urraca passionately loved the Cid and had hoped to marry him. This legend is worth giving in full, for its main features are quite consistent with the trustworthy accounts of important events. Don Sancho was still at Burgos when he heard that a noble army was gathered together at Sahagun. He thanked God for having, as he thought, delivered the whole of his father's dominions into his hands. After calling down a blessing on his wicked undertaking he summoned the citizens of Burgos to escort

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him on his way to join the main body of his army. The first night he camped at Fromenta, and next day, hurrying past Carrion without stopping, he came to Sahagun. Such was his impatience, that in three days he marched down the valley with the whole of his army and appeared before Zamora. A site was at once marked out for the camp, and proclamation was made to the troops that no act of hostility should be committed against the citizens until further orders. Then the King set out, accompanied by his body-guard (*mesnada*), to go round the city and inspect its situation. As he noted its strength, its massive walls, and the number of its towers, his longing to possess it increased, and he exclaimed, "If this were mine, I should indeed be lord of Spain."

Hoping that his sister, when she saw the strong force encamped beneath her walls, might be induced to submit, or wishing to shift part of the responsibility for an unnatural war to other shoulders, he once more attempted negotiation. For ambassador he chose the Cid, and summoning him to his presence reminded him of the favours he had received from the late King and from himself. Then he bade him go to the city and prevail on Urraca to surrender it in exchange for a sum of money or for other lands, including Medina de Rioseco and all the Infantazgo from Villalpando to Valladolid, together with the strong castle of Tiedra. The King declared himself willing, if these conditions were accepted, to swear an oath with twelve of his knights never again to undertake hostilities against his sister. In the case

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of a refusal he threatened her with an immediate attack. The answer of the Cid was unexpected. "Sir," he said, "send thither another messenger with this summons, for it is not for me to carry it, seeing that I was brought up with Doña Urraca in the house of Arias Gonzalo and it is not fitting that I should be the bearer of such an order."

Upon this the King pointed out that the Cid's influence with either party afforded the surest means of avoiding a bloody conflict; so at length he was persuaded to undertake the distasteful work. He set out with fifteen of his knights and, as he drew near to the walls of Zamora, he cried aloud to the archers who manned them, bidding them not to shoot on one who came in peace and as bearer of a message from the King. The archers went to tell their mistress of his arrival and ask if she would receive him. Meanwhile a nephew of the old knight, Arias Gonzalo, Urraca's foster-father and faithful vassal, bade the messengers enter straightway, promising them protection and entertainment until such time as the answer should be received. So the Cid passed the gates and was received by Urraca at the entrance of the palace. Together they went into the hall, and when they were seated, the princess asked the meaning of the army that lay before her walls. Affecting to ignore its purpose, she besought the Cid to tell her whether her brother were marching against Moors or Christians. Before replying to this question, the Cid reminded his hearers of the sacredness of the herald's office which now protected his person. He was assured that his right would be

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respected; Urraca declared that in all things she would be guided by the advice of Arias Gonzalo, and bade the Cid speak out boldly. "For perhaps," she said in bitter irony, "Sancho only needs some aid of ours to go against the Moors. In that case I will lend him fifteen lances fully equipped, even though it be for ten years." But when the Cid gave his message, Doña Urraca wept aloud, wishing that the earth would open and swallow her up. She called upon those present to witness her brother's conduct, and the way in which he had incurred his father's curse. Some say she even went so far as to threaten him with a violent death either in battle or by treachery. On one at least among the bystanders her hasty words were not lost.

Then came the old knight, Arias Gonzalo, with more prudent counsel bidding her call an assembly of the townsmen in the Church of San Salvador and lay the case before them. Should they refuse to help her to maintain her right, he advised her to flee to Toledo and take refuge with the generous King who protected her brother Alfonso. The assembly met in haste and the princess set forth her position, saying, "On this matter I would know what ye advise me, and whether ye will hold with me like loyal vassals and true. For the King, my brother, says he will take the city from me against my will. But, if ye be faithful to my cause, I think I can guard it with God's aid and yours." The assembly made answer by the mouth of its spokesman, Don Nuño, an old knight of good fame and a fair speaker, thanking the Infanta for consulting those to whom her orders

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were law. They counselled her to reject the King's offer of exchange, pointing out that he who ventured to besiege her on a hill would easily overcome her on the plain. Finally they swore to bear up as best they might against the famine they saw impending, and not to forsake her until death. Then Urraca turned to the Cid, reproaching her old playmate for the part he had taken in her misfortunes, and alluding to her love for him. She bade him begone and tell her brother that sooner would she die with the men of Zamora than sell the city or exchange it. Like many other mediators the Cid had only succeeded in drawing upon himself the ill-will of either party.

The King was aware of the affection which had once bound the Cid to Urraca, and on his return to the camp he was accused of instigating her resistance. So great was Sancho's fury that he declared that, but for his father's command—a consideration on other occasions of no great weight with him—he would have hanged him forthwith as a traitor. Even so he hastily pronounced sentence of banishment against him, giving him but nine days in which to quit the kingdom (see Appendix II). The Cid did not avail himself of the delay, but immediately on quitting the King's presence assembled his knights and rode off southward. That night he lodged at a hamlet hard by Toro, and decided to join Alfonso in the land of the Moors and to take service with Al-mamun.

Meanwhile the camp at Zamora had been thrown into confusion by the loss of its ablest warrior. The

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chief men waited upon the King and besought him to remember the Cid's past services to which he owed his life and his kingdom. They pointed out the danger of allowing the Moors to secure so active and skilful an ally. The King's anger fell as rapidly as it had risen. Probably the thought of the gathering forces of discontent at Toledo had more weight with him than any considerations of gratitude. Messengers were sent off in pursuit of the Cid to beg him—for by the decree of banishment the King's authority over his former vassal was lost—to return at once to the camp. This request was accompanied by an apology for words spoken in ungovernable rage, and a promise that, on his return, he should be made governor of the King's household. Seeing the esteem in which he was held, the Cid could afford to be haughty. He replied coldly to the messengers that he would take counsel with his company on the matter. Finally, however, he accepted the King's offer on condition that the promises should be renewed in the presence of all the knights of the army.

When this was done and the reconciliation between the two principal men in the camp was complete, the siege was proceeded with. Orders were given for storming, and scaling-ladders were brought up to the walls. For three days and nights a furious assault was kept up. In spite of their depth, the ditches that surrounded the city were all filled up; the breastwork that crowned the walls was torn down, and besiegers and besieged fought hand to hand, so that the Duero ran red with blood. The

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loss of many good soldiers and the representations of his captains, headed by García de Cabra, induced the King to moderate his impatience and to change the siege into a blockade. Cut off from all supplies from without, it was evident that the city must speedily fall. The King had at his disposal sufficient troops for this purpose, and although the difficulty and expense of maintaining an army in the field was great, he sat down to starve Zamora into subjection. Notwithstanding the strict investment, skirmishes still took place around the walls. Once as the Cid was riding abroad accompanied by a single page, he fell in with fifteen horsemen—seven of the number wearing armour—who had broken out from the city. Great as was the odds against him, the Cid coolly awaited their attack, and succeeded in killing one and disabling two others. Whereupon the rest took to flight.

Within Zamora famine began to press hard upon the gallant defenders, taming the bold spirits which the attack of the King's men but served to rouse. Seeing this, Arias Gonzalo, the brave old commander, pointed out to his mistress the uselessness of provoking her brother still further by an obstinate resistance. "My lady," he said, "you see the great misery that the men of Zamora have endured and are enduring day by day in the maintenance of their loyalty. Call therefore, my lady, an assembly and thank them duly for all they have done in your cause and bid them surrender the city nine days hence. And let us get us gone to your brother, Don Alfonso, at Toledo; for with my consent you

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shall never live at Zamora when it belongs to your brother, and I cannot let you die here." No choice was left to the Infanta. Sorrowfully she summoned the loyal townsfolk, and thanked them for the spirit they had shewn in defending her right. When she told them that the city must be given up they grieved greatly, thinking of all the valour that had been wasted, and all the brave men who had died to no purpose. No voice was raised however to protest, for the famine was sore upon them. Those who were able to quit the city resolved to follow their lady and gallant commander into exile among the Saracens.

Before this resolution was made known to King Sancho, there came forward into the Infanta's presence a knight named Bellido Dolfos, whom the Latin chroniclers call Belidius Ataulphi. He came of a bad stock renowned for its treachery, but he had been gladly welcomed when he appeared with thirty knights to aid in the defence of the city. Urraca had even gone so far as to make him certain indefinite promises, and he had perhaps conceived a hope that, should she be successful, his share in her victory would be rewarded by her hand. Sancho was childless, Alfonso in exile, García a prisoner, and thus he might hope eventually to be consort of the Queen. So far he had met with no great encouragement, but then, as yet, he had had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and now, he thought, the moment had come. Wherefore he boldly offered to draw off Sancho from the walls of the city, claiming as his reward, should he succeed, any favour he

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might choose to name. Doña Urraca may well have suspected the treacherous purpose that lurked beneath his fair words, but distraught with the misery of her position, she answered: "Bellido Dolfos, I may reply to you with the words of the sage—'With a fool or with one who has no choice it is easy to bargain.' Even so is it betwixt us two. But I charge you that you do no wicked thing, and I tell you that there is no man in the world but I would give him whatever he might ask, if he would take my brother from over against Zamora and cause him to raise the siege."

The traitor had now got what he wanted; only the details of his scheme remained to be arranged. He went straightway to one of the gates of the city and bribed the watchman with the gift of his rich mantle, making him promise to throw wide the gate if he should see him hard pressed by his enemies within the city. He then returned and openly accused Arias Gonzalo of having brought upon the people their present misery for the sake of an intrigue of long standing between himself and the Infanta. The astonishment and indignation of the good old knight, on hearing his lady and himself insulted in this outrageous manner, knew no bounds. "On an evil day," he exclaimed, "was I born, when in my old age I hear such words spoken and no man avenges me." Stung by this taunt, his fiery sons, who waited only their father's bidding to avenge the stain so wantonly cast upon their name, rushed forth in pursuit of the insolent slanderer. But Bellido Dolfos had laid his plans well; the gate swung

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open on his approach, and the youths, who could not pass out without falling into the hands of the enemy, returned baffled to the city.

The single horseman fleeing from the gate was speedily arrested by the sentinels, who stood thick around Zamora. Brought into the presence of Don Sancho, he glibly related a carefully prepared story, declaring that he had fled in order to avoid being slain by the sons of Arias Gonzalo for having proposed the surrender of the city. The treatment which he represented himself to have received justified him in renouncing his allegiance to Doña Urraca and becoming a vassal of Don Sancho. In this capacity his smooth tongue and supple character soon placed him high in the King's favour.

Meanwhile Arias Gonzalo had been reflecting on what had taken place. Only one explanation of Bellido's conduct was possible. It must conceal some deep-laid scheme of treachery, and measures ought forthwith to be taken to hinder its success, lest Zamora and its defenders should be involved in a seemingly well-founded charge of abetting the traitor. Private messages were sent to Don Sancho warning him to beware of Bellido Dolfos, and a herald made proclamation from the wall in the hearing of the hostile camp, saying: "Take notice that from this city of Zamora is gone forth a traitor named Bellido Dolfos, the son of that Adolfo who slew Don Nuño, and this man slew his own father and cast him into a river, and all men are aware of his great treachery; and he purposes to add to his guilt by murder, so be on your guard against him. This

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warning I give you in order that, if perchance he do you an injury, or murder, or deceive you, all Spain may know that you were warned and your eyes were opened."

That some such warning would be given had been foreseen by the traitor, and he was fully prepared to meet it. He represented to the King that Arias Gonzalo's purpose was to bring him into discredit, knowing full well that, unless he did so, the city would be lost through his means. Then he called for his horse, and acting to perfection the part of an honourable man labouring under a false suspicion, he made as though he would have forthwith quitted the King's service. By this trick the King was led to declare his belief in Bellido's good faith. He promised that if by his means the city were taken, he should be made governor with greater authority than that enjoyed by Arias Gonzalo under Urraca. Upon this Bellido requested to be allowed to speak with the King in private, and when they were alone, he said, "Sir, if it be your pleasure, let us ride forth together unaccompanied, and go round about Zamora, and we will inspect the trenches that you have made, and I will show you the wicket gate which the citizens call the Gate of the Queen. By it the city may be gained, for never is that wicket closed. So when night comes, you shall give me a hundred knights well armed and on foot to go with me. And inasmuch as the men of Zamora are worn out with famine and misery, they can be overcome and we will open the wicket and enter and keep it open till all the army pass through; thus we shall gain the city of Zamora."

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So Bellido the traitor and King Sancho rode forth together, and as they went, Bellido set forth his plan and pointed out the wicket. Their way led them by a solitary spot, and here the King had occasion to dismount near the place where stands the hermitage of Santiago. He was unarmed save for a small gilded hunting-spear which, after the custom of his family, he carried in his hand. This he gave to Bellido to hold, little thinking that he was thus aiding the plot that had been so carefully laid against his life. As soon as his back was turned his companion drove the spear through his body, so that the point came out at his breast. Turning his horse's head towards Zamora he spurred away, leaving the King to die beneath the wall of the city for the possession of which he had sacrificed his honour. The curse of King Fernando had its fulfilment.

The traitor in his headlong course fell in with the Cid afoot; when called upon to stop and explain whither he rode thus swiftly and where he had left the King, he only spurred the harder. The Cid's suspicions were immediately aroused; one moment and he mounted his horse which stood ready saddled, and started in pursuit. But as ill luck would have it, he wore no spurs. Accounts differ as to what took place. Some say that he came so near to the flying Bellido that he slew his horse as it reached the postern; others that the traitor passed the gate before the Cid came up with him, and that the Cid was obliged to content himself with pronouncing his curse on all knights who in time to come should go about without spurs. Most curious

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is the remark of the General Chronicle. "This," it says, "was the only time at which the Cid has been found wanting in matter of chivalry and valour. His duty was to have entered the city in pursuit of his enemy regardless of consequences." No better proof can be given of the esteem in which the Cid was held, than the exaggeratedly high standard by which he is judged. "Even so," says an account that has come down to us, "he would certainly not have hesitated to enter Zamora, had he known what had happened. But he supposed that Bellido's headlong flight might conceal some trick devised in conjunction with the King for the capture of Zamora."

Hurrying through the streets and past the ranks of the famine-stricken defenders, Bellido made his way to the palace and took refuge under the mantle of the Infanta from the outburst of popular fury which he knew was sure to follow on the tidings of the King's murder. Arias Gonzalo was among the first to hear the news; full of evil forebodings, he hurried to his mistress to beseech her to give up the traitor at once, lest she and the whole city should be involved in his guilt. Urraca, however, recognised that her own rash words had in some degree furnished a pretext for the deed, and she lacked resolution to refuse to protect the wretched suppliant. She besought Arias Gonzalo to advise her how he might be saved from the fate he so well deserved. "Give him into my charge," replied the old knight, "and I will guard him for three times nine days; if the Castillians challenge us, we will give him up,

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and if they do not challenge us before then, we will thrust him forth from the city so that he may not appear before us." This suggestion was adopted, and the traitor was rewarded for his treason with chains and universal hatred.

The King lay dying outside the wall; the skilful leech who was summoned to the spot did but confirm what every one present must have known already, when he declared the wound to be deadly. The gilded spear had passed right through his body, and could not be withdrawn without still further hastening the flow of the life-blood which was fast ebbing away. Both ends of the spear were sawn off, and as the King now lay in an easier position, his great vassal, García de Cabra, warned him that he must prepare for death. Sancho's fierce spirit was broken, and his end was exemplary. He blessed García for not concealing from him that his end was near; he acknowledged, too, that he was justly punished for his sins. As he lay in his tent whither his attendants had borne him, he still preserved consciousness and power of speech. Around him stood his captains full of gloomy forebodings, for they could hope for little favour from Don Alfonso, the next heir to the throne, whom they had driven into exile among the Saracens.* The most difficult and dangerous position of all was that of the Cid, who

* The Monk of Silos, who was almost a contemporary, declares that the people of Zamora were holding the town for Don Alfonso, and that they sent out a soldier of great boldness who slew the King and hastily fled to the city. He tells of the coufusion that followed on the King's death, saying that the Castillians alone stood firm and buried their King at Oña.

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CROSS MARKING THE SPOT WHERE DON SANCHO DIED.
(ZAMORA.)

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now knelt by the side of him whom he had so faithfully served, and besought him not to leave him unprotected. "I cannot go to the land of the Saracens," he said, "to Don Alfonso, your brother; nor yet remain among the Christians with Doña Urraca, your sister, for they hold it for certain that all the evil you did them you did by my advice. A boon, therefore, I beg: that you remember me before you die." In the midst of his sufferings Don Sancho did not fail to heed his vassal. He bade the Counts and Barons, who stood by, beg Don Alfonso, if he should return from exile and win the crown, to receive the Cid into his service and shew him favour. In so doing, he said, he would not be ill-advised. He then bade them raise him on the couch, and publicly, in the presence of the churchmen who had come to the camp to try to heal the feud between brother and sister, he besought the forgiveness of all whom he had wronged, and chiefly of his brother, Don Alfonso. When this was done, a lighted taper was placed in his hands, and straightway his soul departed.

The tragic death of the King threw the camp into confusion. The Leonese, Galician, and Navarrese troops marched off home at once, for now that Don Sancho no longer lived, they had no lawful master. Only the Castillians remained behind; hastily concluding a truce of nine days with the defenders of Zamora, they buried Don Sancho with all ceremony at Oña.

On returning to their camp the chief men took counsel as to what was to be done, and at length

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they decided that a challenge must be sent to Zamora, accusing the citizens of participation in the murder of the King. It only remained to decide who should be the challenger. For a time the offer of horses and arms at the public expense brought forth no candidate. As for the Cid his hands were tied by his friendship for Doña Urraca. When, at last, a famous knight, Diego Ordoñez de Lara, arose and proposed himself as challenger, his offer was received with acclamation. So Diego Ordoñez armed himself and rode towards the walls of Zamora with his body well covered by the shield that hung about his neck. His coming was marked by an esquire well skilled in the use of the cross-bow, who went to announce it to Arias Gonzalo, offering at the same time to slay either man or horse with a bolt. Refusing with scorn the unknightly proposal, Arias Gonzalo made his way to the wall accompanied by his sons to hear what the bold adventurer would say. Diego Ordoñez now pronounced the *repto*, a form of challenge differing from the ordinary one (*desafío*) in that the person thus challenged was, if defeated, held infamous for the rest of his life. (See Appendix I.). It was, in fact, an accusation of unknightly conduct, and at the same time an offer to refer the decision of its justice to the judgment of God. Carried away by his indignation against the city which he held guilty of his master's murder, Ordoñez, as the gleemen sang, challenged not only the inhabitants of Zamora, but the stones of its wall, the meat and drink, even the dead and those yet unborn. Then he rode back to the camp and reported what he had done.

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A difficult point in the code of chivalry had now to be decided. When one man challenged another by *repto* the course to be pursued was clearly known. Challenges against corporations were rarer, and Ordoñez had unwittingly uttered such a challenge. The matter was referred to twelve knights of good fame, chosen half by the challengers and half by the other party. After grave deliberation they gave their verdict as follows, "That he who challenged the corporation of an archbishopric or bishopric must fight with five men in the lists one after the other; and that he might change his arms and horse at each encounter, and be given three sops to eat and wine or water to drink according as he might choose." A period of nine days was fixed within which the challenged must appear by their representatives to clear themselves. Lists were marked out in a sandy spot still called *el Campo de la Verdad;* in the midst a pole was set up, and it was ordained that the victor should lay hold of it to claim his victory.

Before submitting his cause to the ordeal, Arias Gonzalo took every precaution against adventuring the lives of those he loved in an unjust contention. He stood up in the assembly and solemnly adjured any who might have had share in or knowledge of the King's murder to declare it. He swore that he would sooner depart with his sons to Paynim lands, than be pronounced a traitor by the judgment of God. The Zamorans having one and all declared their innocence, Arias Gonzalo proceeded to choose the five champions of the city. He named four of his own sons, and elected himself to be the first to

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fight, saying, "If what the Castillian maintains be true, I shall die and shall not behold your grief; and if he lied, I shall overcome him and ye will be forever honoured."

Only on the morning of the appointed day, as he started for the lists accompanied by his sons, did Urraca learn what was going forward. She met Arias Gonzalo at the gate, reminded him of his promise to her father never to abandon her, and besought him not to risk his life in so perilous an adventure. The old knight could not refuse to do her bidding, so at the last moment a substitute had to be found to fight in his stead. Many a good knight came forward offering to take his stand by the side of the four brave brothers, but again Arias Gonzalo's choice fell on a member of his own family. This time it was his youngest son, Pedro, a mere stripling, but strong, brave, and skilful in arms. A few words of admonition and encouragement from his father, and he proudly rode off to join his elders.

They found Diego Ordoñez already awaiting them. A few moments were spent by the umpire in explaining to the combatants the conditions of the fight, and marking out the ground so that neither should have the advantage of the sun. Pedro, having taken his father's place, was the first to oppose the challenger. Five times they tilted furiously with their lances, and at the sixth shock the lances broke. Still mounted, they fought with their swords till the sun stood high, when Diego Ordoñez, who had hitherto been husbanding his strength and fighting cautiously in view of the task that lay before him,

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suddenly began to press harder. Thoughts of the murdered King gave additional strength to a crushing blow directed at the helmet of his youthful adversary. The blade went sheer through the helmet and bit deep into the head, but the young knight neither lost his stirrups nor dropped his sword. Wiping away with his sleeve the blood that blinded him, he made a last mighty effort to avenge the death-stroke which he felt he had received. The blow miscarried, but it severed both his adversary's reins, and cut deep into the nose of his horse. The wounded animal galloped wildly away; a moment more and its rider would have crossed the boundary of the lists. But Diego Ordoñez knew well that to quit the lists even unwillingly was, on this occasion, to be adjudged defeated, and his presence of mind saved him. While his adversary fell dead beyond the boundary he slipped lightly to the ground, and, grasping the pole, he proudly proclaimed his victory, "Arias Gonzalo, send hither another son, for I have conquered one, praised be God." The umpires declared his victory good, and taking him by the hand they led him to his tent, where they gave him three sops as prescribed, and he drank wine and rested.

Meanwhile Arias Gonzalo was exhorting his son Diego to fight as bravely as his brother had done; but the young man needed no encouragement. He listened, however, respectfully to his father's advice, for Arias Gonzalo had taken part in many such encounters. When Ordoñez came forth from his tent he found his adversary armed and waiting. The umpire led the two into the lists, and they charged furiously together. At the first shock their shields

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were shattered; another blow and their lances flew in splinters. Drawing their swords they hewed at one another until their helmets were all battered and the sleeves of their coats of mail slashed. A mighty blow struck by Ordoñez decided the fortune of the fight. The blade fell fair on the shoulder of Diego Arias, and cutting through the weakened mail, it cast him dead to the ground. Again Ordoñez grasped the pole claiming to be victorious, and again he tauntingly called on the agonised father to send him another son to share a like fate with the former ones. But the umpires bade him have patience, for he had not yet fulfilled the conditions of the fight. His adversary certainly was dead, but his body still lay within the enclosure that he had so bravely defended. The conqueror must thrust him out of the lists dead or alive. So Ordoñez dismounted, and seizing the armour-clad corpse by the heel, he dragged it to the boundary. He might go no further till his victory had been allowed by the umpires, so he lay down by the body and thrust it out with his feet, mockingly declaring the while, that he would rather fight a living man than drag a dead one from the field.

With heavy heart Arias Gonzalo bade his eldest son, Rodrigo, go forth and save his liege lady and his native place from dishonour. Rodrigo was a good knight and skilled in arms, and he answered boldly "I will save them or die." He did not foresee that he must both save them and die. Ordoñez was weary with the two tough fights he had fought, and at the first encounter his lance missed its aim, while he himself received so stout a blow that it broke his shield and the bow of his heavy saddle, causing him to

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lose his stirrups and cling to his horse's neck to prevent falling. But, good knight as he was and crafty, he evaded his adversary until he had righted himself in the saddle; at the next encounter his lance was truly laid. The lance was shattered but not before it had pierced Rodrigo's shield and wounded him in the body. After a short but furious bout with swords, a well-directed blow cut Ordoñez's left arm to the bone, and seeing that there was no time to lose before he should become faint with loss of blood, he put all his remaining strength into one great effort. His sword went crashing through Rodrigo's helmet and cape of mail (*almofar*). The wound was a fatal one and the wounded man knew it; letting go his reins he raised his sword with both hands, and with a wild stroke he laid open the head of Ordoñez's horse. Then he rolled from the saddle dead in the lists.

His adversary was carried beyond the boundary by the dying horse. He would have returned to carry on the combat with the two other champions whom he must vanquish in order to make good his cause, but he was prevented by the umpires. In order to stop the sanguinary fight, they gladly seized upon the pretext of his having quitted the lists without permission. Furious and discomfited, Ordoñez returned to his tent, there to await their verdict. It was never given, for soon men's minds were full of other matters and moreover, as the matter had taken the form of a feud between Castillians and Leonese, it was well to stir up no further ill blood now that the two crowns were to be united again on one head.

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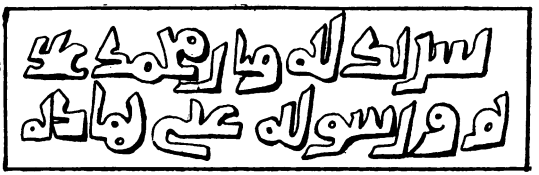

CHAPTER IV.

ACCESSION OF DON ALFONSO AND BANISHMENT OF THE CID.

1072–1081.

IMMEDIATELY after Don Sancho's death Urraca had sent messengers in haste and secrecy to Toledo to inform Alfonso of what had taken place, before the matter came to the ears of the Moors. She feared lest the alteration in his position, from exiled Prince to rightful King, might tempt his hosts to take advantage of their power to exact harsh conditions before letting him go. Important news must have been expected at Toledo, for legend says that day by day Pedro Ansures, Alfonso's faithful companion, used to sally forth from the city to stop the royal messengers as they rode by on the way from Castille and learn their tidings. So it came to pass that the messenger who brought to Al-mamun the news of Sancho's death and the proclamation of Alfonso by the Leonese over whom he had formerly ruled, fell into the hands of Pedro Ansures. Urraca's messengers to her brother had been stopped by the Saracen scouts who scoured the debatable land, and nobody in Toledo knew as yet

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of the great changes of the last few days. Pedro Ansures saw at a glance how important it was that his master should be the first to hear of them, so he enticed the messenger away from the high road and slew him. Two others followed closely after the first and met with a like fate, but still it was impossible to keep the secret from Al-mamun for any length of time. A decision must be taken as to whether it would be better for Don Alfonso to frankly tell Al-mamun and appeal to his generosity, or to attempt to escape before being put under arrest.

Accounts differ as to how Alfonso left Toledo. It is evident that some of the chroniclers wish to excuse his conduct towards Al-mamun's descendant by representing him as under no obligation to the Saracen King. One account says that Alfonso boldly chose the frank course of admitting Al-mamun to his confidence, saying "Friends, when I came to this Moor he received me with much honour and gave me abundantly all that I needed, even as though I had been his son; how then can I conceal from him the favour that God has done me?" Another says that, without telling the reason of his haste, Alfonso begged Al-mamun for permission to depart and for an escort, and the King was so pleased that he had not attempted to escape that, though he knew his errand, he let him go freely. On one hand we are told that Alfonso took as the pretext of his departure some hasty words spoken by Al-mamun in anger over a game of chess; on another, that he was let down from the walls of Toledo in a basket. The story that relates how he was escorted to the frontier

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is contradicted by that which tells how he was pursued as a fugitive as far as the Sierra del Dragon. With Alfonso the Learned in his Chronicle we must say, "what we do not know we are unwilling to affirm."

Alfonso was now free and it took him but a few days to reach Zamora. He camped in the plain of Santiago hard by the spot where his brother had been slain, and took counsel with the faithful Urraca, who had made no attempt to turn to her own advantage the sudden change in the aspect of affairs. She bade him send at once to claim homage from all the great men of the kingdom which had once belonged to his father. Throughout Leon, Asturias, and Galicia, says the chronicler, the summons was gladly obeyed, but the great men of Castille and Navarre held back, mourning for the wild and fierce Don Sancho, and suspecting still that his death was due to treachery contrived by his brother and sister.

This feeling found a spokesman in the Cid, the vassal who had stood nearest to the throne during the preceding reign. He boldly demanded as a condition of taking the oath of allegiance that the King should swear publicly that he was guiltless in the matter of Don Sancho's death. Whether this oath was ever exacted we cannot be sure. Contemporary documents state that Don Alfonso returned thanks at Burgos for his peaceable accession, but this does not shut out the possibility of a ceremony such as is described by the Learned King and by the ballads of the Cid. According to them the oath was demanded by Castillians and Navarrese acting in

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concert, but none was found bold enough to administer it save the Cid. When called upon to do homage, he said, "Sir, all those whom you see here before you suspect that your brother, Don Sancho, was murdered at your instigation, therefore I declare to you that, if you do not clear yourself according to the proper form, I will never kiss your hand nor receive you for lord." The King replied meekly, "I am well pleased with what you say, and here I swear to God and to Saint Mary that I did not slay him, nor counsel his death, nor rejoice at it, though he had deprived me of my kingdom. Therefore I beg you all as loyal vassals that you advise me how I may clear myself of this matter."

The nobles bade him swear his innocence in public together with twelve of the knights who had accompanied him in his exile at Toledo. The King agreed, and the church of Santa Gadea, or Santa Agueda, at Burgos was chosen as the scene of the ceremony. On the appointed day, the King being present with his twelve knights, the Cid took the book of the Gospels and setting it on the altar spoke as follows: "King Don Alfonso, you are come hither to swear that you had no part in the death of Don Sancho, my lord, and if you swear falsely, may it please God that a traitor slay you, and that he be your own vassal, even as Bellido Dolfos was the vassal of my lord, the King Don Sancho." The King said "Amen" but he grew pale. Then the Cid spoke again, "King Don Alfonso, you are come hither to swear with regard to the death of King Don Sancho, my lord, that neither did you advise nor

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order him to be slain, and, if you swear falsely, may one of your vassals slay you foully and by treachery as Bellido slew King Don Sancho, my lord." Again the King said "Amen" and again he grew pale with fear of the terrible oath and rage at the insistence of his bold vassal. After the twelve knights had sworn a similar oath the Cid sought to be allowed to kiss the King's hands but was refused.

We may well believe—we shall find proof of it afterwards—that the King "hated him in spite of his valour." It was by the Cid's advice that Don Sancho had transgressed the conditions agreed upon when the battle of Golpejara was fought for the possession of the two kingdoms. It was owing to the Cid that Alfonso had been a fugitive and an exile, and had now been put to open shame before his subjects. But the fidelity with which the Cid had served Don Sancho, even to sacrificing his own good name in his master's interest, might have guaranteed his future conduct towards him whom he had now acknowledged as his lord. Alfonso, however, always mistrusted and hated the Cid, and, later on, jealousy of his great vassal's fame widened yet further the breach that separated them. Had the two worked together, the terrible invasion of the Almoravides might have been repulsed, possibly even the Saracens might have been conquered throughout the length and breadth of Spain. As it was, both accomplished great things but both died disappointed men.

Very different from the above is the short account of the beginning of Don Alfonso's reign and of his conduct towards the Cid given by the *Gesta Roderici.*

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SANTIAGO

FROM A MEDALLION IN THE CHURCH OF SANTA GADEA.
(BURGOS.)

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"King Alfonso," it says, "received Rodrigo honourably as his vassal keeping him at his side with much respect and affection. He gave him also his niece Jimena to wife." That Alfonso was too wise to quarrel openly with the Cid at first is certain, but this account is unsatisfactory in that it does not sufficiently explain the later conduct of the King towards the Cid.

The Cid's marriage,—for in spite of efforts to reconcile conflicting accounts, the one recorded in a former chapter must be considered as wholly mythical,—took place in the month of July, 1074. It was in every way an advantageous match. The lady was the daughter of Diego, Count of Oviedo, one of the most powerful nobles of Leon, and of Jimena, daughter of Alfonso V. of Castille. She was thus cousin to the reigning King who may have thought by this alliance to attach his haughty and independent vassal to his cause, and by connecting two of the most powerful families of these kingdoms to allay the jealousy that existed between Castillians and Leonese. The marriage settlements* of the Cid have come down to us and shew that he was at this time a very rich man. Pedro Ansures, Alfonso's faithful companion in exile, and Count García de Cabra, who afterwards became the Cid's most determined enemy, signed the documents as trustees for the bridegroom. The numerous estates of either party are set forth at length. In the event of his

* The printed copies of the document shew many omissions and mistakes. The document itself in not so old as the time of the Cid. It is probably a copy.

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outliving her, Jimena leaves all her property to her husband. The Cid likewise names his wife universal legatee. On Jimena's death, or on her taking a second husband, the property reverts to the children who may be born of the marriage.

As for the unfortunate Don García, the ex-king of Galicia, the accession of his second brother brought him merely a change of jailors. His release would have opened up old quarrels and revived almost forgotten hopes. We are told that "he was speedily cast into chains and, except the privilege of reigning, all honour was done him." Alfonso, being childless, probably intended García to be his successor, but this scheme was cut short by the prisoner's death in 1090. When the King heard that his brother was about to die at Luna, he gave orders that his fetters should be struck off. But on this point the victim of so many ambitions was inflexible. He refused to accept the tardy and hollow show of clemency and died as he had lived in chains.*

For several years after his marriage nothing is heard of the Cid's doings. Doubtless this was the one period of comparative tranquillity in his agitated and eventful life. He stayed at home and watched the brown plains round Burgos grow green with corn in the spring, and the mountains put on their robe of snow in winter, enjoying his wealth and the great reputation which his exploits had brought him. All

* Another account states that García was allowed by Sancho to escape to Seville, and that it was Alfonso who after Sancho's death got him into his power by a trick and shut him up at Luna. It is to be noticed that Luna is in Leon, a kingdom which Sancho did not conquer until shortly before his death.

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MOORISH GATEWAY.
(BURGOS.)

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Christian Spain in fact enjoyed a time of rest while Alfonso was making ready for the great effort that was to bring about the conquest of Toledo.

Of this great object he probably never entirely lost sight after he came for the second time to the throne. His stay in the city had taught him its strength and its weakness, and no nobler enterprise could fill the thought of a Spanish king than the reconquest of the ancient capital of the Gothic monarchy. But at first, as the chroniclers relate, and as we would gladly believe, Alfonso's hands were tied by the bond of gratitude that attached him to King Al-mamun his former host. Al-mamun was moreover an energetic and powerful prince ruling over Valencia and Murcia as well as Toledo.

Whatever may have been his motive, it is clear that during the early years of his reign Alfonso refrained from attacking Toledo. The chroniclers paint his conduct towards his former benefactor in the most favourable and chivalrous light. Two years after his accession, we are told, Al-mamun was attacked and hard pressed by his former vassal the King of Cordova. Alfonso heard of his plight and, rapidly collecting an army, marched southward to his aid. The King of Cordova fled at the approach of the Christians. The Saracens of Toledo, who only now learned to whom their deliverance was due, became alarmed at the presence of a large Christian army in their country at a time when they were weakened and disorganised by the former struggle. Messages were sent speedily from Toledo to beg Alfonso to remember the honourable treatment he

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had received within its walls and the oath he had sworn to live at peace with his benefactor, Al-mamun. The rest of the story is evidently the invention of a more chivalrous age. It is however worth telling as Alfonso the Learned told it in his chronicle.

Al-mamun's messengers were not allowed to return at once to Toledo; every hour the alarm of the citizens grew greater, when suddenly they appeared at gate of Bisagra accompanied by King Don Alfonso and five of his knights. As they entered the city Al-mamun was informed of their arrival. Without waiting for his mule to be saddled, he set out at once on foot to meet the King who had already nearly reached the gate of the *Alcazar*, the castle-crowned height, citadel and palace in one. The two monarchs embraced affectionately, and returning together to the palace they spent the night in feasting and in friendly talk. Great were the rejoicings among the Saracens, but among the Christians encamped at Olias, a few miles distant from the city, the greatest alarm was felt at Alfonso's rashness in thus placing himself in the power of the enemies of his race. Next morning, however, he appeared safe and sound at the camp, bringing with him as his guests the Saracen King and a few of his knights. After inspecting the Christian host the two Kings retired to the royal tent to dine. Al-mamun's confidence was about to receive another shock. In the midst of the banquet there appeared five hundred armed Christians who took up their position around the tent. Alfonso bade his guest dine at ease, promising that he would explain anon the meaning of

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this display of force. The explanation when it came was not at first calculated to relieve the Saracen's natural anxiety. At the end of the banquet Alfonso thus addressed his guest: "You made me swear and promise when you had me in your power at Toledo that never should harm come to you through me. Now that you are in my power, it is my will that you release me from the oath and agreement which I then made with you." To this the King of Toledo agreed as needs he must. Beseeching that no harm should be done to his person, he three times repeated the formula releasing Alfonso from his oath. As soon as this was done, Alfonso's own copy of the Gospels was brought forth; laying his hand upon it to give greater solemnity to the words he was about to speak, he thus addressed the bewildered Saracen: "Since now you are in my power, I promise never to come up against you, nor against your son, and to aid you against all men; and I repeat this oath to you because I had an excuse for breaking it and failing to fulfil its conditions, in that I swore it when I was in your power. Now I have no excuse for breaking it or failing to fulfil its conditions, since I swear it whilst I have you in my power and can do with you as I will." After this Alfonso and Al-mamun marched southward together plundering and laying waste the land until they had so weakened the power of the King of Cordova that he never again sought to harm Al-mamun.

Among the authenticated exploits of the Cid are the single combats which, at the King's request, he undertook from time to time for the possession of dis-

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puted fortresses or for other reasons. Two of these probably took place during the first years of Alfonso's reign. At this period of his life not only was his reputation as a skilful captain very high, but his fame for personal prowess was so great that we wonder that any knight could be bold enough to do battle with him. The references to these duels in trustworthy documents are unfortunately very brief. The *Gesta Roderici* merely says: "He fought with Ximeno Garces one of the best knights of Pamplona and overcame him. He fought also with like success against a certain Saracen at Medina Celi, and him he not only overcame but slew also." The chronicles add that in the first of these two duels he appeared as the champion of the King of Castille for the possession of Pazluengas and other castles. Of the cause of the duel against the Saracen we know nothing. Medina Celi stood hard by the meeting-place of several frontiers, and it is not unlikely that the fight was one of those from which Rodrigo won the honourable title of Campeador.

It is from the year 1079 to the time of his death that most is known of the history of the Cid. Long periods are still passed over in silence by our authorities, and the accounts given by some are either unconfirmed or contradicted by others, but we have now left the region of romance, and even the chronicles from this date have a solid basis of historical fact, though their writers still draw freely on imagination for details.

About the year 1079 the Cid was chosen by Don Alfonso to carry out a difficult and dangerous mis-

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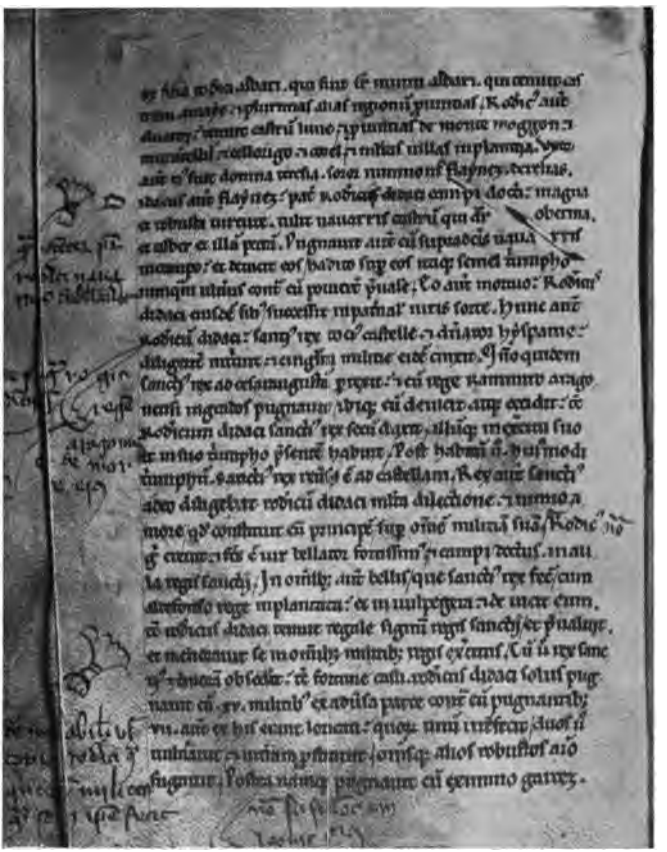

FACSIMILE OF LATIN CHRONICLE CALLED GESTA RODERICI.

FROM THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY, MADRID.

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sion. He was sent to collect the tribute paid annually by the Saracen Emirs of Seville and Cordova. The former of these princes, the celebrated Al-mutamed, whom the Christian chroniclers call Almuctamir or Almucamuz, was at war with his neighbour Abdu-l-lah (Almudafar in the chronicles), King of Granada. The latter had taken into his pay some of the most renowned Christian knights who, while their own King was at peace, were glad to hire themselves for military service to the rich Saracens of the south. Among these was García de Cabra who afterwards became the Cid's most bitter enemy, probably owing to events which took place at this time. When the Cid reached Seville he heard that the King of Granada was on the march with his mercenaries and had already entered the territory of Seville. The Cid acted with great firmness and decision. He at once sent letters to the chief men in the advancing army warning them of the consequences of trespassing on the territory of a prince who was under the protection of the King of Castille. The Christian mercenaries were reminded of their allegiance and were requested firmly but respectfully to desist from their enterprise. A hint was at the same time given to the effect that any further encroachment would be resisted to the best of the writer's power.

A message of this kind, sent by so young a man to a soldier of the experience of García de Cabra, who in many a fight had borne the banner of King Don Fernando, must have caused no small astonishment among those to whom it was addressed. The Castillians would have considered it dishonourable

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to have allowed themselves to be influenced by its boldness. Accordingly they pursued their march, burning and wasting as far as Cabra, little thinking that the Cid would find means to make them respect the commands which he had put forth in his master's name. Quickly getting together as large a force as he could by adding to his own escort the *muzárabe* inhabitants of Seville, he went out to meet them. In the battle that followed the Cid was wholly successful. The number of the slain was very large, and García de Cabra, Lope Sanchez, Diego Perez, and many other celebrated warriors, fell into his hands. The enemies' camp was plundered, and all the rich booty that they had gathered in the territory of Seville was recovered. The Cid set free his prisoners after three days' captivity; probably he did not care to incur their further ill-will by putting them to ransom. He was received in triumph at Seville by Al-mutamed, who not only paid in full the tribute owing to the King of Castille, but made his deliverer a handsome present. His first independent command had thus brought him riches and greatly increased his fame, but it brought him also the ill-will of all who had been his prisoners and of their kin. By working upon Alfonso's jealousy and abiding resentment they soon found means to bring about the Cid's disgrace.

His enemies now charged him with having turned to his own use part of the tribute received at Seville in the King's name. It was known that he had come back rich from the South. Alfonso's suspicions were aroused, and only an opportunity was wanting for

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the Cid's enemies to close in about him; this opportunity was soon found. In 1081 Alfonso marched southward to chastise some rebellious movement among the tributary states. It had been intended that the Cid should take part in this campaign, but illness had obliged him to remain at home. During the King's absence, the Moors of the kingdom of Toledo suddenly crossed the frontier and overran the neighbourhood of San Esteban de Gormaz. By this time the Cid was well again, and unwilling to let such insolence go unpunished, he at once armed his followers and pursued the Moors who fled homewards as soon as they heard of his approach. Marching by way of Atienza, Sigüenza, Hita and Guadalajara, he entered the territory of Toledo spreading devastation wherever he went. He brought back to Castille a rich booty and seven thousand prisoners.

The Cid's foray, say the chroniclers, had been made on the land of the King of Toledo, with whom Alfonso was at peace, and under whose walls Alfonso himself would be obliged to pass on his return from the south. This circumstance was cleverly taken advantage of by the Cid's enemies. In addition to the serious charge of having made war upon a friendly state without the King's consent, they brought against him the seemingly well-founded accusation that his act might have had the effect of rousing the whole south and imperilling the return of the King and his troops. Alfonso, however, had come through the disturbed district unharmed; but lending a ready ear to the accusations, he summoned the Cid to his presence and, after reproaching him

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with his conduct, ordered him to quit his dominions within nine days. The Cid demanded thirty days' delay, as was the right of every Castillian nobleman; but even this was refused him (see Appendix II).

The broad outlines of this story are accepted as true by the best historians, but the details present several insurmountable difficulties. Al-mamun, King of Toledo, Alfonso's benefactor, died in 1075, and not long afterwards Alfonso found excuse for attacking his feeble successor, Yahya Al-kadir. His object was to gain possession of Toledo, and for this purpose he for seven years led his army every spring into the rich plain and laid it waste. Toledo fell in 1085, so that at the date of which we are speaking (1081) Alfonso was not at peace with Toledo. It is probable that the Cid made his unauthorised attack on the Saracens in another direction. His banishment is certain, and from this time forward we find him leading the life of a freebooter, equally ready to turn his arms against Moor or Christian, until he won for himself an independent principality at Valencia.

It is at the time of the Cid's departure into exile * that the fragment of the old Chanson de Geste, known as the *Poema del Cid*, takes up his story. It

* Huber considers that this passage refers to the second banishment of the Cid. No second banishment is mentioned by the *Poema*; its narrative proceeds straight on to the siege of Valencia without alluding to the long years at Saragossa. The mention, however, of the accusation of malversion (*Poema*, l., 109–112) is enough to identify this occasion as the first banishment.

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tells how he quitted his house at Bivar, and how he came with favourable auguries to Burgos, where lodging and food was refused him by the King's command (see Appendix II). Camping outside the city on the common land he was met and entertained by his faithful kinsman, Martin Antolinez, who recked little of the King's threats. The two took counsel together as to what was to be done, and between them they devised the celebrated trick of the chests of sand pawned to the Jews. This story does not reflect on its hero so much credit as was intended by its inventors, or recorders; it is quite possible that it may be founded on fact, though the chest preserved at Burgos cannot be looked on as a genuine relic. As illustrating the manners and ideas of morality of the time and the popular poetry of a century later, we will tell the tale in the words of the *Poema*. The Cid in his tent outside Burgos thus addresses Martin Antolinez:

"'I have spent the gold and all the silver; thou seest well that I bring with me no money, yet sorely do I need it for all my company. I am forced against my will, for by fair means I shall get nothing. If thou so approve me, I will make ready two chests. We will cram them full of sand, so that they be right heavy, covered with gilded leather and firmly nailed: the leather must be crimson and the nails well gilt. Go swiftly as I bid you to Rachel and Vidas (and speak thus): "Since in Burgos they have forbidden me to buy and the King is wroth with me, I cannot carry away my wealth for it is very weighty. I will pawn it to them for such a sum as shall be

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fair. They must remove it by night so that none of the Christians know it; let God alone be witness with all his saints. No other means I have and I do it against my will." '—Martin Antolinez quickly got him gone; for Rachel and Vidas he speedily enquired. He passed through Burgos and into the castle he came; for Rachel and Vidas he hastily enquired. Rachel and Vidas are together in one place, counting up their wealth and all that they had gained. Up came Martin Antolinez, a right good man was he (*aguisa de membrado*). 'Where are ye, Rachel and Vidas, my very good friends? I would speak in private with the two of you.' No time was lost; the three withdrew apart. 'Rachel and Vidas, give me both of you your hands upon it, that ye will not betray me to Moors or to Christians. I will make you rich for ever, so that you never be brought to need. The Campeador went to Moorish lands to fetch the tribute. Great wealth he got and very goodly, and he kept for himself a very pretty sum. This was the cause for which he was accused. He has two chests full of refined gold. Ye see now how the King is wroth with him. He has left his estates, his houses, and his palaces. This wealth he cannot carry off, lest it should be noised abroad; the Campeador will leave it in your hands and do ye lend him in coin such a sum as shall be fair. Take ye the chests and put them in safe keeping: guard them with an oath and your united promise that ye will not look into them for a whole year.' Rachel and Vidas sit there taking counsel with each other. 'Needs must we make a

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profit out of everything. Well do we know that he made rich earnings and that, when he went to Moorish lands, he brought out a goodly sum. He who bears coined money sleeps not undisturbed. Let us take these two chests and let us put them in a place where none will know of them. But tell us of the Cid, how much will satisfy him, or what interest will he give us for this whole year?' Then answered Martin Antolinez, a right good man was he: 'My Cid will ask such a sum as shall be fair; he will ask but little of you so that he leave his wealth secure. From all sides there flock to him needy men: he must have six hundred marks.' Then said Rachel and Vidas: 'Gladly will we give them to him.' 'Ye see that night is coming and the Cid goes in haste; we must have the marks at once.' Said Rachel and Vidas: 'Not thus are bargains made; giving comes first and taking afterwards.' Said Martin Antolinez: 'I am content with that. Let us go all three to the famous Campeador, and we will aid you, as is but right, to carry hither the chests and place them in your care, so that it be not noised abroad among Christians or among Moors.' Said Rachel and Vidas: 'We are content with that. So soon as the chests are brought, take the six hundred marks.' Martin Antolinez swiftly got to horse with Rachel and Vidas gleeful and content. He came not to the bridge, but through the ford he went, so that no man in Burgos might know what was going forward. And now they are at the tent of the famous Campeador. As soon as they enter they kiss the Cid's hands. The Cid smiled and

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spake to them: 'Now, Don* Rachel and Vidas, ye have forgotten me. I am going to quit the land, for the King is wroth with me. It seems to me that ye will get some profit by my wealth; so long as ye shall live ye will never come to want.' Don Rachel and Vidas kissed the hands of my Cid. Martin Antolinez has arranged the terms: that upon those chests they should lend him six hundred marks, and that they should keep them safe even to the year's end. To this they had pledged their faith and had sworn an oath to him, that if before that time they should look into them, they should be counted faithless and the Cid should not give them so much as a bad farthing of profit. Said Martin Antolinez: 'Load up the chests quickly; take them, Rachel and Vidas, and put them in safe-keeping. I will go with you to help to bring the marks; for my Cid must be on his way before cock-crow.' As they loaded up the chests one might see their delight; strong men as they were they could not get them up. Joyful were Rachel and Vidas over the goods, for they have got rich store for all the days of their lives. Rachel went to kiss the hand of my Cid: 'Nay, Campeador, happy was the hour in which thou didst gird on thy sword; thou art starting from Castille for Paynim lands. Such is thy lot, great are thy gains. Cid, I kiss thy hands; let me have as a gift a rich crimson Moorish pelisse!' 'Granted,' said the Cid; 'herewith I

* The title *Don* used by the Cid in addressing the Jews is intended to flatter their vanity. In early times only men of the highest rank had a right to it.

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THE COFFER OF THE CID PRESERVED IN THE CLOISTER OF THE CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

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promise it. If I bring it thee from thence ['t is well], if not, do thou take its value from the chests.' In the midst of the palace they spread a carpet, and over it a fine white linen sheet; straightway they cast upon it three hundred marks of silver. Don Martin simply counted them; he took them without weighing. The other three hundred they paid in gold. Five squires had Don Martin and well he loaded them all: when he had done this ye shall hear what he said: 'Now, Don Rachel and Vidas, in your hands are the chests; I deserve something to boot (*calças*) who made this bargain for you.' Rachel and Vidas withdrew together apart: 'Let us give him a good gift for it was he who brought it to us': 'Martin Antolinez, famous Burgalese, thou hast earned it at our hands and we will give thee a rich gift wherewith to make thee boots, and rich robe, and good cloak. We will give thee freely thirty marks: thou must earn them, for so it is but just; thou must see to the fulfilment of this bargain we have made.' Don Martin thanked them and took the marks. Then he bethought himself to quit their lodging and he took leave of both. Gone out is he from Burgos; he has crossed the Arlançon; he is come to the tent of him who was born in happy hour. The Cid welcomed him with both arms thrown wide. 'Thou art come, Martin Antolinez, my faithful vassal; may I live to see the day when thou receivest some gift at my hands!' 'I am come, Campeador, with all good despatch. Thou has gained six hundred and I have gained thirty. Bid strike the tent and let us begone has-

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tily; at San Pedro de Cardeña we must hear cock-crow.'"

Much useless discussion has taken place over this trick. Some say that the Cid in his conduct towards the Jews was guilty of deliberate fraud; others that his good faith was buried among the sand with which the chests were filled and was sure sooner or later to be redeemed. We doubt if the gleeman, who in all probability invented the story for the Cid's glorification, would have understood these niceties. The *Poema* gives us to understand that the Cid discharged his debt and the chronicles relate how, after the taking of Valencia, the Jews who at the end of the year had discovered the trick, came to him weeping and complaining, and how he repaid them richly for the anxiety they had undergone. The age, however, was not over scrupulous on points of morality; to rob a Jew was scarcely considered wrong. If the Cid's expedition to Moorish lands had been a failure, we can scarcely suppose that the thought of the rage of the cheated Jews would have weighed heavily on the conscience of one who was versed in all the stratagems of Moorish intrigue.

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CHAPTER V.

THE CID IN EXILE.

1081–1085.

OUR most trustworthy documents merely tell us that the Cid, on quitting Don Alfonso's territory, went to Barcelona where he remained only a few days. He probably offered his services and those of his followers to the reigning Count. But the men of Catalonia, a much more civilised race than their Christian neighbours in the Peninsula, had but small love for the Castillians, and the Cid marched away to Saragossa and took service with the reigning Saracen prince. The Counts of Barcelona, as we shall see later, had cause to regret this opportunity of turning into a useful ally one who afterwards proved their most formidable enemy.

The chronicles and the *Poema* are rich in details of the Cid's exploits on his journey. These, though their chronology is confused * and their geography doubtful, are worth recording, for they are not incon-

* Mr. Dozy, himself the most careful of historians, has laid it down as a rule that "in treating of the history of the Middle Ages, that is to say, a history of which the sources are very incomplete, we must rely as little as possible on arguments drawn from the silence of chronicles and documents."

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sistent with more trustworthy accounts, and are not in themselves improbable. Alfonso the Learned who gives these details had certainly at his command sources of information that are lost to us.

The Cid on leaving Burgos behaved as though he were in an enemy's country. He laid hands on all the property he could find, and drove off the large flocks of geese that wandered over the plain. Out of bravado he went along at the slow pace of the birds till he came to the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, a few miles from the city. When he found that none followed him or attempted to deprive him of his spoils, he took pity on his fellow-townsmen and sent their geese and other property back. At San Pedro de Cardeña he took leave of his wife and his two daughters, giving them in charge to the good Abbot and leaving a sum of money for their maintenance with promises of more if more should be required. Here he was joined by Martin Antolinez who had come after him with a hundred and fifteen horsemen eager to link their fortunes with that of the bold exile. A night march brought them to Espinas del Can where their little party was still further reinforced. They crossed the Duero and the Sierra de Nieves and came near to the Saracen town of Atienza. After another night march through the mountains, dawn found them in ambush near Castrejon on the river Henares. Their numbers by this time amounted to three hundred horsemen besides a large body of footmen, but a party had been detached to harry as far as Guadalajara and Alcalá, for, in order to keep the little force together, it was

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necessary at once to secure some brilliant success and some booty. Both ventures were successful. In the morning the gates of Castrejon were opened and the inhabitants came out to their work, little suspecting the presence of the bold and ready enemy who lay hidden hard by their gates. The town was surprised and taken at a single rush; the foraying party returned from Alcalá laden with booty to find the Cid in possession of the castle. The Cid was unwilling to remain at Castrejon; the citadel was certainly strong, but it lacked a good supply of water, and could not be held if besieged by a large force of the royal troops, as might naturally be looked for so near the frontier. The booty was fairly shared and the greater part of it, which would hopelessly impede the movements of the force, was sold to the Moors of Guadalajara and Hita who came, under the Cid's safe-conduct, to purchase it. Before the place was abandoned, the citadel was put in charge of certain of the inhabitants who had been set free without ransom on condition that they would hold it for the Cid. A half mocking message was sent to King Alfonso to say that though he had exiled the Cid he would serve him with the forces he had at his command.

From Castrejon the freebooters marched unopposed in an easterly direction till they came to the river Jalon, a tributary of the Ebro. Here they fortified themselves near the town of Alcocer on a rounded hill which had access to the water. The country was now thoroughly roused, so it was no longer possible to take towns by surprise as Castrejon

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had been taken. Nevertheless something must be done in order to induce others to join the force and thus put it in a position to undertake more important operations. The Moors of Alcocer, seeing that the Cid shewed no signs of withdrawing, offered a bribe to persuade him to pass on his way and leave them unharmed. This he refused, and for some weeks he held the place under strict observation, maintaining his troops the while by harrying the surrounding districts. At last he took Alcocer by a trick. Leaving some tents still pitched within his camp he suddenly marched away down the river Jalon with all his company. The Saracens saw them go, and judging by the haste and disorder of their departure that some calamity had befallen them, or that they had received some alarming news, they rushed forth from the city eager to plunder the deserted camp. A few picked men who had been left in hiding near the city secured the gate before the Saracens could return from their ill-timed sally. The Cid galloped back to find the whole population unarmed and shut out from their own gates. Orders were given that the defenceless people should be spared, not, however, from any motive of humanity, but rather that they might be turned to profit as slaves.

At the news of the fall of Alcocer the whole Saracen population rushed to arms. A message, beseeching aid, sent by the citizens of Calatayud, Teruel, Cuenca, Daroca and Molina, brought up reinforcements from as far as Valencia. The district militia was called together at Calatayud, and the

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whole force appeared under the walls of Alcocer led by two generals whom the Chroniclers describe as two Moorish Kings. For three weeks the Cid lay quietly behind his walls; at the end of the third he had allowed himself to be cut off from access to water. He probably did not care to risk a battle until he had his men in such a position that defeat meant total loss. Moreover we may notice that, on many occasions, the Cid, the boldest of men when once engaged, shewed great reluctance and hesitation in engaging on a decisive battle. Possibly too the auguries on which he depended for his guidance were unfavourable.* At a council of war held within the walls of Alcocer the leader's words were full of discouragement. "We cannot remain here," he said, "for they have cut us off from the water; we cannot fight them because of their numbers." But he was merely acting a part and waiting for some other to propose the bold measure that was afterwards adopted. Then Alvar Fañez Minaya stood up and pointed to their numbers; they were six hundred desperate men and more: a sudden sally might well be successful against the besiegers whom their inaction had lulled into a sense of fancied security. The Cid was persuaded and declared that his kinsman had spoken after his own heart. His first step was to thrust forth the whole Moorish population of the

* Not only do the Chronicles and *Poema* frequently allude to the auguries by which the Cid guided his conduct, but the Count of Barcelona, in a letter quoted further on (p. 194), openly rebukes him for the practice. Even as late as the 17th century pilgrims on their way to Compostela consulted the sacred chickens and geese at Barcelona, Tudela, and Santo Domingo de la Calzada.

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castle and town, lest they should convey to their fellow-countrymen outside notice of what was going on. Such an action would scarcely surprise the besiegers or put them on their guard, for the getting rid of useless mouths from beleaguered towns was a practice almost always resorted to when the supplies of food and water were low. The next morning was fixed upon for the sally, and careful instructions were given to the soldiers. Two only were left to guard the gate, the Cid remarking that they would not be able to defend it if the Moors gained the day, but at any rate they could keep marauders from the rich booty stored up within during the fight. The rest were bidden to keep well together and not to allow themselves to be induced by any partial success to go too far forward.

At the first onslaught the Moors fled in dismay, but encouraged by the sight of their vastly superior numbers, they quickly rallied and drew up their lines; the serious fighting was still to come. The din of drums and trumpets was deafening as the Infidels advanced led by the banners of the two generals and by five others under which were grouped the militia of the several towns which took part in the expedition. The confusion of the first few moments had given the Cid an opportunity of taking up a favourable position in which to receive their attack. So small did his force appear that the Saracens thought to capture the whole of it. They therefore extended their line so as to greatly outflank their adversaries, thus sacrificing the solidity of their centre. As the Saracens advanced still

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closer, Pero Bermudez, the standard-bearer, could no longer restrain his eagerness. Bidding the Cid rescue his banner, he cast himself into the thick of the enemy. Then the fight became general: the Moors closed in around Bermudez and attempted to beat him and his banner to the ground, but his armour was good and he held his own manfully until the Cid himself came to his rescue. The impetuous charge of the main body carried them right through the enemy's line. Turning their horses they charged back again with equal success. The Cid himself behaved like a hero; so many of the enemy did he slay or unhorse that, after a time, none were bold enough to face him, and in whatever direction he turned his horse a broad path opened before him through the enemy. Many a time he was in imminent danger and many a time he was rescued by his men. At last the Moors were broken and the two generals fled, one to Teruel and the other to Calatayud. The Chroniclers would have us believe that they barely escaped with their lives, one of them receiving at the hands of the Cid the "three strokes" which are generally portioned out by gleemen to defeated generals or princes.* The defeated forces were pursued and overtaken, a rich booty was secured, and the inhabitants of Alcocer, who had been

* These "three blows" are among the many commonplaces of the makers of the *chansons de geste*. Compare the *seven-years'* sieges. Alfonso the Learned relates that some say that the siege of Zamora lasted seven years, but this could not be, as Don Sancho scarcely reigned so long. The siege of Toledo did last nearly seven years unless this is another instance of the traditional number quoted regardless of facts.

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set free on the previous day, were now recaptured and led back into the town to witness the rejoicing of the victors.

The Cid in his prosperity bethought himself of his wife and daughters whom he had left scantily supplied with money at San Pedro de Cardeña. A goodly sum was now sent them together with a rich present for the abbey. A part of the spoil too was set apart for King Don Alfonso whose acceptance of it would show he still regarded the Cid as in some sort his vassal. The messengers who bore these gifts were warned that on their return they would probably no longer find the Cid at Alcocer. The country round had been so mercilessly harried that it could no longer maintain him. The cattle he had collected were now only a hindrance to him, so he offered to sell them to their former owners and to quit the neighbourhood. His proposal was gladly accepted and, after receiving a large sum for a place which he could no longer hold, the Cid marched away. His departure was regretted, we are told, by the inhabitants of Alcocer who had grown rich by trading in the booty which the continual forays brought in. It was the habit of the Cid to establish a market near his camp and to look well to the safety of those who came to buy and sell, for, without them, a great part of his booty would have been valueless and he would often have been in want of provisions.

The Chroniclers are probably wrong in stating that the chief of the embassy that bore presents from the exile's force to King Alfonso was Alvar Fañez

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Minaya. They have seized upon the name of one of the greatest leaders of the time and have made him the companion of the Cid and the partner of his fortunes. We are told that when the messengers reached Castille they had an interview with the King who was very gracious to them. He told them, however, that three weeks* was too short a time to receive back to favour a man who had incurred his anger. "This is no conduct for a king," he said, "for his anger to be so short lived, unless it be greatly to his advantage." He, however, declared himself pleased with the Cid's success, and, in return for his presents, he granted permission to the messengers to come and go freely within his realms. The same privilege was granted to all who wished to join the Cid's banner; the attainder that lay upon the Cid's property was removed.

In the meantime the Cid himself had been campaigning successfully on the frontiers of Aragon. The next place that had the misfortune to be selected as the site of his camp was a hill above Montalban known to this day as the Poyo del Cid. Here he remained for some weeks ruthlessly levying blackmail, which the Chroniclers dignify by the name of tribute, on the surrounding districts as far as Medina Celi, Teruel, and Celfa. They tell how, after a night march, he appeared suddenly in the neighbourhood of Saragossa and levied tribute there also, but afterwards became the friend and ally of the reigning prince. We know for certain that he took service at

* Even according to the account of these same Chroniclers the Cid had been much longer than three weeks in exile.

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Saragossa after his unsuccessful expedition to Barcelona. Of this expedition the Chroniclers make no mention: probably they considered it would tarnish their hero's glory to tell how he appeared as an adventurer of broken fortunes at the Court of a prince whom he afterwards conquered more than once.

The whole of the exploits of the Cid from the time he left Castille to the time he reached Saragossa, with the single exception of his visit to Barcelona, rest entirely on the traditional accounts preserved in the *Poema del Cid* and copied by later chroniclers. We now get on to safer ground and henceforth some of our authorities are almost contemporary.

The Cid arrived at Saragossa in 1081 and took service with Al-muktadir, the second king of the Beni Hud dynasty. This prince had already reigned over Saragossa, sometimes independently, sometimes as a tributary of Castille, for more than thirty years, almost all of which had been spent in continual warfare. It has recently been proved that Suleiman, father of Al-muktadir, and founder of the dynasty, divided his kingdom on his death between his four sons. Al-mudhaffar the eldest, a brave and learned prince, received Lérida and Tortosa as his portion; two other brothers were made Emirs of Calatayud and Tudela respectively, while Al-muktadir—probably his father's favourite—inherited Saragossa. It was in his eldest brother, Al-mudhaffar, that he found his stoutest adversary. Like most of the degenerate Saracen princes of his day he employed Christian mercenaries. On one occasion, thinking to put an end to the struggle, Al-muktadir had engaged

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a large force of Catalans and Navarrese, but at the decisive moment they had displayed the proverbial faithlessness of mercenaries and deserted to his brother. Finding himself unable to conquer in the field, he had recourse to treachery. He arranged a private interview with Al-mudhaffar. The terms were that they should meet alone and unarmed, and try by amicable discussion to find some settlement for their differences. Al-mudhaffar appeared at the meeting-place apparently unarmed, but he wore beneath his robes a coat of mail. To this he owed his life. By order of Al-muktadir he was set upon by a Navarrese knight who thought to slay him easily. Al-muktadir of course disclaimed the attempt of his baffled emissary, and thus found an excuse for venting his disappointment by putting the Navarrese to death. Thus the war dragged wearily on as before, not so much by regular campaigns as by a series of destructive forays in which the people of the open country and undefended villages suffered severely, while the conclusion of the struggle was brought no nearer. But at last, during one of these inroads, Al-mudhaffar fell into his brother's hands. His dominions were annexed to those of Saragossa and he himself was shut up in the castle of Rueda.

Continually pressed by his Christian neighbours of Castille, Aragon, Navarre, and Barcelona, Al-muktadir was not allowed to enjoy his ill-gotten territory in peace. When fortune brought the Cid to his gates he readily seized the opportunity of taking into his service one of the most skilful captains of the day. He lived but a few months to enjoy the pro-

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tection of the Cid, and on his death (Oct. 1081), following his father's dangerous example, he divided his kingdom between his two sons. Al-mutamen, the elder, became King of Saragossa, and Al-mundhir the *Hagib* or scholar (called by the Chroniclers Alfagib) became King of Denia, which had been lately added to the dominion of the family, and of Lérida and Tortosa. The Cid took service again with the new King of Saragossa and was soon employed in the war that broke out between the brothers.

In order to counterbalance the advantage that Al-mutamen possessed by having under his orders a body of Christian troops, Al-mundhir entered into alliance with his neighbours Sancho Ramirez, King of Aragon, and the hot-headed Berenger, Count of Barcelona. * Their united efforts however were unable to check the ravages of the Cid whose name had become a terror on the frontier. On one occasion Al-mundhir and his allies had approached the territory of Saragossa while the Cid lay encamped near Monzon. King Sancho of Aragon had taunted the Cid saying that he would not dare to enter the place in the face of a greatly superior force. This challenge was accepted by the Cid out of bravado. When he marched past the allied army, the astonishment caused by his bold act and the fear of his arms preserved him from attack.

* Some authors have disputed the existence of Berenger, Count of Barcelona, the Cid's enemy. It is however certain that Ramon el Viejo left his undivided countship to his two sons. In December 1082 Berenger, known afterwards as *el Fratricida* or *Cabeza de Estopa* (tow-head), murdered his brother and became the guardian of his nephew Ramon III., el Grande, who was at the time only a month old.

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Not long after this, Al-mutamen, by the advice of the Cid, set to work to rebuild and fortify the dismantled castle of Almenara in the neighbourhood of Lérida. Al-mundhir saw that the possession of such a stronghold would give his enemies a base of operations and a rallying-place for their forays, and would be a thorn in his side, as was the castle of Aledo in the side of the Saracens of the South. He determined to prevent the completion of the work, and summoned to his aid his Catalan and Provençal allies. A powerful force was collected under the leadership of the Counts of Barcelona and Cerdagne, the brother of the Count of Urgel, the lords of Vich, Ampourdan, Roussillon and Carcassonne. The new castle was besieged while the Cid was absent at Scarps hard by. So strong were the fortifications of Almenara that, even with the large force at their command, the Provençal leaders were unable to take it by storm. After a siege of some length, however, the garrison began to suffer from scarcity of water and sent news of their plight to the Cid who immediately communicated it to Al-mutamen. Alarmed at the prospect of losing so important a position, the King of Saragossa hurried to Tamariz where he met the Cid and urged him to attack the enemy and raise the siege before it was too late. The Cid pointed out the imprudence of attacking so powerful an army and advised the King rather to offer a bribe to the besiegers. Al-mutamen agreed, and a large sum was entrusted to ambassadors with orders to do their best to break up the alliance by means of bribery. This proceeding was rightly interpreted by the allies

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as an admission of weakness. Relying on their superior numbers and the advantage of their position, they refused to treat and continued the siege. Their boldness was speedily punished, for the Cid always shewed himself most formidable when apparently most diffident. Immediately on the return of the unsuccessful ambassadors he marched against the enemy. The armies met in regular battle array and, with no advantage of position to compensate for the inferiority of his numbers, the Cid utterly routed the force opposed to him. The number of the slain was very large. Count Berenger himself was taken prisoner and handed over by the Cid to Al-mutamen, who released him five days later after making a formal alliance with him. After their brilliant victory the King and the Cid returned together in triumph to Saragossa. The King's gratitude was shewn in the honours which he bestowed on his protector and ally. "Al-mutamen," says the Latin Chronicle, "exalted Rodrigo during his life, and set him over his son, and over his kingdom, and over all his land, so that he seemed to be lord of all his dominions; he enriched him also with untold bounties and countless gifts of gold and silver."

This victory must belong to the first or second year of Al-mutamen's reign (1082–3) though the actual date is uncertain. Shortly afterwards, there took place an event of so startling a kind that it gives us a landmark in the obscure chronology of the time. Impressed by its importance, the monks recorded it in their annals, rough lists of notable events, without detail of any kind, that were kept in some of the

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principal religious houses. These records are often silent for years together until some victory or disaster, or the death of a king, struck the monkish chronicler as being worthy of being jotted down on the blank leaf of a mass book.

It will be remembered that Al-muktadir, the father and predecessor of Al-mutamen, had captured and imprisoned his brother Al-mudhaffar in the castle of Rueda on the river Jalon. In 1083, Al-mudhaffar found means to bribe his guardian, whom the chroniclers call Albofalac, or Almofalar, and describe as a person of mean birth. Al-mudhaffar, once in possession of the castle, laid claim to the dominions of his late brother, and sent messages to Don Alfonso of Castille to beg his help. Ready as ever to interfere in the affairs of his neighbours, Alfonso, although engaged at the time in the siege of Toledo, found means to send a considerable force under the joint command of his cousin Ramiro, son of García of Navarre, and Gonzalo Salvadores, governor of old Castille, whose prowess in the field had won him the name of Cuatro-manos (four hands). On their arrival at Rueda they were persuaded by Al-mudhaffar that, for the success of their joint undertaking, it was necessary that Alfonso should lead the army. Their representations were favourably received, and the King came to Rueda, where he found Al-mudhaffar at the point of death. Albofalac now became alarmed at the turn events were taking. No longer upheld by the bold spirit of Al-mudhaffar, he dreaded falling into the hands of a Christian prince who was likely to shew but small regard for a traitor

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when once he had reaped all the advantage he could hope for from his treachery. Accordingly, he entered into communication with Al-mutamen, and sought to regain his favour by inflicting some signal blow on the Christians. As is the wont of cowards at bay, he acted with desperate boldness. He sought an interview with King Alfonso, and offered to hand over the castle to him if he would come in person to take possession. Whether Alfonso had any suspicion of the trap laid for him we do not know, but instead of going himself, he sent Gonzalo Salvadores and others of his captains to the castle. No sooner had they entered the gates than they were overwhelmed and slain by a hail of stones and arrows. Alfonso retired dejected and furious to his camp vowing vengeance against Rueda.

When the Cid heard the news his first care was to convince the King that he had taken no share in the treacherous plot against his life. He visited the camp before Rueda and was honourably received; on the King's departure he accompanied him to Castille. The later chronicles give a fuller version of the affair. They relate that after the murder of Gonzalo Salvadores the Cid declined to return to Castille until he should have first reduced Rueda. It was the readiest and most effectual means of convincing his fellow-countrymen of his innocence, and he set about it with his accustomed energy. So strong, however, was the place that it resisted all his attempts to take it by storm, and he was obliged to besiege it for a long time before he compelled its garrison to sue for terms. To those who had taken

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no share in the murder their lives were assured; they came forth from the castle submitting to the heavy fine inflicted upon them for their obstinacy. There remained still within the fortress a small remnant of the guilty, now no longer able to hold out against the storming-parties. Not one of these escaped; many were slain, and those who fell into the hands of the Cid were sold as slaves. Albofalac himself with his chief men was sent to Alfonso who "did great justice upon them."

The Cid now joined the King thinking that he had gained his confidence and forgiveness; but it was not so. Signs of the suspicion and enmity still cherished against him were soon apparent, and he suddenly quitted Castille and took service again with Al-mutamen, who had borne as best he might the brief but violent outbreak of his powerful mercenary. We must suppose that Al-mutamen disclaimed all share in the treachery of the governor of Rueda.

Having thus shewn that his fidelity could not be depended upon by his Saracen employers, the Cid was the more desirous of proving his power and skill, in order to make them willing to overlook his occasional lapses. He had not long to wait for an opportunity of distinguishing himself. He accompanied Al-mutamen on a foray into Aragon, and for five days they spread devastation through the land, moving with such speed that all attempts to check them were in vain and they returned to Monzon with much booty and many captives. Such was the terror of the Cid's name that the King of

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Aragon, though his army was in the field, made no attempt to punish them. Emboldened by success, the Cid next accepted a commission to harry the lands of Al-mundhir the Hagib, brother of Al-mutamen. This expedition lasted longer than the former and was not less destructive to those against whom it was directed. The scene of its operations was the mountains of Morella which were rich in herds, and moreover were less likely to have been lately plundered than the open plain. In all this region the Cid "did not leave a house that he did not destroy, nor movable property that he did not carry off." He moreover attacked the castle of Morella and fought his way up to the gate. The defences of the place were greatly weakened, and it was on the point of falling into his hands when orders from Al-mutamen turned his energies in another direction. He was commanded to rebuild the dismantled castle of Alcalá de Chivert near the coast to the south of Morella. This he did and threw into it a well-equipped garrison.

Common misfortunes and interests now brought about an alliance between Al-mundhir and Sancho of Aragon with the object of crushing the Cid. Having assembled their armies in which many French, Portuguese, Leonese, Navarrese and Galicians of gentle birth served as mercenaries, they pitched their camp on the banks of the Ebro hard by the place where the Cid lay. Thence a haughty and imperious message was sent bidding him withdraw at once. The Cid's answer is curious: "If my Lord, the King, wishes to pass by me in peace, I

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will gladly serve him and not only him but also his men. Moreover, if he wishes, I will give him a hundred of my soldiers to serve him and accompany him on his way." This message, like that sent later to the Count of Barcelona, may have been meant, as has been supposed, to provoke the allied armies to attack. It may, however, be regarded as an attempt to avoid a pitched battle in which the Cid had all to lose and nothing to gain. The Cid was always reluctant to fight on such occasions; he preferred harrying the country to fighting pitched battles. Sancho was irritated at the way in which his command to quit the country had been disregarded. Breaking up his camp, he hastily advanced and took up a new position in sight of the Cid's army. The next day he was overthrown by the skill and valour of his adversary. At first the field was stubbornly contested; but when once the Aragonese were broken, their defeat rapidly became a rout. As many as two thousand prisoners fell into the Cid's hands, among them fifteen noblemen of such consideration that their names are recorded in the *Gesta.* The rank and file of the prisoners were at once set at liberty, but the principal among them graced the triumphal return of the Cid to Saragossa. He was met some miles outside the city by Al-mutamen and his sons who had marched out with the glad citizens to do him honour.

This happened in 1085, and shortly afterwards Al-mutamen died. He was succeeded by his son Al-mustain in whose service the Cid remained for some years. During this time we know little or nothing

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of his exploits; for, as the author of the *Gesta* remarks, "the wars and rumours of wars in which Rodrigo took part with his soldiers are not all written in this book." It is certain that the Cid served the Beni Hud of Saragossa almost continuously from 1081 to 1088. Meanwhile stirring events in which he had no part took place in the south. Of these some account must be given before continuing the Cid's story.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE CONQUESTS OF ALFONSO AND CONDITION OF THE SARACEN PRINCES OF THE SOUTH.

1082–1085.

IN 1084 it seemed as if the hour of Spain's deliverance from the unbelievers was near at hand. From his camp before Toledo, Alfonso imposed his tribute on the degenerate and turbulent kinglets of the south, or led his forays almost unopposed throughout their lands. Saragossa was at the mercy of its so-called protector, the Cid. The fate of Valencia hung only on the rivalries of those who saw in her an easy prey. Seville, the most important of the Saracen states, was ruled by Al-mutamed, a typical Andalusian kinglet, whose romantic story is intimately connected with the great events and persons of his time.

Al-mutamed was the son of the statesman, conqueror, and voluptuary, Al-mutadhid who, by ceaseless activity, had greatly extended his dominions in Andalusia. To his father's valour and love of pleasure Al-mutamed added refined and scholarly tastes, which made his name celebrated even at a time

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when these were common among his countrymen. In his early youth his father, anxious that he should learn to govern, placed him in charge of the important town of Huelva. Shortly afterwards he led the army which was besieging Silves in the Algarve. Here it was that he made the acquaintance of the man who was fated to have so far-reaching an influence on the whole course of his life.

Ibn-Ammar was a poet and scholar, who, after studying at Silves, his native place, and at Cordova, roamed from town to town, addressing his verses to any who were able and willing to pay for the formal compliments they contained. His wanderings had brought him but small honour and less profit, and prosperous poets, attached to the Courts of Kings, made mock of Ibn-Ammar's long gown and little cap. To such straits was he often reduced that, returning on one occasion to Silves in a penniless condition, he sought to remedy it by addressing a copy of verses to a tradesman. His efforts were rewarded by a present of a sack of barley. The poet did not consider himself insulted. When, years after, he rose to greatness, he sent his former benefactor a sack of silver in return. At the same time he shewed his sense of the meanness of the gift by declaring that, had his fee been paid in wheat, it would have been returned in gold. Al-mutamed himself was a poet, and between him and Ibn-Ammar, his elder by nine years, there sprung up a close friendship founded on kindred tastes, and a romantic and elegant love of pleasure.

When the town of Silves was captured, Ibn-Am-

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mar, the poet, was made governor of his native place. From this time onward the intercourse between the two friends was of the closest kind. Ibn-Ammar instilled some of his own scepticism into his patron's mind, without, however, spoiling his naturally frank and gay disposition. At Silves, as afterwards at Seville, their life was given up to poetry, pleasure, and wine. It would have been unclouded save for the gloomy presentiments of the elder man whom early experience had taught to mistrust present prosperity, and who is said to have been warned in a dream that he should die by the hand of his friend and boon-companion. Al-mutamed used to reason with the poet in his moments of gloom, and seek to reassure him by laughing at his forebodings and declaring that for him to murder his friend would be to commit suicide.

Often like Harun-Ar-rashid and his Vizir, the prince and poet would disguise themselves and join the gay throng that at evening sought the Silver Meadow outside Seville. As they strolled along they discoursed pleasantly or capped verses after the Eastern fashion. One day, while thus employed, Al-mutamed uttered half a verse and waited to hear it completed in the same measure and rhyme by the friend who walked at his side. This time, however, Ibn-Ammar did not answer with his wonted glibness, and, while he hesitated, the lacking line was supplied by a beautiful girl among the crowd. Charmed by her appearance and her ready wit, Al-mutamed caused her to be followed. He learned that her name was Itimad and that she was also called

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Romeykiyyah, being the slave of a certain Romeyk. The prince married her and showed his affection for her by taking the name of Al-mutamed (derived from the same root as Itimad) in addition to that which he had hitherto borne. He had no cause to regret his choice. Romeykiyyah made up for her scanty education by her mother-wit and her gay yet charmingly petulant nature. Her caprices and extravagances were renowned beyond her own century and her own people; nearly three centuries later they served to illustrate the moral maxims of the grim old warrior Don Juan Manuel, Prince of Castille.* So the three lived pleasantly together, and Al-mutamed shared his generous heart between his wife and his friend, caring not a whit how the harsh *faquihs* stormed against his love of pleasure and his friend's openly avowed scepticism.

But his father, Al-mutadhid, who still reigned, attributing his son's recklessness to Ibn-Ammar's influence, broke up the pleasant companionship by banishing the favourite. He retired to Saragossa and kept up a poetical correspondence with his patron till 1069, when Al-mutamed took advantage of his father's death to recall him and offer him the choice of positions in his kingdom. Ibn-Ammar chose to become governor of Silves, where he established himself with unheard of magnificence. He did not however long enjoy his government; recalled by the friend who could not bear to live without him, he was speedily appointed to the highest offices of state. So the old life began again, and the Court became

* See his *Conde Lucanor*, cap. 14.

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an academy of poets presided over by Al-mutamed, whose delicate wit and generosity were extolled by all. Many are the stories of the quaint humour which lay on the surface of his passionate and manly nature. When he turned his thoughts from his verses and from his harem, in which Itimad still reigned supreme, to graver matters, success almost always attended his efforts. The neighbouring republic of Cordova had fallen on evil days. In 1064 its wise president, Abu-'l-walid Ibn-Jahwar, abdicated, and his authority nominally descended to his two sons. The real power however remained in the hands of Ibn-As-sakka, the Vizir, whose prudence for a time saved the state. Intrigues, in which Al-mutamed had a considerable share, caused the fall of Ibn-As-sakka, and immediately afterwards Al-mamun of Toledo hurried to secure the defenceless prize. Al-mutamed however was beforehand with him, and, by sending a powerful army into the country under the pretence of supporting the younger son of Ibn-Jahwar, caused Al-mamun to withdraw. The President of the republic and his family were seized, and Al-mutamed celebrated his triumph in verse under the allegory of a love-victory over a beauty long desired. This took place in 1070, and Al-mutamed conferred the government of Cordova on his youthful son Abbad. In the meantime Al-mamun was preparing to make good his failure. He appealed for help to the King of Castille and the two together ravaged the plain up to the gates of the city but failed to take it, thanks to the valour of the young governor Abbad.

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Al-mamun now took into his service a bandit chieftain named Ibn-Ukasha, who began by establishing relations with the malcontents within the city. One winter's night, in the year 1075, the freebooter scaled the walls, surprised and slew Abbad, and handed over the city to Al-mamun, who immediately took up his residence in it. Six months later Al-mamun died, poisoned probably at the instigation of Ibn-Ukasha, whom he hated and dreaded, and who was now left in sole possession of Cordova. Grieved to the heart by the loss of his son, and exasperated at the ill success of his carefully laid schemes, Al-mutamed put forth every effort to regain possession of Cordova. After three years he succeeded. Ibn-Ukasha was slain fighting bravely and his body was crucified with a dog by its side. Together with Cordova all the lands of the kingdom of Toledo between the Guadalquiver and Guadiana fell into Al-mutamed's hands.

King Afonso, meanwhile, watched with interest the suicidal struggle between the kinglets of the south, most of whom—including Al-mutamed—were his tributaries. The relations between the two are not very clear. We are told that Alfonso married Zayda, the daughter of Al-mutamed, and that she became the mother of his son Sancho who was slain by the Almoravides in 1108, when still quite young. That she cannot have been his lawful wife is made practically certain by the dates of his three other marriages and by documents relating to the lives of his queens. But through long residence in Saracen lands Alfonso had become half an eastern in manners.

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The late chronicles mention a lady of great estate, Jimena Muñoz, as well as Zayda, as his mistress. They tell too a romantic tale how Zayda fell in love with the fame of the Christian King and how, when she saw him, her passion increased to such a degree that she gave herself to him with a rich dower in lands and castles. The existence of this Zayda and her baptism, under the name of Elizabeth, is vouched for by contemporary evidence. In the church of San Isidoro at Leon, somewhat lower than the tombs of Alfonso's queens, stood, until destroyed by the French in the time of Napoleon, one with the inscription, *H. R. Elizabeth uxor Regis Alfonsi: filia Benabet Regis Sibilæ, quae prius Zayda fuit vocata.*

The date of this marriage between Alfonso and Al-mutamed's daughter, if indeed such a marriage really took place, is later than the period of which we are treating. At this time no friendly relations existed, and when his tribute was not readily forthcoming, Alfonso was wont to appear in arms in Al-mutamed's kingdom. On one such occasion it seemed as though he were about to seize the defenceless city of Seville. He was prevented by a trick of the wily Vizir, Ibn-Ammar. The story, though strange according to modern and western ideas, is not so improbable as to warrant the rejection of the testimony of the Arabic historian by whom it is told. When Ibn-Ammar saw the Sevillians in despair at the thought of the loss of their last shred of independence, he caused to be prepared a marvellous chess-board, the like of which was never seen before. The pieces were of ebony and

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sandal-wood, encrusted with gold. As soon as Alfonso caught sight of it he longed to possess it; Ibn-Ammar had accurately gauged his love of finery. The Vizir (by means of bribery) had gained a promise of support for his scheme from some of the King's followers. Relying upon their help, he consented to play Alfonso for the possession of the board. The King's stake was a vague promise to do whatever his opponent should bid him. Alfonso relied on his good play; and moreover, whilst he had his army at his back, he knew that he was master of the situation whatever might be the result of the game. Ibn-Ammar, a skilful player like many of his countrymen, won the game and demanded as forfeit the withdrawal of the army. Alfonso stormed and protested, but his followers in the Vizir's pay represented that his honour was involved in the fulfilment of his pledge. Finally he withdrew accepting as compensation for his disappointment a double tribute for the year.

It was vanity and a passion for greatness that finally brought about Ibn-Ammar's fall. The poet was no soldier: yet he dreamed of conquest; though his wits were sharp at capping verses they were no match for those of men to whom intrigue had been a lifelong study. His covetous eye fell upon the feeble principality of Murcia governed by the rich Abu-Abdu-r-rham Ibn-Tahir and he determined to win it for himself. To this end, whilst on a visit to the Court of Barcelona, Ibn-Ammar concluded a secret alliance with Count Raymond-Berenger II., a prince who was ever ready to lend an army to those

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who could pay for it. The Vizir had already bribed certain malcontents in Murcia to betray the city, while the Count had agreed to help him seize it for the sum of 10,000 ducats. The Vizir offered Al-mutamed's son as security for the money; the Count gave his own son as a guarantee of fidelity. The two started for Murcia together, but on the way the Count became suspicious that his allies had no intention of paying the stipulated sum. He straightway turned his arms against them, and captured both Ibn-Ammar and the young prince Ar-rashid who accompanied him. News of the disaster was brought to Al-mutamed who had hitherto been kept in ignorance of the whole proceeding. A sum of 30,000 ducats was demanded for the ransom of the prince. He was set at liberty, and a disgraceful exhibition of bad faith on both sides ended with the payment of this sum in coinage so debased that it was only by an oversight that it was accepted.

A series of touching verses celebrated the reconciliation between the Vizir and the King, for Al-mutamed's friendship was strong enough to stand still further shocks before it turned to hatred. Reinstated in his master's good graces, Ibn-Ammar once more set to work to carry out his own ambitious schemes. This time he took Al-mutamed into his confidence and, by greatly exaggerating his own influence in Murcia, persuaded him to lend him an army. But he was not able to take the town at once as he had hoped. He grew weary of the siege and returned to Seville, leaving the troops in charge of a new ally, Ibn-Rashik, the governor of the castle

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of Balj. At Seville he received news that Ibn-Rashik's intrigues with some of the powerful inhabitants of the city were successful and that Murcia was ready to submit to him as her conqueror.

Elated above measure by his good fortune, Ibn-Ammar, as soon as he quitted Seville on his way to Murcia, gave himself all the airs of a king. His enemies speedly informed Al-mutamed of his proceedings and Ibn-Ammar forthwith received orders to set free the ex-king of Murcia. His disobedience was followed by the escape of his prisoner to Valencia, and by a bitter reproof from Al-mutamed. Communications between poet and patron were still carried on as of old in verse. Their tone grew less and less friendly until a scurrilous poem on Al-mutamed's family, written by Ibn-Ammar's own hand, and forwarded by an enemy to Al-mutamed himself, put an end to all hope of reconciliation. Al-mutamed had been grievously lampooned and insulted: his most intimate confidence had been betrayed. His wife and children who had been ridiculed in the verses were now among those who most eagerly sought Ibn-Ammar's downfall. This came speedily. Whilst he gave himself up entirely to pleasure at Murcia his treacherous ally, Ibn-Rashik, had been plotting against him. At last Ibn-Rashik threw off the mask and threatened to hand Ibn-Ammar over to his injured master.

The ex-vizir fled and sought protection at the Castillian Court. But the heavy bribe forwarded by Ibn-Rashik had already been accepted, and Ibn-Ammar fled from Leon to Saragossa. His energy soon

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procured him employment, and whilst in the service of Al-mutamen, he distinguished himself by the capture of a revolted castle. Appearing before it with a small escort he demanded and obtained an interview with the governor. To this he went accompanied by two faithful servants to whom he had given his instructions. As their master gave his hand to the governor they plunged their knives into his body. This stratagem he attempted to repeat at Segura but his treachery was now notorious, and he was seized and sold to the highest bidder. The purchaser was Al-mutamed, who sent his son to bring his former favourite to Cordova with all possible indignity. Here he was confronted with his satire and overwhelmed with insults by those whom he had so brutally attacked. He did not attempt to excuse his conduct but merely begged for pardon. He was afterwards removed to Seville where he spent the weary hours of his captivity in addressing verses to Al-mutamed reminding him of their former friendship. He also wrote to the few friends still left to him, begging them to use all means to procure his pardon.

This he seems to have almost succeeded in obtaining when he committed the fatal error of writing a letter in which he spoke of the favourable impression he had made upon Al-mutamed during an interview that had been granted him, and boldly announced his speedy return to power. His enemies, to whom his pardon meant ruin, at once took advantage of his folly by bringing his presumptuous conduct, with many exaggerations, to the notice of Al-mutamed.

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All the King's pent up rancour at once burst forth. Seizing a splendid battle-axe, a present from King Alfonso, he made his way to Ibn-Ammar's prison and burst in. Ibn-Ammar knew that his hour was come, but he fell at the King's feet, and kissing them pleaded for mercy. The battle-axe fell and Al-mutamed, blind with fury, hacked the dead body until it lay cold before him.

With Ibn-Ammar's death Al-mutamed's prosperity seemed to come to an end. Exasperated beyond measure by the overbearing conduct of the Spanish ambassadors who had come to collect the annual tribute, he caused them to be seized and cast into prison whilst the chief commissioner, a Jew who had made himself particularly hateful, was crucified. Alfonso's first care was to ransom his captive subjects. This he did by the surrender of the castle of Almodovar. After this his vengeance came swift and terrible. He burst into Al-mutamed's dominions at the head of a powerful army, plundering and burning as he went, and reducing all his captives to slavery. After besieging Seville itself, he passed on and wasted the province of Sidonia. When he came to Tarifa he rode his horse down into the sea exclaiming, "This is the boundary of Spain and I have touched it." This took place in 1082 when Toledo was already practically in Alfonso's power.

Al-mamun his former friend had been dead for seven years and had been succeeded after a brief interval by Yahya Al-kadir, a prince of feeble character. Alfonso now considered himself free from any obligation that had bound him to the King of

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Toledo. He did not, however, openly attack King Yahya but allowed him to bring about his own ruin. Ground down by the unbearable taxes raised to support a profligate court and to pay the enormous tribute that purchased the so-called protection of the King of Castille, and still further provoked by the capricious cruelty and tyranny of Yahya, the citizens of Toledo rebelled and called in a neighbouring prince, Al-mutawakkel of Badajoz. Yahya, now a fugitive, called upon Alfonso to reinstate him in his dominions. Alfonso must have been glad of this opportunity for armed interference, but before granting Yahya's request, he exacted the harsh condition that all the wealth that the fugitive King had carried away in his escape from Toledo should be given up together with certain important castles as security for a further and still larger sum. This put the ex-king entirely at the mercy of his protector, and in 1080 the war against Toledo began. It was carried on by annual incursions, destruction of crops and continual harrying of the territory from strong castles within its borders rather than by a regular siege. After four years of this treatment, Toledo was forced to submit and Al-mutawakkel retired to his own kingdom.

Yahya now became King again in name, but he was really more than ever the helpless tool of Alfonso's far-reaching schemes of conquest. His subjects hated him and despised his feeble authority propped by Christian arms. Alfonso became daily more exacting; his intention was, first, to extort all the money he could, and to obtain possession of all

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the strongholds by which the land could be kept in subjection, and, finally, to oblige Yahya to withdraw from a position that would be worthless even if tenable. In this he was thoroughly successful.

On the 25th of May, 1085, Alfonso entered Toledo as its master. The city had capitulated on the following terms. That it should pay to the conqueror annually a fixed sum such as had formerly been raised in taxes by the Saracen kings. That the great mosque should be left to the Moslems together with the full enjoyment of their religion. That Yahya should be put in possession of the kingdom of Valencia, to which he laid claim on the ground that, from 1065 to 1075, it had formed part of the dominion of his predecessor Ál-mamun. According to the Chronicles, it was also stipulated that Alfonso should have possession of the *alcazar* or citadel and the *huerta* or garden-lands beyond the gate of Alcántara. But little by little he established his throne in Toledo and built a stone wall around the citadel in place of the mud wall which had formerly defended it. Whatever the conditions were, they seem to have been granted rather as a salve to the wounded pride of the citizens than as a guarantee of their good treatment. The choice to fulfil them or not lay in Alfonso's hands and they were disregarded as soon as opportunity offered.*

Two years after the conquest, a great council was held in Toledo, and Alfonso resolved, seemingly

* I have found no good authority for the statement frequently repeated that the Cid himself was the first Christian governor (*alcaide*) of Toledo after its reconquest.

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after some hesitation, to elect an archbishop to what had formerly been and now again became the metropolitan see of Spain. His choice fell upon Bernard, Abbot of Sahagun, one of the numerous French ecclesiastics who, at the request of the French Queen Constance, had been sent from the abbey of Cluny to reform the monasteries of Spain. The Archbishop was not to take possession of his see until his appointment should have received the sanction of the Pope and he himself should return from his consecration at Rome; moreover it was thought wise to respect for a time the susceptibilities of the fanatical Moslems. Such considerations weighed but little with the religious zeal of the Queen and Archbishop elect. During a temporary absence of the King, they won over the garrison of the city, broke into the great mosque, consecrated it and celebrated mass. Immediately the city was in an uproar, messages were sent to the King complaining of the violation of the agreement under which the city had been surrendered. Alarmed for the safety of his conquest, and vowing vengeance against those who had dared to break his pledge at so ill-chosen a moment, Alfonso hastily returned. He was met by the Saracens outside the city and, thinking that they had come to demand justice, he exclaimed "Those who have broken my promise have injured me, not you." When however he found that the deputation had come in a pacific spirit, and could be satisfied by guarantees against further encroachment, he skilfully evaded the necessity of giving back to them their mosque. His interests once safe, he rejoiced to see

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the spot where of old the Virgin gave her cloak to San Ildefonso restored to Christian worship.

Meanwhile Yahya, Alfonso's feeble dupe, was making enquiries at Valencia as to how his claim to the throne would be received. His messenger found the reigning King Abu-Bekr Ibn-Abdu-l-aziz occupied in celebrating the marriage of his daughter with Al-muktadir, King of Saragossa. Immediately after this event, Abu-Bekr died, leaving two sons who became rival claimants to the throne. A third pretender appeared in the person of the King of Saragossa. At this juncture Yahya, by the advice of his envoy, appeared before the gates backed by a powerful army sent by Alfonso under the command of his general, Alvar Fañez. In response to a flattering message from Yahya, the chiefs of the *Aljama* or Assembly came out headed by Ibn-Labbun (Aben Lupon) their *alcalde* or president and escorted him and his wives to the royal quarters in the *Alcazar*. His suite were billeted about the city, his body-guard encamped about the *Alcazar*, while Alvar Fañez and his troops took up their position in a village hard by.

Yahya's first step was a prudent one. He had heard that Ibn-Labbun, foreseeing the storm that was about to break over Valencia, was intending to withdraw to Murviedro of which he was Governor. He won him over by making him Vizir and promising to guide his conduct by his advice. This secured for him the possession of the castles which Ibn-Labbun had garrisoned at the beginning of the troublous times. Presents betokening submission

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were sent by the local governors to the new King "with such humility as Moors know how to use."

But, even if Yahya had been the most wise of monarchs, his position would have been untenable. The security of his throne depended on the presence of Alvar Fañez and his troops; their salary was 600 gold pieces daily. In order to raise this large sum he was forced to burden the Valencians with excessive taxation. In vain did they represent to him that they would obey him readily and without constraint. Even had he been willing to send away the troops, he would have been unable to do so, for they were his masters rather than his servants. The lawless soldiers of the north were joined by crowds of evil-doers and Moslems of the worst class. They lived as in an enemy's country, making slaves of the inhabitants; "to such a pitch did things come," we are told, "that the price of a Moslem prisoner was only a loaf, or a pot of wine, or a slice of fish. Such as could not ransom themselves had their tongues cut out, their eyes pierced, and were given over to be torn by trained dogs." The tax for the maintenance of this ferocious crew was called in Valencia the "barley money," barley being the chief food of the knights' horses. One chronicler tells how a butcher's dog had been taught to fall into transports of fury at the words "Pay up your barley" (*Daca la ceuada*) while a minstrel remarked "Thank God there are many in the city like that dog."

At last the hated tax failed to produce the necessary sum, and lands had to be given to the savage mercenaries as a substitute. This afforded them a

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means of employing their superfluous slaves, while they themselves continued to plunder the impoverished country. Amid all this misery Yahya had forsaken the prudent councils of Ibn-Labbun, whose advice was to attempt to get rid of Alvar Fañez and his crew at any cost.

He had also embarked upon a war which, with the slender and uncertain resources at his command, could only bring him discredit. When the governors of the dependent castles had sent the customary presents on the accession of the new King, nothing had been received from the Alcaide of Játiva. In response to a summons to recognise the authority of Yahya, this man, whom the Chroniclers call Abemaçor, sent the customary gift together with a message, saying that he was unable to appear at Valencia in person, but was prepared either to give up the castle in exchange for a pension, or to serve the King and pay the usual tribute. Ibn-Labbun had given proof of his usual wisdom by advising Yahya to accept this offer, but the King distrusted him and preferred to be guided by the advice of the sons of Abu-Bekr, his predecessor on the throne. Marching out at the head of a large army, he easily made himself master of the undefended lower town of Játiva, but the citadel held out bravely, and after four months it was the besiegers who suffered most severely from lack of provisions.

Yahya's wrath at the failure of his expedition fell upon those who had advised it; he condemned one of the wealthy sons of Abu-Bekr to pay the barley-money to Alvar Fañez for a whole month. He

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moreover seized a wealthy Jew who had been major-domo to his predecessor, and confiscated all his property. Thus the Valencians found some temporary relief from their burden whilst Yahya still lingered about Játiva. Meanwhile the brave Alcaide became convinced that his stronghold must be taken unless speedily reinforced. In his extremity he sent messengers to Al-mundhir Ibn-Hud, King of Lérida, Denia, and Tortosa, offering to surrender Játiva and the other castles in his power provided Al-mundhir would save him from falling into the hands of his enemies. In the misfortunes of his neighbour Al-mundhir saw his opportunity: he sent straightway into the beleaguered place his general *el Ezquierdo* (the left-handed), whilst he busied himself with raising a Christian army for its relief, and took into his pay Giraud d'Alaman, the baron of Cervellon, whom the Chroniclers call Giralte el Romano. On the approach of this army, Yahya immediately fled; Al-mundhir took possession, not only of Játiva, but of all the land between it and Denia. The brave Alcaide obtained from his deliverer the honourable position that had been denied him by his own overlord.

The other Saracen states were in no better case. In 1085 a Castillian army advanced, plundering to within a league of Granada and, though the inhabitants came out to meet it, retired unharmed with its booty. A party of eighty Castillians, cut off by four hundred picked soldiers from Almería, had succeeded in utterly defeating them. The district of Lorca and Murcia was terrorised by the garrison of the fortress

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of Aledo, where García Ximenez, a brave knight, had established himself as a vassal of the King of Castille. In the north Alfonso himself had vowed to take Saragossa, and there is evidence to shew that he actually began the siege. Whether the Cid appeared in arms against him or withdrew for a time from the service of the Beni Hud we do not know.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE ALMORAVIDES IN SPAIN—BATTLE OF ZALACA.

1085–1086.

DRIVEN to despair, the Saracens of the south began seriously to turn their thoughts to a wholesale emigration. Their lives were made intolerable by the exactions whereby their feeble rulers purchased peace from the Christians and maintained the prodigal expenditure of their effeminate courts. Such troops as could be raised dared no longer face the Christians in the field, even when outnumbering them four to one. Centuries of prosperity amid the softening influences of the mild climate and fruitful soil of Andalucia had entirely changed the character of the descendants of the hardy sons of the desert who, flushed with the zeal of their recent conversion, came with Tarik and Musa.

The refinements of luxury and learning had undermined the observance of the precepts which made Islam a conquering power. A spirit of free-thinking was abroad, especially among the upper classes. The forbidden juice of the grape was freely indulged in, even by kings, and verses were written in its praise.

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The religious teachers continued to thunder against these relaxations of primitive severity and to prophesy the downfall of the degenerate race; but few heeded enough to obey. One of the most unmistakable symptoms of the universal feeling of insecurity was the continual fall in the price of land. Periodical forays, excessive taxation, and the scarcity of labour caused by constant war, made cultivation almost impossible. "Set out for foreign lands, O Andalusians," sang the minstrel, "for to remain here would be folly." But the time was still far distant when the Saracens of Spain, after suffering intolerable woes, should be ready to quit the pleasant homes which their ancestors had so lightly won.

It was evident that some desperate resolution must be taken, and the eyes of all Moslem Spain turned to Africa where a nation of their own creed was engaged in a career of conquest. The discipline of the desert had perfected the tribes of the north-west of Africa in the virtues of which they were capable. Brave, high-spirited, hospitable and sober, they wandered over the vast plains preparing themselves all unconsciously to become a conquering people and to rule the African coastlands from Senegal to Algiers as well as Andalus. Their religion was a primitive form of Islam which, according to a cherished tradition, they had brought with them from the cradle of their race in Yemen. Cut off by trackless wastes from their brethren they knew nothing of the theological and dynastic disputes that had divided the Moslem world into four orthodox sects.

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Thus it was that, at the beginning of the eleventh century, the preaching of a wandering *faquih* roused them like a war-cry to take part in the affairs of the larger world of which they knew so little. A few victories over the hardy heathen mountaineers, their neighbours, convinced them of their strength and sent them forth to conquer far and wide. Professing Islam in its greatest strictness they called themselves Al-murabatin (Devotees), a name altered by the Spaniards to Almoravides.

Their king died in battle but his brother led their victorious arms still further. The warlike missionary was murdered, but before his death he saw his disciples masters of a wide kingdom. The fame of their arms brought crowds to their banner, and in 1070 they founded the city of Morocco. Shortly after this date a revolution placed the kingly power in the hands of Yusuf Ibn-Tashefin, a bold and ambitious warrior and statesman. He at once set to work to organise and extend the conquests of his predecessors and to weld the scattered provinces into a powerful empire. His conquest of Ceuta in 1084 brought him face to face with the Spanish problem, a problem to which no good Moslem could be indifferent, least of all he who called himself Commander of the Faithful (*amiru-l-muslemin*).

In Yusuf Ibn-Tashefin the Arabic historians have delighted to sum up their ideal of a prince. He is described by them as of dark complexion, regular features and middle height, wiry of body, and possessing a sweetly modulated voice. His eyes were large and brilliant, his eyebrows bushy, he wore a

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silky beard and curling moustache. Prudent in peace and bold in war, he was grave in manner, liberal and kindly to his adherents but simple and austere in his personal habits. His dress was of wool, and his food the flesh of camels or other rough meat to the quality of which he was wholly indifferent. Though he limited his taxation of his subjects to the very moderate amount prescribed by the Koran, he had nevertheless, thanks to his sobriety, an immense treasure at his disposal. He was a rigid supporter of orthodoxy and ever guided his conduct by the advice of the *faquihs* and other ministers of religion. His whole character and career contrast strongly with that of Al-mutamed, King of Seville, with whom, even before his interference in Spanish affairs, he had been in communication and of whose fate he was about to become the arbiter.

Only fear had prevented the appeal to the Almoravides being made earlier. The cultured Andalusians dreaded at the same time as they despised their wild brethren of the desert; they foresaw that from allies they might easily become masters. "They were well aware," says an Arabic writer, "of the intrepidity of Yusuf's followers, the wearers of the veil, and of the sheiks of the tribe of Senhajah; and they dreaded their dexterity in wielding all the weapons of war, from the sharp-edged sword which, handled by them, cuts a horseman in twain, to the ponderous lance which goes both through horse and rider." But the general opinion had been expressed by Al-mutamed, King of Seville, while talking the matter over with his son. The only answer he could find

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to the prince's representations of the danger of placing Andalus in the power of the Africans was, "All this is true, but I would not that generations to come should blame me as him by whose means Andalus became the prey of unbelievers. I would not that my name should be cursed from every Moslem pulpit. I would rather be a camel-driver in Africa than a swine-herd in Castille."

Al-mutamed it was who summoned the Almoravides to Spain and who was by them brought down to a position little better than that of a camel-driver. In the negotiations that brought about their ruin the Saracen princes for once acted in concert. Al-mutamed communicated his design to the Kings of Badajoz and Granada. The government of Cordova also took part in a conference of ambassadors held at Seville. Representatives of all the interested states were sent to Africa to lay before Yusuf a petition for help signed by thirteen princes. At the same time the Almoravide King was requested to swear that he would not deprive his suppliants of their kingdoms. Other considerations were added of which we do not know the nature. The ambassadors on their arrival in Africa were somewhat coldly received. Still their request was entertained and the discussion turned upon the port at which the African army should disembark. The Andalusians proposed Gibraltar, but Yusuf let it be known that he preferred Algeciras and that he should require the port to be ceded to him to form a base for subsequent operations. When Ibn-Zaidun, the Vizir of King Al-mutamed, represented that he had no power to conclude such

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an arrangement the ambassadors were dismissed without definite answer.

Yusuf's indifferent attitude was, in part at least, assumed. He was more flattered and elated with the prospect of further conquest than he had chosen to show. According to his usual habit on all occasions of importance, he consulted the *faquih's* court, and was informed that in this matter his duty lay in the same direction as his inclination. He was bidden go forth to the rescue of Islam across the sea. If he needed Algeciras for the fulfilment of so pious a design, he would be within his right in seizing it. The permission to do so was conveyed to him in a *fetwa*, or award of the supreme religious tribunal. Even in Andalusia itself the leaders of the religious party looked with great favour upon the Almoravides. In vain for years had they protested against the loose and unorthodox lives of their countrymen. They now looked for better days, under the rule of a prince who was famed for his strictness, and for the generous protection he accorded to religion and its ministers.

A fleet of a hundred ships, bearing a powerful army, started from Ceuta,—the most recent of the conquests of the Almoravides,—and suddenly appeared before Algeciras, where Ar-radhi, one of the sons of Al-mutamed, was governor. A carrier-pigeon, bearing the news to his father, was at once sent off by the young prince. Pending the arrival of an answer, he took such measures as lay in his power for the safety of the country. He kept up friendly appearances towards the Almoravides, and supplied them

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with the food they demanded. Now that the die was cast, Al-mutamed put the best face he could on the matter. Algeciras was abandoned to the new-comers, and Ar-radhi retired on Ronda. Shortly afterwards fresh detachments of Almoravides appeared off the coast; and finally Yusuf himself landed in Spain, garrisoned Algeciras as his base of operations, and began to fortify further positions. Then he set out, accompanied by a strong force, for Seville. Al-mutamed and his Court came out to meet him, bearing a present so rich, that each fierce Almoravide soldier received his share, and was convinced that the land to which he had come was indeed a good land. The meeting between the two Kings was cordial, at least in appearance, and Yusuf created a favourable impression by refusing to let Al-mutamed humble himself before him. Near Seville the army was met by the Emirs of Granada and Malaga. The troops of Al-mutawakkel of Badajoz shortly afterwards joined their standards, and the whole army set out towards Toledo.

The arrival of the Almoravides had caused Alfonso to raise the siege of Saragossa. Supposing that the besieged were unaware of the danger which called him from their walls, Alfonso demanded a large fine for the withdrawal of his army. In this way he had often filled his treasury, but this time Al-mustain was unwilling to pay for what he could get for nothing. He understood why Alfonso was in such a hurry to be gone, and refused his demand. On reaching Toledo, Alfonso collected the largest army he could, calling in Alvar Fañez from Valencia,

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and enlisting a large number of French* knights. Then he set out for the south to meet his enemy, much as Roderick the Goth had set out, nearly four centuries before, to meet a similar foe. The armies met near Badajoz, at a place called Zalaca, or, in Latin, Sacralias. When the two camps were pitched in sight of each other, Alfonso received a letter from Yusuf, offering him the alternatives prescribed by the Prophet, Islam, tribute, or the sword. Alfonso returned a dignified reply, in which he stated, that, as the Moslems had been for many years his tributaries, he was surprised at their insolent proposal: he relied on his army to give the proper answer. A third letter was being written by the Almoravide's secretary, when Yusuf, impatient at its long formal phrases, hastened the business by sending back Alfonso's letter, bearing on the back the significant words, "What will happen, you will see." This took place on a Thursday (October 22, 1086); and the next step was to fix a day for the battle

* Alfonso's marked preference for foreigners is pointed out by Padre Fidel Fita in the *Boletín de la R. A. de la Historia*, vol. xxiv., No. iv.: "His greatest claim to glory is the care which he took to attract from the other side of the Pyrenees people of all classes who changed their native land for ours. . . . Almost all the living forces of the Spanish-Semitic civilization, both Hebrew and Moslem, driven out by the Almoravides, found shelter under the imperial mantle of Alfonso. The highest honours of the Church and Court devolved upon foreigners such as the sons-in-law of the king and the bishops of Toledo and Braga. There was no city without its 'Street of the Franks' and some towns there were, like Ilescas, and cities like Varcos . . . where the right of settlement and lots of agricultural ground were conceded only to natives of Gascony, or those who traced their descent to that country."

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according to the custom, which, as we have seen, was observed even in fratricidal wars, and which seems to have been recognised by the semi-barbarous Almoravides. The first proposal came from the Christians. "To-morrow," said their messenger, "is Friday, your holy-day: Sunday is ours: let us fight on Saturday." This arrangement was agreed to, and both sides made ready for a contest on which such mighty issues depended.

The advantage seemed to lie with the Christians, who were nearly three times as numerous as their adversaries. Moreover, a large part of Yusuf's army was made up of Andalusians, men who were accustomed to be worsted in almost every encounter with the hardier Christians.* Al-mutamed, who was to lead the Sevillians in the van, was full of anxiety. Fearing surprise, he caused the movements of the enemy to be closely watched by light cavalry, whilst he consulted the diviners and soothsayers, in whose predictions he placed much faith. On the Friday

* Very little is known of the methods of fighting in use among the Saracens of Spain. An interesting passage from a late Arabic author is quoted by P. de Gayangos in his edition of *Al-makkari*. Speaking of the Saracens of Granada, he says, "Their dress and accoutrements in ancient times were similar to those of their neighbours and foes among the Franks (Catalonians); they were clad in complete mail, they wore the shield slung at the back, steel helmets, huge spears with broad ends and saddles rudely constructed and projecting very much in front and behind. The riders rode with pennons fluttering behind them, each man in his rank being known by his arms or some other distinction about his person. However, in our days men have left off these customs and, returning to their own practices, they have taken to short and slender breast-plates, light head-pieces, the Arabian saddle, leather bucklers and long and slender spears."

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morning Al-mutamed was informed that the Christians, whose message had been meant only to mislead their foe, were moving towards his position. He at once sent word to Yusuf, who was encamped on the hills in his rear, warning him of the danger, and begging to be supported. But Yusuf merely replied, "What does it matter to me that those folk be slain? They are all enemies." Being thus seemingly abandoned by their allies, the greater part of the Andalusians at once fled; but Al-mutamed, though wounded in the face and hand, still fought bravely, surrounded by a chosen band of Sevillians. He was aware that the whole of his fortunes depended upon this one fight, and he was determined to conquer or to die. Nevertheless his men were just on the point of giving way, when suddenly the Christian army wheeled about and left him. Whilst it had been engaged with Al-mutamed, Yusuf had turned its flank, slaying those who had been left to guard the camp in its rear, and firing the tents. Thus assailed, in a direction from which he had expected no danger, by a force superior to that which lay in front of him, Alfonso executed a manœuvre considered well-nigh impossible on the field of battle. He faced about the whole of his army, and fell upon the already victorious Almoravides. Again and again the camp of the Christians was taken and retaken, and the final issue of the battle was still doubtful, when the Andalusians who had fled at the first shock, rallied to Al-mutamed's standard, and attacked the Christians in what was now their rear. Meanwhile Yusuf let loose on their front the picked men of his negro guard, which

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he had hitherto held in reserve. This decided the fortunes of the day. Alfonso himself was wounded in the thigh with a dagger by a negro who had contrived to make his way to him through the struggling ranks. At nightfall he fled from the field, leaving the flower of his knights either dead or dying. Accompanied by five hundred horsemen, he made his way to Coria, and afterwards to Toledo.

The Christian power seemed well-nigh crushed by this defeat. Their losses in killed and wounded were estimated as high as twenty thousand men. Saragossa and Valencia, which but a few days earlier were apparently on the point of falling into their hands, were now considered free from immediate danger. The Moors of the south at once renounced their obligation of paying tribute; confidence was everywhere restored; and thus, after a long series of defeats, one brilliant success had gone far to bind together in a common enthusiasm the conflicting elements of the cause of Islam in Spain. Yusuf was now seemingly free to complete the conquest of the country at his leisure, as Tarik and Musa had done after the battle of Guadalete; but he failed to make use of his opportunity. He was recalled to Africa by the news of the death of a son whom he had left ill at Ceuta, and contented himself with leaving behind him in Spain a force of three thousand men to aid Al-mutamed in securing the many fortresses that had been abandoned by the Christians after their great defeat.

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CHAPTER VIII.

RECONCILIATION BETWEEN THE CID AND KING ALFONSO; YUSUF'S RETURN TO SPAIN; THE CID AGAIN OUTLAWED.

1086–1092.

SHORTLY after the battle of Zalaca, and probably owing to the common danger in which both were involved, a reconciliation took place between Alfonso and the Cid. The King was aware how all-important to him at such a crisis were the services of his turbulent vassal, and he tried to bind him to himself by bestowing on him unusual marks of favour. He made him guardian of the eastern frontier of his dominions, with command of the important castles of Dueñas, Ibias, Gormaz, Briviesca, and others. More than this, he gave him a charter granting to himself and on his descendants the freehold of all the lands he should win from the Saracens. Both Alfonso and the Cid then busied themselves with preparations for the struggle which was still to come; and so successful were their labours, that by the following spring each was prepared to take the field with a powerful army, and to attempt to make good the disaster of Zalaca.

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Al-mutamed and his Almoravide force spent the winter in the neighbourhood of Lorca and Murcia. His object was threefold. He wished to get possession of Lorca, the Alcaide of which had offered to recognise his suzerainty if assured of protection against the Christians. He wished to win back Murcia, and at the same time to take vengeance on Ibn-Rashik, who had treacherously wrested it from Ibn-Ammar. Above all, he was anxious to take and destroy the strong castle of Aledo, situated between Murcia and Lorca, and held by a Christian garrison which harassed and terrorized the whole district.

The opening of the campaign was disastrous. When Al-mutamed arrived at Lorca, he heard that a small party of about three hundred Christians was encamped in his neighbourhood. He immediately prepared a force ten times its number for the purpose of crushing it, and offered the command to his son, who had formerly been governor of Algeciras. Ar-radhi, who had no taste for military affairs, irritated his father by refusing the leadership, and a substitute was found in the person of his brother Al-mutaid. The three thousand Sevillians were utterly routed by the little force which they had confidently expected to capture or slay, and again the unreliable nature of Andalusian troops in the field was proved.

The whole expedition broke up without reaching Aledo. Al-mutamed's intention had been first to reduce Murcia, but the wily Ibn-Rashik had contrived to win over the Almoravides to his cause; and Al-mutamed would not have dared to act contrary

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to their wishes, even had he not felt himself powerless without their aid. He returned discomfited to Seville; and once more ambassadors were sent to Yusuf by the allied Saracen states, calling on him to help to free them from the annoyance and danger of Aledo, and from the exactions of the Cid, who was again becoming powerful.

By the spring of 1088 the Cid was ready to carry the war into the enemy's country. Seven thousand men, attracted by his past successes, had joined his banner. He crossed the upper waters of the Duero, and made his way southward to Fresno and Calamocha. Whilst celebrating Whitsuntide at the latter place, he had an interview with Abu-Merwan Abdu-l-malek, the Emir of Albarracin, who feared his power, and was anxious to secure his friendship. A treaty was concluded between the two by which Albarracin was promised protection at the price of an annual tribute. Finding that the power of his name had not waned, the Cid made a secret alliance with his former friend and employer, Al-mustain of Saragossa. It was agreed that the two should co-operate to take Valencia, and that, in the event of success, the Cid should have all the booty, whilst the city should belong to Al-mustain.

The respite granted to the unhappy city by the withdrawal of Alvar Fañez and his troops had indeed been short. Yahya's weakness was well known, and the city formed a tempting and apparently easy prey to any who would take it. The first to try was Al-mundhir, King of Denia, Lérida, and Tortosa, and uncle of Al-mustain. His plans would probably

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have been successful had it not been for intervention from without. In addition to his own army, he took into his pay a large force of Catalans under the leadership of the Count of Barcelona. Marching himself with the main body of his army, Al-mundhir sent on in front one of his uncles with a smaller force. It was arranged that the two should meet before Valencia on a stated day. The smaller force was the first to arrive. Relying on powerful support promised within the city, it defeated and drove back the troops that Yahya had sent out to meet it. This news reached Al-mundhir when he was still a day's journey distant from Valencia. A rapid march brought him under the walls, and the place was straitly invested. Driven to despair by the hatred and scarcely concealed treachery of his subjects, and by the presence of a powerful enemy without, Yahya was disposed to surrender at once. He was, however, persuaded by Ibn-Tahir, the ex-King of Murcia, who lived in exile at his court, to hold out a little longer, and to send ambassadors to Alfonso of Castille and to Al-mustain of Saragossa, praying for immediate help.

It was at this critical moment that Al-mustain concluded his alliance with the Cid. He had inherited from his father a rooted hatred against his uncle Al-mundhir. The Valencian party that favoured his designs seemed a powerful one; and he had already received assurances from the general Ibn-Labbun, whose brother commanded at Segorbe, that Valencia would open its gates, and that Segorbe would be given up to him. Thinking to ensure success by putting the defenders off their guard, Al-mustain

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wrote, in reply to Yahya's petition, that he was coming immediately to his help. But in his impatience to gain possession of the prey he had so long coveted, Al-mustain imprudently put himself in the power of the cunning Cid. He set out on his march with only four hundred horse, while the Cid accompanied him with an army of three thousand. Warned of their arrival, Al-mundhir hastened to make peace with Yahya, on the condition that Valencia should not be surrendered to Al-mustain. He then hastily withdrew to his own dominions to await a more favourable opportunity for the completion of his conquest. The Count of Barcelona also had reasons for dreading the Cid, and prepared to retire. Meanwhile the Cid, accompanied by Al-mustain and his ridiculously small force, moved forward to Valencia. Here Al-mustain's eyes were suddenly opened to the danger of the position into which he had rashly thrust himself. Not only was the promise of the surrender of Segorbe unfulfilled, but the Cid accepted a bribe from Yahya, and declared, at the moment when success seemed assured, that Valencia could not be attacked without infringement of the rights of Alfonso of Castille, to whom it nominally belonged.

Powerless to avenge himself on his so-called ally, Al-mustain withdrew in dudgeon to his own dominions, leaving behind him a small body of troops to watch events and to encourage his partisans within the city. Before leaving, he persuaded the Cid, with whom he was outwardly still on good terms, to besiege Jerica in order to punish Ibn-Labbun, the gov-

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ernor of Murviedro, to whom it belonged, for his bad faith in the matter of the surrender of Segorbe. But this enterprise was unsuccessful. Ibn-Labbun, seeing his danger, called in Al-mundhir, and surrendered Murviedro to him. The Cid had now reason to fear that Valencia might fall into Al-mundhir's hands; for Valencia lies in an open plain, and Murviedro commands the principal pass that gives access to it from the north. The readiest means to prevent this was by breaking up the coalition of his many enemies. This he effected by entangling them in a network of secret alliances and agreements, playing the while upon their mutual jealousies, and artfully convincing each that he could, in case of need, rely on the Cid's help. He advised Yahya not to surrender the city on any condition. He persuaded Al-mundhir that he was at heart his friend, and favoured his schemes. He signified to Al-mustain his willingness to carry out their original plan,—a plan the failure of which was entirely due to his own bad faith.* To Alfonso the Cid wrote that he recog-

* It is in this connexion that the Cid is mentioned by his contemporary, the Arabic historian Ibn-Bessan. "When Al-mustain . . . perceived that the soldiers of the Emir of the Mussulmans were pouring out of every ravine, he hounded on to them a dog of Galicia called Rodrigo, and surnamed the Campeador. This man was the scourge of the country. The Beni-Hud had brought him out of his obscurity. . . . His power had thus become very great, and there was no district in Spain that he had not plundered. When then this Ahmed (Al-mustain) of the family of the Beni-Hud feared for his dynasty . . . he wished to place the Campeador betwixt himself and the first rank of the army of the Emir of the Mussulmans. Therefore he furnished him with an opportunity of entering the territory of Valencia and gave him money and troops."

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nised his sovereignty, and hoped soon to put him in possession of the whole of the north-east of Spain. At the same time he pointed out the services he was rendering to Christendom, and to Castille in particular, by maintaining an army without cost to the Government, thus preventing coalition, and keeping part of the Saracen forces fully employed, whilst the King was free to follow out his schemes elsewhere.

Having thus cast dust in the eyes of his enemies, the Cid set out to foray for food (*porque oviese que comer*). On hearing that Alfonso had received his explanations favourably, he returned to Castille. He was honourably received, and the possession of his conquests was confirmed to himself and his descendants. But no real cordiality existed between the two, and Alfonso scrupled as little as the Cid himself to break his promise, when he saw that any advantage was to be gained by so doing.

When the Cid returned from his journey to Castille, he found that the aspect of affairs had changed. Al-mustain, his former paymaster, had learned to distrust his promises, and, thinking to win Valencia without his aid, had made an alliance with the Cid's old enemy Berenger, Count of Barcelona. The two were now vigorously prosecuting their schemes against the city. They had already constructed two *bastidas*, or fortified camps, one of which was at Liria, on the edge of the plain,—a fortress which Yahya had handed over to Al-mustain as a pledge of good faith when he marched with the Cid against Valencia under the plea of freeing it from Al-mundhir. The second was situated at Cebolla or Jubala, about

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seven miles from Valencia, the only strong position on the plain itself. A third *bastida* was in course of construction at Albuhera. Its completion would entirely invest Valencia, cutting it off from all land-borne supplies and communications with the outer world.

The Cid's action was prompt and effectual. With even more than his usual craft he succeeded in inducing the real object of his attack to furnish him with means of action against him. Yahya, finding himself surrounded on all sides by dangers, was glad to escape, for a time at least, the most pressing of them, by bribing the Cid to raise the siege which was being rapidly pressed forward by Al-mustain and his allies. He must have known that when this was done he would be at the mercy of one who was equally little troubled by scruples. There seemed, however, no other way out of his immediate difficulty: so the Cid, coming nominally as the protector of Valencia, pitched his camp near Murviedro whilst the French army (for so the chroniclers call the Catalans) lay hard by at Cort. A moment's hesitation followed, when the Cid, in Alfonso's name, called upon the Count to relinquish the siege of a town over which his master claimed suzerainty. The Count at last sent a refusal, but he had no stomach for a further experience like that of Almenara, while the Cid would have found it inexpedient to forfeit Alfonso's lately acquired favour by attacking his kinsman. So the Count lay quiet in his camp, regardless of the loud boasting of his men, who mocked the Cid's followers, and threatened their leader with capture, imprisonment, and death. At length prudence got

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the upper hand; and, accepting his disappointment as best he could, the Count moved off to Requena, and thence to his own dominions.

The Cid's hands were now free, and he could demand his own terms from the helpless Yahya. He exacted ten thousand dinars a month for his services, and engaged to subdue the revolted castles, making them tributary, as they had been in the time of Ibn-Abdu-l-aziz. He promised also to protect the city against all its enemies, and to bring thither for sale all the booty he should make on his forays. The latter stipulation was calculated to secure him the favour of the trading class. Valencia was now practically in his power. He did not, however, hasten to tighten his grasp, though, in the words of an Arabic historian, "he clung to the city as a creditor clings to a debtor, and delighted in her as lovers delight in the object of their joys." His first expedition was against Murviedro; but he was spared the trouble of fighting, for Ibn-Labbun, the governor, purchased his protection. Shortly afterwards he conducted a successful foray into the district of Alpuente. It was probably undertaken for the sake of keeping his increasing army together by the prospect of abundant plunder. So great was the reputation he had gained, that numbers were ready to take part even in what seemed his most desperate ventures. In the spring of 1090 he was at Requena, when something happened to alter all his plans.

The rapid increase of the Cid's power had thoroughly roused the Saracens of the south, while the damage done by the Christian garrison of Aledo

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was intolerable to its neighbours. Though fully recognising that unaided they were no match for the Christian forces, the victory of Zalaca had filled the Andalusians with great hopes of what might be accomplished in conjunction with their African brethren. Their distrust of the Almoravides had worn off. Yusuf had shown no inclination to pursue his conquests in his own interest. He had, in fact, returned to his own dominions, protesting that a single visit to Andalus had sufficed to show him how exaggerated was the idea he had formed of the riches and beauty of that country. This was far from being the truth; and Yusuf, so soon as he had quelled the disturbances that had broken out in consequence of the death of his son, was ready again to lend a willing ear to the Andalusian ambassadors, who clamoured for his assistance, extolling him as champion of Islam, and protector of the oppressed. He meanwhile skilfully concealed his eagerness, making indefinite promises but no serious preparations for fulfilling his threats against the Christians. This went on for three years, until at last Al-mutamed, seeing the desperate state of affairs at home, and the urgency of the case, determined to go in person to lay the whole matter before the African. He was honourably and even cordially received. "You need not have troubled yourself," said Yusuf: "you might have written and I should have made haste to fulfil your wishes." Al-mutamed pointed out the immediate danger to which he was exposed; then he betook himself to entreaty. "Once already," he said, "you saved us; do so now again."

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So Al-mutamed returned to Seville, comforted by promises of immediate succour; and Yusuf pushed forward his preparations with such genuine goodwill, that in the spring of 1090 he was already in a position to cross the Straits, and take up his former position at Algeciras. Here Al-mutamed met him, and proclamation was made, calling upon all the Saracen princes of the south to aid in destroying the Christian stronghold of Aledo. The appeal was answered by Temim of Malaga, Abdu-l-lah of Granada, Al-mutacim of Almeria, Ibn-Rashik of Murcia, and other Emirs of less importance. Aledo was at once invested by a powerful force. The siege-train, consisting of rams, catapults, and mining apparatus, was constructed by engineers from Murcia, and it was agreed that each of the allied princes should take it in turn to lead the assault for one day. Aided by the strength of their position, the besieged garrison, consisting of thirteen thousand men, made a stout resistance. After repeated assaults, they shewed no signs of yielding, and the siege was changed into a blockade. By starvation alone could Aledo be taken.

A common danger had for the moment compelled the Andalusians to act in concert, but the hatred and jealousy with which they regarded each other soon broke out again. The camp before Aledo became a nest of intrigues. A feud of long standing existed between Al-mutamed and Al-mutacim, the just and strictly religious King of Almeria. Al-mutacim's hatred for his neighbour was that which is felt by all weak and jealous men for their superiors in spirit and frankness. Of this feeling Al-mutamed

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was probably aware, though he had done little to provoke it. Still he was too frank by nature to be continually on his guard; and one day in Al-mutacim's presence, speaking his mind as was his wont, he let drop some slighting expressions about Yusuf and his Almoravides. His words were at once reported to the African, who bided his time for revenge.

Meanwhile Al-mutamed, unconscious of the danger that threatened him, was scheming how he might be avenged on his former enemy, Ibn-Rashik of Murcia. He represented to Yusuf that Ibn-Rashik had been the ally of Alfonso, and had rendered important services to the Christians of Aledo. His complaints were seemingly well received, and, emboldened by his success, he laid formal claim to the whole of Ibn-Rashik's dominions. The case was laid before the Almoravide King; and he, according to his custom referred it to the *faquihs* for decision. Their verdict was entirely in Al-mutamed's favour. Ibn-Rashik was handed over to him as a prisoner, with the stipulation that he should not be put to death. The Murcian contingent immediately forsook the camp and returned home, putting the besiegers to no small inconvenience both by the cutting off of all supplies from that quarter, and by the loss of their most skilful engineers.

Fostered by the evident incapacity of the Andalusians for self-government, the ambition to conquer Spain on his own account grew daily more fixed in Yusuf's mind. His determination was confirmed by the many malcontents who urged him towards its execution as a just and pious work. Chief of them

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was Abu-Jafar Kolai, the Kadi or religious governor of Granada. This man was of Arab blood, and hated the Berber tyrants of Granada; whilst they, on their side, feared and distrusted him by reason of the conspicuous position which he had won by his abilities. Abu-Jafar knew how to approach Yusuf from either side of his well-marked character. To his ambition he appealed by representing the universal discontent of the lower classes, ground down by enormous taxation exacted under pretence of purchasing the peace for which they longed in vain. This would render the conquest easy, and, once made, would secure it. Yusuf's religious scruples were combated by the assurance that the restoration of the law in all its purity would be a good work. It was represented to him that the chiefs of Islam in Andalus were prepared to issue a *fetwa*, or decree, freeing him from any vows by which he might have bound himself not to invade the dominions of his allies, and declaring the princes of Andalus to have forfeited their dominions by their unworthiness and impiety. Added to these considerations was Yusuf's natural wish to read a lesson to the supercilious and effeminate Andalusians, who, glorying in their culture and refinement, took but little care to conceal their real sentiments towards one to whom they cringed in public, but in their hearts regarded as little better than a boor and a barbarian.

Such was the state of affairs in the Saracen camp, when, on the approach of winter (1090), it was reported that Alfonso was marching with a powerful army to the relief of Aledo. This bold step had been rendered imperative by two considerations.

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Aledo was the key to all the former possessions of the Christians in the south. If the fortress by which they were overawed were lost, the hope of speedily regaining them went with it. Something too must be done to restore the reputation of the Christian arms which, had suffered severely at Zalaca. So Alfonso made ready for a great effort. He got together at Toledo an army of eighteen thousand men, and sent messengers to the Cid bidding him join him with all his forces at Villena, where he intended to pass on his way to Aledo. Greatly as it interfered with private schemes which seemed to promise success, the Cid determined to obey the King's command. He set out at once from Requena, and arrived at the place named for the meeting before the appointed date. But here he found himself at a loss for provisions; so, leaving scouts at Villena and at Chinchilla to apprise him of the King's arrival, he marched to Onteniente, where he was sure of finding the supplies he needed.

Whilst he lay in his camp awaiting tidings, it was suddenly reported to him that the King had come down from the mountains at another point, and had arrived at the river Segura. The Cid started at once in advance of his army to make certain of the truth of the report. He found that the King had already crossed the river, and was on his way to Aledo. It was clear that his failure to join the King's forces would be misinterpreted: so he abandoned the enterprise altogether, and sulkily withdrew to Molina without waiting for the main body of his troops to come up with him.

Meanwhile Alfonso pursued his march unopposed

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to Aledo. It had been Yusuf's intention to offer battle in the mountains to the west of Totana; but at the last moment he altered his plans, and retired to Lorca. He feared lest the Andalusians should be broken by the first shock as at Zalaca, and should leave himself and his limited company of Almoravides to be crushed by superior numbers. The principal object of his campaign too was fulfilled, for Aledo was no longer tenable. Alfonso burned the castle, and led back with him to Castille what remained of its heroic garrison.

The Cid's many enemies now hastened to place the worst interpretation on the ambiguous position in which he had placed himself. They represented to the King that his failure to take part in the expedition was intentional, and that its motive was obvious. The Cid, they said, had absented himself in order that the Christian army, deprived of his aid, might be overwhelmed, and he himself, as unquestioned leader of one party, might be left to pursue his schemes untrammelled. All Alfonso's distrust was fanned into new life; the plots, too, in which the Cid was known to be engaged, lent colour to the suspicions entertained against him. A decree of outlawry speedily followed, and the lands and castles which he held under the Crown of Castille were declared forfeited. His very patrimony, the freehold lands that had come down to him from his fathers and were protected against seizure by the provisions of the Code (see Appendix II.), were confiscated, together with his household goods and his treasure. His wife and daughters were imprisoned,

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The Cid's position was now a precarious one. Part of his army, foreseeing the decree of outlawry which was sure to follow his unfortunate mistake, had demanded permission to return to Castille in order to avoid the penalties decreed against those who lent countenance to such as had been declared traitors. Thus he was left with a reduced force in an enemy's country without a single powerful friend. But there were still many who feared him, and believed that fortune would again smile on "him who was born in a happy hour."

His first care was to clear himself of the charges brought against him. Such cases were provided for by the Code, and the Cid carried out its directions to the letter. He sent to the Court a soldier well known for his upright character, who, when introduced into the royal presence, spoke as follows: "Sir King, my master Rodrigo, your most faithful vassal, has sent me to you to kiss your hands and beg you to accept in your Court his justification and plea with regard to the infamous accusation which his enemies have falsely brought against him at your Court. My master is prepared either to fight in person at your Court against another of his own age and condition,* or a soldier of his will fight in his stead, against another of like age and condition maintaining that all such as have declared to you that Rodrigo behaved disloyally or in any way

* In the *Fueros* of Navarre some interesting details are given as to the matching of combatants for these duels. The measurements compared include those of the chest, arm, wrist, and thigh.

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treacherously against you in your march to Halahet (Aledo) in order that the Moors might slay you and your army, have lied like traitors and evil men, and are faithless. This assertion too he will maintain among the terms of the combat—that no count or prince and no soldier who came loyally to your aid, of all who marched with you to the rescue of the aforesaid castle, was more eager to serve you faithfully against those Moors and against all your enemies than was he, even to the utmost of his power."

Far from receiving this justification, or accepting on behalf of the accusers the proffered combat, the King refused even to listen patiently to it; but his anger was so far pacified that he allowed the Cid's wife and children to return to him. The Cid, however, was not yet satisfied; and he proceeded to forward in writing to the King the following plea in his defence, which he was ready to maintain either in person or by deputy.

"This is the plea which I, Rodrigo, plead with regard to the accusations which have been brought against me before King Alfonso. My lord the King shall hold (? *habebat*) me in such love and honour as he before held me, and I will fight at his Court against one of my own age and condition, or my soldier shall fight against one of his own age and condition, speaking thus 'I, Rodrigo, swear to you who have consented to fight against me and who accuse me in the matter of the expedition when King Alfonso went up against Halahet to fight with the Moors, that the only cause wherefore I went not with him was that I knew not of his passing by and was unable to hear of it from

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any man. This therefore is in very truth the reason why I went not with him. And in the matter of this battle I used no guile, but I carried out the orders which he sent me by his commissioner (*portarius*) in writing, and in nothing did I transgress his command. Thus with regard to that battle which the King meant to fight against the Moors who were besieging the aforesaid castle I wrought no guile, nor deceit, nor treachery, nor any evil wherefore my person should be less honoured, or deserve to be less honoured. And none of all those counts, princes, or soldiers who went with him in that army was more truly and faithfully purposed to help his King in fighting against the aforesaid Moors than I according to the best of my power. I swear therefore to you that all I declare to you is true and, if I lie, may God deliver me into your hands to do your will upon me, but if I speak truly, may God, the just judge, deliver me from this false accusation.' An oath in the same terms shall be sworn by my soldier to the soldier who shall consent to fight against him in the matter of this accusation."

It is probable that the above document, preserved by the earliest Christian chronicler of the Cid's exploits, contains a true version of what had happened on the march to Aledo. Even making allowance for the slack morality of the times and the Cid's well-known unscrupulousness with regard to things sacred, when his interests were at stake, we can scarcely believe that he would have dared to invoke the testimony of heaven in so solemn a form on a lie. Alfonso's refusal to accept the ordeal of combat

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when proferred in due form did not affect the validity of the justification, and the Cid could now hold up his head again among men of unstained honour.

His position demanded immediate and unceasing activity. In order to keep together, and, if possible, to increase the faithful remnant of his army, he was obliged to fight for his daily bread; for even Al-mustain, weary of being continually duped, had ceased to purchase his nominal aid. Accordingly he set out from Elche at Christmas (1090), and first turned his arms against Al-mundhir. Marching along the coast past Alicante, he came to Polop, where was a castle defending a cave, in which the inhabitants of the surrounding country had piled up their riches for safety. The castle was besieged, and after a few days fell into the Cid's hands, together with a large store of gold and silver, silk, and precious raiment. But this was not enough: so he harried the surrounding country mercilessly, until from Orihuela to Játiva not a wall was left standing, and the army was richly provided with captives and cattle. Near Denia he repaired, and strengthened an old castle, and there he spent Easter. Ambassadors now came in, requesting peace, for Al-mundhir could not hope to rid his dominions of the unwelcome intruder by force of arms. A large bribe induced the Cid to quit the district in which little was left to gain. He betook himself to the territory of Valencia nominally as the friend and ally of Al-mundhir.

Acting for the time in concert with him, Al-mundhir at once attacked Murviedro, which had belonged to Valencia, and formed one of its strongest outposts.

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INTERIOR OF THE ROMAN THEATRE AT SAGUNTO.
(MURVIEDRO.)

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Yahya was naturally alarmed at this unexpected combination between his two powerful enemies, and took the readiest means to break up their hollow friendship by sending a large bribe to the Cid, which, together with presents from the revolted castles, was eagerly accepted. Al-mundhir, when he heard the news, in turn took fright, and hastily retreated from before Murviedro; whilst the Cid, leaving all in confusion behind him, retired to Burriana, eight leagues north of Valencia, where for some time, as the chronicle states, he "lay like a stone."

Next we find him near Tortosa, where he took the Castle of Maurelet (Miravet) and set up his headquarters. The latter part of his campaign had brought him into the neighbourhood of his old enemy, the Count of Barcelona, who was further exasperated at having been deprived by the Cid's proceedings of the revenues which he formerly derived from Valencia. Al-mundhir thought he saw in the Count's determined enmity an opportunity of taking vengeance for the shameless manner in which he had been tricked. He commenced negotiations with a view to secure concerted action between the King of Aragon, the Count of Urgel, the Count of Barcelona, and himself. His proposals were rejected by the two former; but the Count of Barcelona, rashly hopeful as ever, assembled a large force of Catalans, and camped at Calamocha, in the district of Albarracin, on the road from Saragossa to Valencia.

Long experience had taught Berenger the real power and infinite resource of the Castillian adventurer, so this time he sought to crush him by bringing

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upon him an irresistible combination of his many enemies. He visited Al-mustain of Saragossa, and Alfonso of Castille, for the purpose of soliciting their aid in his enterprise. The former he found at Daroca, eager to avenge his many disappointments on their author, but too timid to co-operate openly against him. He was induced, however, to furnish Berenger with a sum of money, and to accompany him on his visit to Alfonso. This proved utterly fruitless. Alfonso had neither money nor troops to lend, nor did he feel strong enough to add another to the list of his declared enemies. So Berenger returned to his camp without having secured any addition to his forces.

Seeing the turn which affairs were taking, Al-mustain, whose sole desire was to live at peace with his neighbours, and who had furnished the money only through fear of the consequences of refusal, began to waver, and sent secretly to inform the Cid of the danger in which he stood. But the Cid was already on his guard, occupying a strong position in the mountains of Morella: so "with a cheerful face," as the chronicler relates, he made answer to the messenger on this wise,—"To Almuzahen (Al-mustain) King of Saragossa, my faithful friend; for that he discloses to me the design of the Count and the disposition of the attack that has been prepared and is about to be made upon me, I give him friendly thanks. As for the Count and the multitude of his warriors I hold him as nothing and spurn him and, with the help of God, I will gladly await him in this place, and if he comes, I will of a surety fight against

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him." This letter Al-mustain was requested to shew to the Count. He did so, and it provoked the following curious reply;

"I Berenger, Count of Barcelona, together with my soldiers inform you, Rodrigo, that we have seen your letter which you sent to Almuzahen, King of Saragossa, bidding him shew it to us, wherein you mocked us and taunted us beyond bearing, provoking us to the utmost rage. Aforetime you have done us many injuries, constraining us to be your enemies and to be sore wroth against you; how much more then shall we be exasperated by the mockery wherewith in your letter you have scorned and derided us. Our goods which you wrested from us you have still in your power. But God who is powerful will give us vengeance for all the injuries which you have inflicted upon us. Moreover another and a still fouler injury and mockery you have put upon us, in that you have likened us to our wives. But it is not our intention to mock you thus unbearably nor your men, but we pray and entreat the God of Heaven that he may deliver you into our hand and into our power, so that we may prove to you that we are of more worth than our wives. You said moreover to King Almuzahen that, if we should come against you to fight with you, you would come to meet us before he could return to Monteson (Monzon), and if we should delay our coming against you, you would come out to meet us by the way. Wherefore we earnestly pray you to forbear from insulting us now because to-day we do not come down to you. Our reason for so doing is that we

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wish first to assure ourselves with regard to your army and its position. For we see that it is your purpose to fight against us with the advantage of your position on the mountains on which your hopes are founded. We perceive moreover and know that ravens and crows and hawks and eagles and almost all kinds of birds are your gods; for you put more confidence in their auguries than in God (see p. 125, note). But we believe and adore one God, and have confidence that he will make us to triumph over you and will deliver you into our hands. So then to-morrow at break of day by the help of God you shall surely see us at close quarters and arrayed against you. But if you will come out against us in the plain and will quit your mountains, then we shall consider you to be that Rodrigo whom men call the warrior and Campeador. But if you will not do this then we shall hold you for such a one as men call in the language of Castille *alevoso* (a traitor) and in the language of France *bauzador* or a deceitful braggart. For in sooth it will serve you but little to make show of all the might that is in you. We will not cease to strive against you until you be come into our hands, either dead or a captive bound with fetters of iron. Thus at length we will conquer you in single combat (*faciemus de te alboroz*, see p. 31) even as you boasted that you did to us. But God will avenge his churches which you outrageously broke into and violated."

This letter was read aloud in the presence of the Cid, who immediately caused an answer to be sent in the following terms: "I Rodrigo, together with

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my companions, give greeting to you Berenger, the Count, and to your men. Know that I have heard your letter read and have marked all that is contained in it. And in it you declared that I wrote to Almuzahen my letter mocking and railing at you and your men. Herein you have spoken truly, for I did rail at you and your men and I still rail at you. So then I will tell you wherefore I insulted you. When you were with Almuzahen in the district of Calatajub (Calatayud), you spoke evil before him, telling him that through fear of you I had not dared to enter those lands. Your men also, to wit Raymond of Baran and other soldiers who were with him, said the same to King Alfonso, making mock of me in Castille in the presence of the Castillians. You yourself also, when Almuzahen was there present, declared to King Alfonso that you had indeed fought with me and of a truth had conquered me and cast me out from the lands of Alfagib (Al-mundhir), and that in no wise would I dare to await you in the aforesaid land, and that it was from love of the King that you thus held your hand, and that for his love you have not hitherto disturbed me because I was his vassal, and for this reason you spared me and were unwilling to put me to shame. It was on account of insults such as these which with mockery you inflicted upon me that I railed and shall rail at you and yours, and likened and compared you to your wives by reason of your womanlike feebleness. But now you can not do less than fight against me, if you do but dare to attack me. But, if you fail to come against

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me, then will all men hold me in honour, and if you dare to come against me with your army, come straightway for I fear you not at all. I cannot think that you have forgotten what harm I did to you and yours and what evil treatment you received from me. I am aware too that you made an agreement with Alfagib that he should give you money and that you would utterly drive and cast me out from his lands. Yet I believe you will not have courage to fulfil your promise and will be very far from daring to come against me and to fight with me. Refuse not to come against me, for I am to be found on level ground—the levellest in all this region. Of a truth I declare to you that, if you and your men consent to come against me it shall profit you but little. For I will give you your wages as of yore, if perchance you make bold to come against me. But if you refuse to come against me, and lack heart to fight with me, I will send my letters to King Don Alfonso and I will send messengers to Almuzahen telling them that distraught by fear of me you failed to fulfil all your promises and all that you boasted and vaunted that you would do. Not only to these two Kings will I make this known and publish it, but to all nobles both Christian and Moorish, and both Christian and Moor shall know of a truth that I took you prisoner and held your goods and the goods of your men in my power. But now with confident and steadfast heart I await you on level ground. If by chance you attempt to reach me here, you will find some part of your goods, but it shall not profit you, rather it shall be your bane.

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You have boasted with vain words saying that you considered me as good as conquered already, or captive, or dead in your power; but this lies in the hand of God and not in yours. You have foully insulted me saying that I wrought treachery according to the code of Castille and disloyalty according to the code of France. Herein you have lied in your throat. Never did I do any such, but he who did so is one who is well versed in such treachery, one who is very near to you, and whom many, both Christian and Paynim, know well to be such as I say. Long have we been wrangling with abusive words. Let us leave this discussion and, as is the wont of loyal knights, let the matter between us be decided by honourable force of arms. Come and delay not, for you shall have of me your wages even as I am ever wont to pay them to you."

This letter fulfilled its purpose. As the Cid had calculated, it irritated the Count and his men beyond endurance by its outrageously insulting tone. Blind with fury, they no longer hesitated to attack him in his strong position. Their rash confidence was still further stimulated by a stratagem. The Cid purposely allowed a small division of his men to be defeated and captured. The prisoners reported of their leader that his only care was to get away as best he could without fighting. In order to prevent this, the Catalans divided their forces, sending one division during the night to occupy the heights above the Cid's camp. This movement was so quietly and skilfully executed, that the Cid was unaware of it. On the following morning, while his attention was

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taken up by the Count and the main part of his army, who were marching up from below, he was unexpectedly attacked from above by the division that was intended to take his camp at a rush. It was only by desperate fighting that he saved himself. In the onslaught he was hurled from his horse, and was somewhat severely hurt. Luckily for him, one charge had been enough to inspire his men with their old confidence in his fortunes. Another charge rescued him from his perilous position, and broke the ranks of the Catalans. When once their attack was turned, the fatal results of the division of their forces became apparent. Their army soon became a hurrying rabble. Berenger was taken prisoner, together with almost all the noblemen and gentlemen who had accompanied him on an expedition which they regarded as little less meritorious than a crusade against the Infidels. The whole of their camp, with its rich store of gold and silver plate, precious raiment, horses, mules, and arms, fell into the hands of the victors, and was duly distributed among all ranks according to the customary proportion. It was in this battle, says the chronicler, that the Cid won the "precious swords made in old days," and among them the famous Colada, worth more than a thousand marks of silver. We shall hear of it again when we come to the legendary history of the marriage of the Cid's daughters.

As for Count Berenger, his grief and rage at his defeat and disgrace—for as such he regarded it—were inconsolable. He caused himself to be brought to the Cid's tent after the battle, and there he un-

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derwent the bitterness of suing for pardon from his old enemy. At first he was harshly received, and reproached with having through envy interfered with the Cid's schemes against the Moors. He was not allowed to sit down, nor to enter the tent, but had to stand outside guarded by soldiers. Stung to the quick by the insolent behaviour of his haughty captor, the Count refused to touch the food provided for his use, intending, we must suppose, to allow himself to starve to death. How he was induced to change his mind is best told by the old gleeman who made the Cid the hero of his poem and who here betrays a vein of perhaps unconscious humour.

" For my Cid Don Rodrigo they were preparing a great feast ; the Count Don Rremont heeds it not one whit. They bring to him the food, they placed it before his eyes, but he would not eat of it, and railed fiercely at them all. ' I will not eat a mouthful for all the wealth of Spain, sooner will I destroy my body and rid me of my life, since such an ill-breeched rabble has conquered me in fight.' Hear what my Cid Rruy Diaz said, ' Eat, Sir Count, this bread and drink this wine, for if you do as I bid you, you shall be set free and, if you do not, you shall never more in all your days set eyes on Christian land.' Then said the Count Don Rremont, ' Eat, Don Rodrigo and enjoy your pleasant ease, and I will let me die, for eat I will not.' For three whole days they cannot bend his will. Whilst they are sharing this rich booty they cannot make him eat a morsel of bread. Then spake my Cid, ' Eat, Sir Count, somewhat, for if you do not eat, you shall

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not set eyes on Christians, and if you eat enough to please me, I will release and set at liberty your own person and two of your knights.' When the Count heard this joy began to return to his heart. 'If, Cid, you do as you have spoken, all my life I shall marvel thereat.' 'Eat then, Sir Count, and when you have well dined, I will set you and two others at liberty; but of all that you lost and I won in the battle be assured that I will not give you the worth of a bad penny. Nothing of what you have lost will I give back to you, for I need it for myself and for these vassals of mine who bear me company in hardships, so you shall not have it. It is by taking goods from you and from others that we must gain our livelihood. This life must we lead while it be God's pleasure, like men against whom the King is wroth and who are exiled from their land.' Right joyful was the Count, he asked for water for his hands, and they brought it before him and speedily gave it to him. Together with the knights whom the Cid had given him the Count is eating away; right gladly does he eat. Over against him was sitting he who was born in happy hour (the Cid). 'If you eat not well, Sir Count, so that I be content, here we will make our stay and we will not part company.' Then spake the Count, 'Right readily and with good will.' With those two knights he dined full speedily. Pleased is my Cid who stands watching him, that the Count Don Rremont so glibly plied his hands. 'If it be your pleasure, my Cid, we are ready to go. Order our beasts to be given to us and in haste we will depart. From the day that I be-

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came Count I have not dined with such good will, and the taste of this dinner I shall never forget.' They gave him three palfreys well saddled, and good raiment of furs and cloaks. The Count Don Rremont placed himself between his two knights. The Castillian escorted them to the boundary of the camp. 'So you are off, Sir Count, like a loyal man and true! Right grateful am I to you for all you have left behind. If ever it crosses your mind that you wish to be avenged, then, if you come to seek me, I am not hard to find. But if you come not to seek me and let me live in peace, of your own goods or mine good portion you shall have.' 'Take your pleasure now, my Cid, for you are safe from harm. For the whole of the year you have got your pay from me: as for coming to seek you I shall never even dream of it.' The Count is spurring on, he is eager to be gone, he keeps turning his head and looking back, for fear is come upon him that the Cid will rue his word, but this the good knight would not do for all the riches in the world, for never at any time did he do a disloyal act." *

It is probable that the Count did not come out of the Cid's hands quite so easily as the minstrel gives us to understand. We hear from another source of several thousand marks of gold as the sum agreed upon for his ransom, and that of Giraud d'Alaman, a French knight who had accompanied him and had been severely wounded in the face. The Cid's position did not warrant him in sacrificing to a generous instinct so large a supply of the sinews of war. Cer-

* *Poema del Cid*, ed. Volmöller, v. 1017–1081.

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tain it is, however, that he gained the gratitude of a large number of his prisoners by the remission, either in whole or in part, of the sums appointed for their ransom. He set free the hostages that some had given as security for payment, and, in place of money, exacted a promise not to serve against him again. This release of prisoners, though the fact is not mentioned by the chroniclers, may be connected with a formal reconciliation between the Cid and Berenger which took place not long after this famous fight in the pine forest of Tebar.

Shortly after this exploit, the Cid, for reasons that we do not know, moved his camp to the neighbourhood of Saragossa. After remaining some weeks, he came to Daroca, where he was induced to stay for two months by the abundance of provisions. Here, too, a severe illness befell him. It happened that whilst at Daroca the Cid had cause to send ambassadors to Saragossa to Al-mustain, the King. Berenger, who was in the city with many of his nobles, heard of the coming of the messengers; and, judging the opportunity a favourable one, he summoned them before him, and intrusted them with a message for their master, in which he gave him all good greeting, and expressed his willingness to become the Cid's friend and ally in all his necessities.

On the return of the messengers, they found the Cid recovered from his illness but still at Daroca. At first he made light of the Count's words, and altogether refused to accept the proffered friendship, but it was pointed out to him that it could be no disgrace to the victor to accept the offers of the vanquished.

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Moreover, Berenger might still prove a troublesome enemy, and seriously interfere with the Cid's schemes for the future, if he remained hostile. So the Cid sent back a courteous message to the Count, and the news of the success of their mission caused great rejoicings among the Catalans who still lingered at Saragossa. A meeting of the two leaders was arranged and successfully brought about. Their armies marched down to the coast together; the Cid pitched his camp at his old quarters of Burriana; whilst the Count made his way to his own dominions, part of which were now placed under the powerful protection of the Cid.

The news of the Cid's great victory and of the alliance made with the Count of Barcelona caused consternation in the south. Al-mundhir, the former ally of Berenger in his rash enterprise, actually died of rage and grief on hearing of this further disappointment. He left as his heir a son too young to govern, who was placed under the guardianship of the powerful family called by the chroniclers the sons of Bekir (Bekr). (See p. 156.) One of these held Tortosa, another Játiva, while kinsmen of theirs ruled Denia and other places in the young King's name. The governors wisely concluded that it would be useless to further prolong the struggle: so they put the whole principality, with its important towns of Denia, Tortosa, and Lérida, under the Cid's protection, agreeing to pay him a tribute of fifty thousand gold pieces a year. This example was followed by other petty rulers; for the Cid, backed by the resources of the places that had already submitted, and holding strong

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positions at Burriana and Cebolla, now possessed an almost unlimited power of doing harm to his neighbours.

It was probably about this time that he began seriously to consider the ambitious project of conquering all Andalusia for himself. His resources were seemingly sufficient for the purpose, at least as far as money was concerned. In addition to the sums received from the Count of Barcelona and from the guardians of Al-mundhir's heir, his tribute-roll now amounted to one hundred and fifty thousand gold pieces collected yearly, mainly from the following towns: Valencia, Albarracin, Alpuente, Murviedro, Segorbe, Jerica and Almenara. The governor of the castle and town of Liria stubbornly refused to pay the two thousand gold pieces demanded of him, so the Cid in 1092 went forth to reduce him to obedience.

Since his failure to meet with King Alfonso on his march to Aledo two years before, the Cid had acted quite independently, and was now in fact a monarch in his own right. Another reconciliation between him and his former master, and another quarrel, were yet to take place. In order to understand the circumstances, we must turn to the events that had taken place meanwhile in Andalus and in Castille.

COIN OF SANCHO IV. OF NAVARRE, 1054–1076.

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CHAPTER IX.

CONQUESTS OF THE ALMORAVIDES IN ANDALUS; ALFONSO AND THE CID UNITE THEIR FORCES.

1086–1092.

INTRIGUES were as rife as ever among the Moslem leaders, and prevented all hearty co-operation in the common cause. The negotiations between Yusuf and the chiefs of the religious party who urged him to make himself King of all Andalusia were well known. An unsuccessful attempt made by the petty princes to check their schemes finally caused the Almoravide to throw off the mask. One of those who sought most actively to turn the Almoravide invasion into a conquest and settlement, was, as we have seen, Abu-Jafar, the Kadi of Granada. His master, Abdu-l-lah, King of Granada, was well aware of his proceedings; but so long as he was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Almoravides, the declared champions of religion and its ministers, he did not dare to lay hands on his treacherous subject. Once within the walls of his own capital, he considered himself safe to indulge his weak and passionate temper. Sum-

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moning the Kadi to his palace, he first bitterly upbraided him, and finally ordered his guards to slay him. The Kadi's life was saved by the King's mother, who besought her son not to imperil his soul by putting to death so pious a man; but the King was not to be altogether cheated of his vengeance, so he ordered the Kadi to be imprisoned in one of the rooms of the palace. Here Abu-Jafar betook himself to prayer and to the recitation of verses of the Koran in so loud a voice that it echoed through the palace, filling the hearers with superstitious dread. They feared that Divine vengeance would come in answer to the prayer, and accordingly, headed by the Queen dowager, they worked upon the King to set the Kadi free. They succeeded; and the Kadi, as soon as he was free, made his way to Cordova. Burning to be avenged on his master for the harsh treatment which he had received at his hands, Abu-Jafar at once renewed his negotiations with Yusuf, and now no longer troubled to conceal their purpose. He, moreover, procured a *fetwa* from the Kadis and *faquihs* of Andalusia, declaring the King and his brother to have forfeited their dominions. Even this was not enough: he sought to have the *fetwa* extended so as to include the other Andalusian princes. But here the *faquihs* hesitated, and contented themselves with a half-measure, issuing a further decree by which Yusuf was authorised to exact from all the kinglets conformity in the matter of taxation. Yusuf, of course, willingly undertook the commission, and gladly welcomed the opportunity of enlist-

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ing the people at large and the powerful religious party on his side. He marched upon Granada, without, however, declaring war; for he had come to regard its King as a rebellious subject rather than as an independent monarch.

The King of Granada was advised by his most prudent councillor, the old vizir Al-muammil, to go out to meet the Almoravides peaceably; but he had not courage for the interview, and feared to put himself into the power of his enemy. He suspected that Al-muammil was bent on betraying him; and he made matters still worse by yielding to his fears, and driving him and his party in disgrace from the city. They fled, but were overtaken and brought back by the King's troops. After much harsh treatment, they were finally set at liberty, but only at the direct command of the Almoravide, which none dared to disobey.

The King then sent a messenger to his nominal overlord, Alfonso, requesting help, whilst he busied himself at home in enrolling artisans for a resistance which in any case must have been feeble, but was now utterly hopeless. His conduct had entirely alienated from his cause the majority of his subjects. Alfonso did not even trouble to reply; and, without striking a blow, the King of Granada again changed his mind. He listened to the advice of his council when he had already forfeited the pardon which he might have expected. Escorted by a magnificent suite, he went out in peaceable guise to the camp of the Almoravides. He was honourably received, and his humble apologies for his misdeeds met with a

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gracious reply; but as soon as he set foot in the tent which had been pointed out to him for his use, he was seized and put in chains. The citizens of Granada now came out in a body to offer their submission, and Yusuf entered the city amid general acclamations. His first measures were to abolish all uncanonical taxes, and to divide among his followers the immense treasures which the princes of the house of Ibn-Badis had stored up in the palace.

The petty princes of Andalus must indeed have been afflicted with the blindness that is said to precede destruction, if they did not now foresee the fate that was about to overtake them. But they came in person to congratulate the victor. Al-mutamed was actually foolish enough to hope that Yusuf would hand over Granada to his son Ar-radhi as compensation for Algeciras, which still remained in the Almoravide's hands. Yusuf's patience was at an end. All his politeness towards the susceptible kinglets now vanished, to be replaced by open contempt. Al-mutamed and Al-mutawakkel, King of Badajoz, hastened back in consternation to their own dominions. Repenting of the mistake they had made in bringing over the Almoravides, they entered into a compact with their neighbours to furnish neither troops nor provisions to the foreigners, and set about a desperate negotiation for alliance with Alfonso of Castille.

Meanwhile Yusuf had begun to exercise the authority conferred on him by the decree of the *faquihs*. He deposed Temin, King of Málaga, and brother of the imprisoned Abdu-l-lah of Granada. This proved so

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easy a task that Yusuf was content, after fulfilling it, to return once more to Africa, leaving behind him a force which he considered sufficient for the reduction of Spain; for by this time he had not only been freed by the clergy from all the engagements he might have entered into with the Moslem princes, but had been solemnly commanded to undertake the liberation of the Faithful from their tyrannical rulers. The reasons for the ban of excommunication and deposition issued against the Emirs were set forth at length, making a goodly show. They were held up to reproach as debauched and impious libertines, who by their evil example had perverted and corrupted the people, making them indifferent to sacred things and to the formal precepts of religion. They were justly charged with having raised illegal taxes, and with having exacted payment, in spite of Yusuf's order for their abolition. They were declared to have forfeited all right to reign over Moslems by concluding an alliance with Alfonso, the most bitter enemy of their faith. So convinced were the *faquihs* of the justice of their sentence, that they concluded by making themselves responsible before God for its consequences. "We take upon ourselves," they said, "to answer before God for this act. If we are wrong, we agree to bear in the world to come the penalty of our conduct, and we declare that you, Commander of the Faithful, are not responsible for it. But we believe that if you leave them (the Princes of Andalus) in peace, you will deliver our land to the infidel and, should this happen, you will have to give account to God for your

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inactivity." The indisputable authority of this document was still further confirmed by the adhesion of the religious authorities of northern Africa and of Egypt. Their letters of advice and encouragement addressed to Yusuf gave to the war that was about to break out the character of a crusade.

The Almoravide general, Seyr Ibn-Abu-Bekr, whom Yusuf had left in command, lost no time in setting about the fulfilment of his commission. He divided his army into several parts in order to extend his operations, for he knew that the Andalusians would neither combine their forces nor dare to meet him in the open field. During the very autumn in which Yusuf returned to Africa he took Tarifa. The spring of the next year saw the fall of Cordova, where Al-fath, son of Al-mutamed, commanded. The inhabitants made no resistance, but readily gave up the city to the invaders who came as the declared champions of the people. Al-fath was slain whilst attempting to make his escape by cutting his way through the lines of the enemy. In May, Carmona was taken by the Almoravides; and shortly afterwards Seville, the gem of Andalus, was invested by a strong force.

Al-mutamed defended himself vigorously. He knew that he could not hope to hold out long unaided; but he placed his hopes on the King of Castille, whose warlike reputation stood high, and who had regained at Aledo the reputation he had lost by his crushing defeat at Zalaca. The story that Alfonso had married a daughter of Al-mutamed has been mentioned; but it was in all probability policy, rather than any personal affection for the King of

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Seville, that induced him to lend his aid to attempt to check the tide which was rapidly overflowing the south, and would, as he saw, soon break into his dominions. In response to Al-mutamed's appeal, he sent a force under the brave and experienced Alvar Fañez for the relief of the city. This force never reached its destination. The Almoravide general had tidings of its approach, and sent out a detachment to meet it. It was utterly defeated near Almodovar before it had even crossed the Sierra Morena.

The news of this reverse was calculated to crush Al-mutamed's last hope; but he struggled on manfully, encouraged at one moment, and then again driven to despair by the auguries and divinations to which he had recourse rather than to the consolations of his religion. The defence of the city was intrusted to his son Ar-rashid, and it might still have been held for some time but for treachery within the walls. At the beginning of September a body of the besiegers, with the connivance of the malcontents, made their way into the city. Al-mutamed now roused himself from the mournful lethargy in which he had been plunged. Resolved to die like a king, he mounted his horse, and fell upon the enemy with great spirit. But the end was not yet come, and the Epicurean poet-king was still separated by years of misery from the inglorious death he was fated to die as an exile and a captive. The storming party was driven from the city, but the slight success thus gained was more than outweighed by a disaster that befel the besieged on the same day. This was the burning of their fleet, which had

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hitherto successfully withstood all attempts to approach the city by the river, and had kept open the invaluable access to the sea.

Seville was now practically defenceless; and when, five days later, Seyr Ibn-Abu-Bekr brought up additional forces, he had little difficulty in crushing by superiority of numbers the brave resistance made by the defenders of the walls. The city was ruthlessly pillaged; and the reduction of the *Alcazar*, or citadel, where Al-mutamed still held out, became merely a question of time. His friends and wives urged him to yield, but he would not hear them. Death he was prepared to face again as he had faced it before, but he dreaded captivity and disgrace. His feelings on this, as on other occasions, are embodied in his verses. "When my tears," he wrote, "ceased at length to flow, and some degree of calm entered into my torn heart, 'Yield,' they said to me, 'it is the wisest course.' 'Alas,' I replied, 'poison would be a sweeter draught to me than such shame! Let the barbarians deprive me of my kingdom, and let my soldiers abandon me, my courage and my pride are still with me. On the day when I swooped down upon my enemies I wore no breast-plate; I went forth against them with nothing but my tunic, and, hoping to meet my death, I hurled myself into the thickest of the press.' But my hour, alas! had not yet come."

Once more he led his warriors in the fight, and again death eluded him. The Almoravides had forced their way into the court of the *Alcazar* when the King sallied forth upon them. His son Malik

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was killed at his side; but the King himself came out of the affray without a wound, after thrusting back his assailants into the river. It was left to him now to choose between suicide and submission. From the former of the alternatives he was debarred by his religious scruples, so he sent his son Ar-rashid by night to demand terms of the Almoravide. He returned without having even succeeded in obtaining an audience. Seeing that further resistance would serve only to exasperate those who counted him as already in their power, Al-mutamed bade a sorrowful adieu to his family, and to the heroic band which had aided him to defend his citadel. Accompanied by his son Ar-rashid, he gave himself up to the Almoravide. His own life and the lives of his family were spared on condition that the two of his sons who still held out in Ronda and Mértola would at once deliver up those fortresses. Al-mutadd, wrought upon by the piteous letters of his father and of his mother, Itimad, did as he was bidden. On handing over Mértola, he was at once deprived of the possession of certain property for the security of which he had stipulated. His brother Ar-radhi met with a still harsher fate. Ronda was impregnable and well provisioned, so he hesitated to give it up at first. Finally, however, the consideration of the misery that his refusal would bring upon his family induced him to surrender. He was treacherously assassinated by the Almoravide commander, who was desirous thus to escape the fulfilment of the honourable conditions which the prince had made for himself and his men.

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Al-mutamed was carried to Tangiers, thence to Mequines, and finally to the city of Aghmal near Morocco, where he lived in the most abject poverty and misery. The health of his wife, Itimad, the brilliant Sultana of former days, had broken down, and it was only by the unceasing menial toil of their daughters that the pair were provided with the barest necessaries of life. With characteristic and reckless generosity Al-mutamed had distributed to the poets who visited him in his exile the few gold pieces that he had been permitted to carry with him to Africa. The verses in which he lamented his changed fortunes are among the most beautiful and touching of their kind, speaking, as they do, from a generous and broken heart.

Once only—a year before its close (1094)—was Al-mutamed's dull life lit up by a gleam of hope. A rebellion against the coarse and barbarous Almoravides and their harsh religious advisers broke out among the richer citizens at Málaga. After their first success,—the seizure of the castle of Montemayor,—these few bold spirits were joined by Al-mutamed's son Abdu-l-jabbar. The news reached Africa, and the hope that the spark might kindle a greater fire was encouraged by the knowledge that discontent was daily spreading throughout Andalusia. This hope was ill-founded, but Al-mutamed was not to suffer from its extinction. He died in 1095; and one year later his son, the survivor of a heroic band of brothers, was forced to submit. "When he was buried," says Al-makkari, "at Aghmal, and the funeral service was read over his tomb, the

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prayer of the stranger was chanted as though he had been an adventurer, without regard either to the nobility of his birth, or the extent of his empire, or the splendour and magnificence of his court, or to his having ruled over Seville and its districts, Cordova and its Az-zahra."

Al-mutamed was not a great conqueror nor a particularly wise ruler. He brought on his country one of its greatest misfortunes by introducing the Almoravides; yet his fame lasted long among his countrymen, unobscured by the misfortunes that overtook him in the end. He is a representative type of the cultivated Arab prince, and, excepting the military fame of Abdu-r-rahman, possessed in a marked degree the qualities most admired by his compatriots. He was personally fearless and profusely generous, his behaviour was frank and unassuming, and his heart was open to love and to friendship. He summed up in his person the culture of his time, and his picturesque figure and light-hearted hedonism contrast sharply with the earnest severity of the Christian Spaniards by whose side he stands in the pages of history.

Thus the Andalusian princes fell one by one, until at last, in 1092, Alfonso prepared to make a mighty effort to save from the Almoravides the provinces that were still unconquered. He did not directly invite the Cid's co-operation, but he allowed the Queen and the Cid's friends at Court to send letters assuring him of the royal favour if he would lend his aid to the projected expedition. These messages reached the Cid at a very inopportune moment: he

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was engaged in reducing the castle of Liria, the only place that resisted his authority after agreeing to pay tribute. The position was a strong one; but already the blockade had been going on for some time, hunger and thirst were doing their work, and the Cid knew that the stubborn resistance of the garrison could not be continued much longer. A reconciliation with Alfonso was, however, more important than the momentary loss of a place which, even when taken, could not contribute any large sum to the treasury. It is probable also that the Cid saw in the summons sent to him a kind of test of his loyalty. If this time he were found wanting, his enemies would surely point to his conduct as a proof of what they had alleged falsely against him on a similar occasion. So Liria was spared for a while, and the Cid marched to join the King.

The junction of the two forces was effected without mishap. They met at Martos, a few miles west of Jaen. The King, to show his gladness at the Cid's arrival, did him the honour of marching out to welcome him. They met in friendship, and again it looked as if the reconciliation between the two great leaders on the Christian side were complete. But if formerly the Cid had erred through tardiness and lukewarm interest, he now equally brought the jealous King's disfavour on himself by over-eagerness and want of manners. The two armies moved directly southward in the direction of Granada, the capture of which was the first object of the expedition. When the camping-ground was reached at night, Alfonso with military prudence pitched his

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tents on some heights; while the Cid, intending, we must suppose, to show his zeal in the King's service and his anxiety to defend him even at his own risk, took up his position in the plain below. Many jealous eyes were ready to spy out the least error in his conduct, and to put the worst interpretation on his smallest failing. The King was well known to be proud of his great and well-deserved fame as a soldier. His jealousy was skilfully worked upon by those around him till he was heard to exclaim, "Look and see how great a shame Rodrigo is putting upon us! To-day he arrived after us, seemingly worn out and weary with his long journey, already he is before us and has pitched his tents in the van." Immediately all were loud in condemnation of the Cid's outrageous presumption.

For a time the King nursed his anger. He could hardly dare, in the face of the enemy, to quarrel with the leader on whom his hopes of victory so largely depended. These hopes were not fulfilled, and military reverses increased the King's anger. A battle was fought with the Almoravide troops in which the Christians seemed at first likely to win the day; but the enemy rallied, and Alfonso, escaping with only part of his army, marched back gloomily on his way to Toledo.* At Ubeda, in the upper valley of the Guadalquivir, all his pent-up wrath burst violently forth. The Cid's camp lay close by the King's; the two met; and the King, losing all control over him-

* Some accounts say that the combined forces of the King and Cid were victorous. The fact of their speedy return without having effected their purpose is enough to disprove this.

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self, publicly and bitterly reproached the Cid for his conduct in the matter of the position of the camps, and for many other things whereof he had been accused by his enemies. The Cid bore patiently the harsh words heaped upon him. On his return to his tent, he was informed that the King had actually given orders for his arrest. The report may have merely been a trick of the Cid's enemies in order to get rid of him, but it was not safe to wait. When night came, the Cid stole out from his camp, accompanied by a few of his most faithful followers. They made their way to the neighbourhood of Valencia, where they were sure of a friendly reception. The rest of the army that had marched with the Cid from Liria decided to join the King rather than become involved in the charges of treason that were so rashly made against its leader.

Whilst Alfonso withdrew irritated to Toledo, the Cid made his way with difficulty to the neighbourhood of Valencia, and again set to work to build up the fabric of his fortunes. It is true that Alfonso had afforded him no direct aid in carrying on his conquests in the east; but, so long as he was nominally at peace with the most powerful of his fellow-countrymen, such of his enemies as were in alliance with the King dared not act openly against him. When Alfonso declared him a traitor, the Cid became an outlaw and a freebooter whom anybody might attack. He was, however, not unused to sudden reverses of fortune, and was quite capable of protecting his interests.

His first step was to secure Valencia, together with

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the towns and fortresses that had once been held by its rulers, for on them depended the income which enabled him to carry on continual warfare. Accordingly he rebuilt the strong fortress of Peñacatel, which had been utterly destroyed by the Saracens. When he had made the place practically inpregnable, he left in it a sufficient garrison and ample provisions for a siege; and, passing through the territory of Valencia with the rest of his forces, he came to his old haunts in the mountains of Morella, where he spent Christmas. He was, as we have said, openly at war with Alfonso; and accordingly, when an offer was made to deliver into his hands the castle of Borja near Tudela on the Navarrese frontier, he prepared to take advantage of it. On his westward march he was met by messengers from Al-mustain, King of Saragossa, who besought aid for their master, the Cid's old ally, now sorely beset by King Sancho of Aragon.

The prospect thus held out, of a more profitable campaign, for a time turned the Cid aside from his designs on the dominions of the Castillian King. He did not, however, declare that the purpose of his expedition was changed, but approached Saragossa as though he would pass it by on his march. The citizens, remembering the peaceful days they had enjoyed under his protection, sent out a deputation beseeching him to accept Al-mustain's proffered alliance. An interview between the two took place; and the Cid, after years of absence, was once more installed in his former position as protector of the city. He now learned that the promise to hand over the

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castle of Borja had been merely a trick to withdraw him from the neighbourhood of Valencia, for Alfonso still hoped to seize that tempting prey as his own.

The Cid had certainly been outwitted, but, seeing the course events were taking, he had no reason to murmur. After spending a few days with Al-mustain, he led out his troops against Sancho of Aragon and his son Pedro, who were encamped with a large force near Fraga. It looked as if a great battle were about to be fought, which would leave the victor in undisputed possession of the whole of the north-east of Spain. But the armies never met; for Sancho, considering probably the folly of weakening the Christian cause whilst the Almoravides were still at their gates, made overtures of peace. They were gladly received by the Cid, and through his mediation Sancho was induced to lay aside his schemes against Saragossa, and to make peace with its King. The Aragonese returned to their own country, and the Cid to Saragossa.

Alfonso meanwhile was giving all his thoughts to a rash plan, whereby he hoped to get possession of Valencia, and at the same time to punish the Cid for the offence of which he held him guilty. Worsted in the south, he prepared to attack the feebler east by sea and land at the same time. He had no ships of his own in the Mediterranean, but he entered into an agreement with the maritime republics of Genoa and Pisa in order to remedy this defect. It was arranged that the fleet and army should meet at Tortosa, against which the first attack was to be directed. Alfonso's part of the plan was punctually carried

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out, but his maritime allies failed him. They appeared off the coast with a fleet of four hundred sail, but suddenly withdrew again for reasons that we do not know.

Nevertheless Alfonso sent a summons to the Emirs who paid tribute to the Cid, commanding them to pay it in future to himself, and fixing their contributions at five times the amount that the freebooter had extorted. This exorbitant demand naturally roused all those to whom it was addressed to an active resistance. In spite of the silence of some chroniclers and the direct denial of others, Alfonso's actions are sufficient to prove that he suffered a reverse. After besieging Tortosa for a few days, he lost all hopes of success, and returned hastily to Toledo. Some say that he had received alarming news from the north; and no improbability is involved in the statement of an Arabic chronicler that his retreat was caused by the action of the Cid, who was threatening his dominions. After Alfonso's departure, the fleet of his allies again approached the coast; but finding themselves unsupported, and alarmed by the reported approach of the King of Aragon with a powerful army bent on resisting what he considered as an encroachment on his dominions, they set sail for their own country.

When news came to the Cid at Saragossa that Alfonso was making war upon his tributaries and attempting to wrest from him his hard-won conquests, he sought at first to turn the King from his purpose by fair words and protestations of good-will. Finding, however, that these were disregarded, he adopted

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more energetic measures. If no diversion were created, he feared that Valencia would fall into the power of one or other of his enemies; and he adopted a plan whereby he hoped to withdraw Alfonso's forces from the coast, and at the same time to take vengeance on García de Cabra, called by the gleemen el Crespo de Grañon, the most determined and powerful of his enemies. The Code enacted that an exiled vassal might renounce his allegiance and make war upon his former lord (see Appendix II.) Of this provision the Cid availed himself, and, getting together at Saragossa an army largely made up of Moslems, he made a sudden inroad into the districts of Calahorra and Nájera, of which García de Cabra was governor. His course was marked by fire and bloodshed of the most ruthless kind. The land was given up to be plundered by his fierce troops. Logroño fell into his hands and found no mercy. Alfaro was entered by storm and met with the same fate.

Whilst the Cid lingered in the neighbourhood of the latter place, he received a message from García de Cabra and all his kin, bidding him name a place and day on which their quarrel might be decided by a pitched battle. They demanded a delay of seven days in order to enable them to assemble their forces from all the districts between Zamora and Pamplona. During this short interval a considerable body of troops was got together, and pushed forward as far as Alberite, which the Cid had left in ruins. Here it suddenly dispersed without giving battle. The chroniclers are probably right in attributing this dis-

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graceful retreat to fear of the Cid. He had now still further increased his reputation for boldness by his signal success against the most powerful noble of his time, for García de Cabra was dreaded even by Alfonso himself. After a quarrel the cause of which we do not know, the King had found it prudent to attach the great vassal to the royal house by giving him in marriage his own cousin Urraca, the daughter of García, King of Navarre.

That Alfonso was not the man to allow his dominions and a member of his family to be thus insulted, the Cid was well aware. So, after waiting the seven days agreed upon, and receiving tidings that the King was on his way back from Tortosa, he completed his work of destruction on the now deserted district, and, leaving it a wilderness, returned to Saragossa. He was received with immense honour, and remained many days in peace, employing his troops the while in gathering in the vintage of such districts in the neighbourhood as did not belong to King Al-mustain. He was awaiting some attempt on Alfonso's part to avenge his incursion into Castille. News from Valencia, and the rapid advance of the Almoravides, roused him once more from his inactivity.

COIN OF SANCHO RAMIREZ OF ARAGON, 1063–1094.

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CHAPTER X.

THE REVOLUTION AT VALENCIA; IBN-JEHAF AS GOVERNOR; THE FIRST SIEGE.

1092–1093.

THE Cid, when he abandoned the siege of Liria, had left as his representatives at Valencia his political agent Ibn-Al-faraj, called by the Spanish chroniclers Abenalfarax, and an intendant (*mayor-domo*) charged with the collection of his tribute. There were also present in the city a commissioner and forty knights,—subjects of the King of Aragon, and representing their master's claim. The suburb of Alcudia,* too, was held by a detachment of Aragonese. When the citizens heard that the Cid was apparently fully taken up with his own quarrel and in protecting Al-mustain in the north, and that the rapidly advancing Almoravides had captured Denia and Murcia, they thought that the time had come to cast off their heavy yoke. Their schemes were well known to Ibn-Al-faraj; but he had no troops at his disposal, and could only stand by the

* The position of Alcudia is doubtful; but it probably lay just outside the walls of Valencia, where the ground rises slightly, on the east of the city.

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feeble Yahya, and await the arrival of his master, whom he had informed by letter of the disturbed state of public feeling.

The head of the revolutionary movement was Ibn-Jehaf, the hereditary Kadi of Valencia. This man, seeing the utter weakness of the King, whom he detested, formed a design of seizing the supreme power. He modelled his conduct, says Ibn-Bessam, writing after his downfall, on that of the thief who finds a favourable opportunity for exercising his calling when the market is in an uproar. He wished to obtain the government by deceiving both parties (the Cid and the Almoravides); but he had forgotten the story of the fox and the two ibexes, and how, leaving their own quarrel, they united against the common enemy.

His plans were, however, skilfully laid. He won over to his cause the governor of Alçira; and the two together sent a message to Ibn-Ayisha, called by the chronicles Abenaxa, general of the Almoravide army, promising to deliver up Valencia to him if he would aid them to drive out Yahya, whom they represented very truly as the mere tool and tax-gatherer of the Cid. Ibn-Ayisha received their proposal favourably, and, after Alcira had been surrendered to him as a guaranty of good faith, marched towards Valencia, the dependent castles throwing open their gates to him. Surrounded by enemies, the wretched Yahya, who was just recovering from a severe illness, was at a loss what to do. He at last took the advice of Ibn-Al-faraj, and the two retired together into the *Alcazar*, after informing the Cid of their perilous position, and placing his treasure and part of their own

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property in safety by sending it to Segorbe and Olocau. All the resident Christians now abandoned Valencia. Even the King and Ibn-Al-faraj were only awaiting news of the Cid before setting out to rejoin their treasures. Suddenly even the hope of escape was extinguished. One morning they were aroused by a roll of drums, sounding, says the chronicler, "like five hundred men," at the Tudela gate of the city. The din was caused by forty Almoravides under the command of their captain, Abu-Nasir. They had set out from Alcira the night before, for the purpose of reconnoitring the city and finding out if those who had promised to open the gates would really be able and willing to do so. As yet they were not. Yahya, backed by Ibn-Al-faraj, was still powerful enough to cause the gates to be closed and a fairly efficient garrison to be thrown into the *Alcazar*.

On the appearance of the Almoravides Ibn-Jehaf, making no longer a secret of his revolutionary intentions, appeared as ringleader of the riot that took place within the city. Ibn-Al-faraj, acting in Yahya's name, made a bold attempt to seize him. The party of soldiers sent for this purpose found his house closed, and loudly called upon him to surrender; but he was convinced that he could hope for no mercy, and preferred a desperate resistance to a traitor's death. While he still held out, a mob of his partisans assembled, and, beating off the King's soldiers, led him in triumph to the *Alcazar*, where he now in his turn hoped to make Yahya and his adviser prisoners. The whole city was in a tumult; and the populace, after a vain attempt to break through the

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guard which still held the gate, hoisted the little Almoravide force into the city by means of ropes thrown from the walls. Ibn-Al-faraj was by this time a prisoner in the hands of his worst enemy, wondering how long his life would be spared.

As for the unhappy Yahya, his only thought amid the uproar had been to find a means of escape. Dressed as a woman, and bearing about his person some of the most valuable of the splendid jewels which form the treasure of Eastern princes, he hurried from his palace just before it was broken into and pillaged by the mob. He took refuge in a house of mean appearance, situated on the outskirts of the city. His progress had probably been checked by closed gates, and he awaited a more favourable opportunity to continue his flight. He was not long left undisturbed. As soon as Ibn-Jehaf knew that he had disappeared from the palace, and was in hiding somewhere within the city, he caused an organised search to be made. This was successful, and after seizing his person the Kadi sought means to possess himself of Yahya's jewels. These were well worthy of his covetousness, for among them was the celebrated necklace known as the "collar of lentils" from the size and shape of the emeralds of which it was formed. It had originally belonged to Zobaida, wife of Harun Ar-Rashid. After the death of the son of the merry Khalif, it had been brought to Spain, where it became the property of Abdu-r-ahman II., and, passing down the line of the Ummeya princes, it finally came into the possession of Al-mamun, from whom Yahya had inherited it. In order to

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gain possession of this and other valuables, it was necessary to slay Yahya; and the man who had betrayed him had small scruple in adding murder to his other crimes. Secret instructions were given to the guard which had been placed over him, and at nightfall his head was struck off by one of the many who thirsted to do vengeance on him for years of misery. The murderers kept back some of the jewels for themselves: the rest they brought to Ibn-Jehaf, together with the head of their victim which was afterwards cast into a lake hard by the palace. As for the headless trunk, it remained lying in the street near the place where it fell, until at dawn it was noticed by some compassionate persons, who covered it with a worn-out horse-cloth, and, placing it on a bier, hurried it out of the city. It was buried as though it had been that of a poor peasant, without even a shroud, at the place where the camels were accustomed to rest outside the walls of Valencia.

The household and some of the principal partisans of the murdered King were allowed to escape, together with a troop of soldiers who had been in the employment of the Cid's intendant. Ibn-Al-faraj himself still remained a prisoner. Of the fugitives, some made their way to Saragossa to inform the Cid of what had happened; others to Cebolla, where the castle was held by a governor appointed by Ibn-Kasim, Emir of Alpuente. Within its walls resided the Cid's *almoxarife*, or chief commissioner, a Jew who had long served him: so those who reached the place imagined themselves to be now under powerful protection. At first the governor, seems—for the

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chronicles are somewhat ambiguous on this point—to have received the fugitives well; but when once he held them, and the wealth they had brought, safely within his grasp, he declared for the revolutionary government at Valencia. At this moment the Cid arrived, and was refused admittance. He had hurried from Saragossa, intending to make Cebolla the basis of his operations against Valencia. Seeing how affairs stood, he was obliged to undertake a siege.

Meanwhile Valencia was in no condition to resist any one who should make a bold attack upon her. Ibn-Jehaf soon showed that he was unfit for the position into which he had so unscrupulously thrust himself. "Beware!" wrote Ibn-Tahir, the poet, when he heard of Yahya's murder, "Oh man with one black eye and one blue, for thou standest on dangerous ground, thou hast slain King Yahya and hast donned his (royal) tunic. The day when thou shalt get thy deserts shall come, no refuge from it shalt thou find." Authorities are agreed as to his incompetence. "He found himself obliged," says Ibn-Bessam, "to manage public affairs of which he had never realized the intricacies and difficulties, to direct the course of administration while lacking the assurance to boldly attack its problems, and to thread his way through the narrows of its channels. He did not know that the government of countries is different from the ready comprehension of a point of law, and that the marshalling of banners is different from weighing the value of contracts and sifting evidence (*i. e.*, the duties of a Kadi). He was wholly

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taken up with what he had seized of the remainder of the treasures of the Ibn-Dzi-n-nun (Yahya). These made him forget to collect troops and attend to the affairs of the provinces." His folly is described by the *Crónica General*, which here draws its information from Arabic sources. "So soon as Abenjaf (Ibn-Jehaf), the Alcaide of the Moors, saw himself in possession of the *Alcazar*, he returned to his house, and when he perceived that all the people were on his side, and that they aided him, and were obedient to his commands, and that he held captive Abenfarax (Ibn-Al-faraj), the Cid's Alguacil, his heart was greatly lifted up and he was beside himself. And so highly did he think of himself that he despised the Moors who were as good as he or better, for they possessed all the things that he coveted —although he was of good family, and a native of Valencia, and his ancestors had ever been Kadis down to his time, for they were prudent and wise and rich men. . . . So he remained in his house as proud as a king, caring not one whit for any other matter save to build himself palaces and to appoint guards to watch over him day and night; and he chose secretaries from among the wealthy citizens to be at his side. And when he rode forth he took with him many knights and huntsmen to guard him like a king, all bearing arms. And when he passed through the city on horseback, the women raised shouts of acclamation and made great rejoicing over him and all came forth to do him honour. And he was much delighted with such vanities and ordered all his actions like a king. All this he did

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in order to humiliate a cousin of his who had become chief Kadi of the city and was a more prudent and virtuous man than he."

Such conduct was all the more offensive to his fellow-citizens, as the government was nominally a democratic one. Yahya had been murdered in November, 1092; and the city, as was usual in Moslem states after a popular revolution, had at once declared itself a republic. As a reward for his supposed services in delivering the city from the oppression of the King and the Cid, Ibn-Jehaf had been made president. He continued to indulge his vain and weak character, aping royalty, and earning the hatred and contempt of all, whilst the Cid was at his gates, and the day of reckoning was at hand.

The first warning came to him in the shape of an ironical letter from Cebolla. The writer, the Cid, was vigorously pushing on his siege, aided by the many fugitives from Valencia who besought him to avenge the death of their former King. He taunted Ibn-Jehaf with having made good use of the time of fasting, in that he had slain his lord, and cast him into a pond, and buried him in a draft-house. Though he had done all this, the Cid mockingly besought him to be kind enough to order his bread-stuff (see p. 157) which he had left at Valencia to be given up to him. Ibn-Jehaf was foolish enough to take this letter seriously, and to reply, that "As for the bread-stuff it had all been stolen, and the city now belonged to the King of the Arabs (Almoravides). If, however, the Cid wished to take service with the King, he would do all he could to obtain for him the

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King's favour in such sort that he would be grateful for his assistance." The Cid now saw with what sort of person he had to deal, and conceived the lowest opinion of Ibn-Jehaf's capacity for maintaining his position. As his irony was wasted on his correspondent's vanity, he wrote again,—this time plainly,—saying that he considered Ibn-Jehaf and all who remained with him in the city as traitors, and would never cease to do them evil until he had avenged the death of King Yahya.

Having thus declared himself, the Cid sent to the governors of all the castles subject to the Crown of Valencia, demanding that they should supply him with the provisions he needed for his army. This order was obeyed, owing to the threats by which it was accompanied. The governors sent in their submission with the exception of Abu-Isa Ibn-Labbun (Abueca Abenlupon) of Murviedro. He knew that the Cid must in the end be successful; but submission would entail at once the loss of his command and his property, while resistance would have the effect of bringing the Cid's army down upon him, and in that case he could expect no mercy. So he prudently sold his precarious command to his neighbour Ibn-Razin, and escaped to Baeza. Shortly afterwards Ibn-Razin submitted to the Cid, who agreed to leave him in peace provided he contributed corn like the other governors.

The fall of Cebolla was now only a question of time. So rigorous was the blockade that none went in or came out. Famine, too, had already begun to weigh heavily upon the garrison. The besiegers were

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well supplied; they were also so numerous that they were able to turn their attention to other matters whilst maintaining the necessary guards. Twice a day, we are told, their *algaras*, or foraging parties of light cavalry, left the camp, to return in the evening laden with spoil, and driving before them long trains of captives. But the soldiers of the Cid were not allowed to range at will, plundering and destroying indiscriminately. They were permitted to seize any cattle they might find in the open country, but were forbidden to molest the cultivators of the rich plain by which Valencia is surrounded. Their master relied on the produce of the rice-fields, corn-fields and vineyards to provision his army during the blockade of Valencia which he was about to undertake. The booty captured elsewhere was sold to the inhabitants of Murviedro, and to the traders who followed the army. These speedily grew rich on the spoils of their fellow-countrymen.

Within the city of Valencia the enthusiasm that had raised Ibn-Jehaf to the presidency was rapidly dying away. Dear as had been the cost, the townsfolk began to regret the days when they had paid for the protection of the Cid. Now they were exposed to the still heavier exactions of a tyrant of their own race who was powerless to defend them from their foes without. Ibn-Jehaf had made an attempt to organise his resistance, and to get together a body of reliable troops; but after enrolling the knights of the city who had been in the service of Yahya, and applying to the Almoravide, Ibn-Ayisha, at Denia, for re-enforcements, he was unable to muster

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more than three hundred horsemen. These he maintained with the Cid's bread-stuffs, the provisions that had been collected to form part of the tribute, supplementing this supply with the forfeited property of the officials of the late government and of those who had quitted the city. But day by day he saw his small force still further reduced, slain or captured in attempting to check the daring forays of the Cid's men. He could not hope to replace them, for by his foolish haughtiness he had entirely alienated those who might have assisted and supported him. He had bitterly offended Abu-Nasir, the captain of the forty Almoravides within the town, by never taking him into his councils.

Thus the malcontents became ever more numerous and more clamorous. They were led by the powerful family of the Beni-Tahir, called by the chroniclers the sons of Abenagit, Aboegib, or Abenagir. The head of the clan was the old ex-king of Murcia, who, as a close friend of the late King Yahya, was exceedingly bitter against his murderer. At first, while the new president was really powerful, it would have been highly imprudent to oppose him, so Ibn-Tahir had waited till a favourable opportunity came for throwing off the mask. He was urged to prompt action by the continual annoyance and insult to which he was subjected by Ibn-Jehaf, who knew from the first that the Beni-Tahir were the natural leaders of the faction that plotted against him. Thus the misery of the city was still further increased by dissension of the most open and violent kind. "Every day," says the chronicle, "there was weep-

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ing among the Moors, and the Cid's plundering parties made their way unopposed right up to the walls of Valencia."

In his camp at Cebolla the Cid was kept informed by his spies of all that was going on, and he skilfully turned the dissensions among his enemies to his own advantage. His first object was to get Abu-Nasir and his Almoravides out of the way, for he greatly dreaded them in spite of their small number. He knew that they formed the only stable element in Valencia, and that their countrymen might at any time be prevailed on to come to their assistance. Their death too, should they be slain in the final assault upon the city, would be sure to involve him in a dangerous war. Accordingly we are told that "he sent in great secrecy to Abenjaf (Ibn-Jehaf), offering friendship on condition that he should drive out the Arabs (Almoravides) from the city. He assured him, that, if he did so, he would be left as undisputed ruler. If he followed this advice, the Cid would assist and support him, even as he had supported the King of Valencia, and would defend him."

When Ibn-Jehaf heard this message, he was greatly delighted. Surrounded as he was by enemies, he was foolish enough to allow himself to be guided by the most dangerous and powerful of them all. So he took council with Ibn-Al-faraj, the Cid's commissioner, whom he still held prisoner; and Ibn-Al-faraj, seeing his opportunity of regaining his own liberty and at the same time forwarding his master's interests, of course assured him of the Cid's good faith,

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and urged him to accept his offer. Acting on this advice, Ibn-Jehaf made known to the Cid his acceptance of the proposal, and set to work to fulfill the conditions attached to it. He had neither the courage nor the force that was needed to drive out the Almoravides, whom the citizens looked on as pledges of their eventual deliverance: so he began to stint their supplies, telling them that he could give them nothing, for he had nothing left to give. This treatment would in all probability have had the desired effect if carried on long enough; but new events caused the fickle Ibn-Jehaf to change his plans once more, and to look for safety to those of his own religion rather than to the Cid.

Ibn-Ayisha, as representative of King Yusuf in Spain, sent letters from Denia, demanding in his master's name that part of the wealth of the murdered King of Valencia should be handed over to him. He added that the money would be sent to Africa, and employed in fitting out troops to fight against the common enemy, the Cid. Before coming to a decision on so important a matter, the president took counsel with the principal citizens. The older men advised him to send the money as demanded: the younger advised him to refuse it. Finally it was determined that it should be sent; but again Ibn-Jehaf's covetousness and love of half-measures prevailed. He got together the whole of the treasure, with the exception of that which had been stolen at the time of Yahya's murder, and, after picking out for himself the objects of the greatest value, he sent the rest out of Valencia, as he thought, with

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the greatest secrecy. He had, however, as before, taken his enemy into his confidence.

Among those who were appointed to carry the treasure to the Denia was the Cid's Jewish commissioner. He of course took advantage of the trust reposed in him by the foolish Ibn-Jehaf to regain his liberty. Information was sent to Cebolla; the bearers of the treasure were overtaken and captured by a body of cavalry; and the Cid, in his gratitude for the clever trick, appointed Ibn-Al-faraj governor of all the Saracens who acknowledged his authority. This was not the only piece of good luck that at this time fell to the Cid's treasury. His troops had lately captured the rich warden of the castle of Alcalá, near Torralba, and had obliged him to pay three thousand marks of silver for his ransom.

Not long after these events Cebolla fell (July, 1093), and its garrison took service with the Cid. Valencia was now strictly invested, Cebolla being the base of operations; a town speedily sprang up, built with the timber and other materials brought in from the outlying villages; now that the harvest was ready, the Cid gathered it in, and no longer spared the peasants who had cultivated it. All their homes, and all the boats and mills on the river Guadalaviar, were burned, special severity being shown in the treatment of the property of Ibn-Jehaf and his family. All the country round Valencia—the rich and smiling *huerta* (garden-land) that forms its chief boast to this day—was turned into a desert, and all the outlying houses and towers of the city were pulled down.

Al-mustain of Saragossa had at first been delighted

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at the Cid's success, for he considered the free-booter's army the best barrier between himself and the all-conquering Almoravides; but when he heard that Valencia itself was about to fall into his hands, he could not bear to resign without a struggle the prize for which he himself had hazarded so much. A pretext for an embassy to the Cid's camp was not far to seek. The ambassadors made sure of their welcome by bringing with them a large sum, which, as they said, they had been charged to spend on redeeming the many Moslem captives at Cebolla. Whilst engaged in these negotiations, they found means to carry out the real purpose of their visit. They gained admittance to Valencia, and laid before Ibn-Jehaf their master's proposal that he should surrender the city into the hands of the King of Saragossa, who would help him to drive out the Almoravides, and would compel the Cid to raise the siege. The trap was so unskilfully laid, that it did not deceive even him for whom it was intended. The ambassadors, who had spent their money to no purpose in the Cid's camp, were dismissed after witnessing his rapid successes against the city which they had come to rescue from his grasp.

The suburb of Villanueva, to the north of the city beyond the river, was stormed. Its wealth went to swell the Cid's hoard; and its building material to the rising town of Cebolla. A few mornings later the attack was directed against the thickly-populated suburb of Alcudia. In order to prevent a sally from Valencia for its relief, a body of troops was stationed opposite the Gate of Alcantara (the Bridge). Hav-

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ing thus secured their rear, the Cid and his men cut their way into the doomed suburb. So far did the leader outstrip his men, that, when at last his horse fell over a heap of slain, he was left alone on foot in the midst of the enemy. He was speedily rescued, and, mounting again, he drove the defenders of Alcudia within the gates of Valencia. In the meantime the troops that had been told off to prevent the sally had exceeded their instructions by attacking the defenders of the walls with such spirit, that, carrying all before them, they were on the point of storming the city itself, when they were driven off by a hail of stones hurled from the walls and towers by the women and boys. In the confusion that followed, the general call to arms was sounded in Valencia; and the defenders were still strong enough to come out on the bridge, where they kept up the contest until, at mid-day, their assailants retired as usual to dine and rest.

In the afternoon the attack on the suburb was renewed, this time with more marked success. The defenders of Alcudia were so hard pressed that they called for quarter, and the principal inhabitants came out to arrange for the surrender of their town on the best terms they could get. They were granted security for their lives and property, and placed under the protection of the Cid's guard. Next morning the Cid himself addressed them, bidding them take heart, and continue to till their land and tend their cattle in safety. For himself he claimed only the taxes that they had been accustomed to pay to Yahya. A Moslem tax-gatherer was

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made responsible for their collection. Free permission was granted, to all who would, to settle at Alcudia; and a market was established, whereby the inhabitants were greatly enriched, and the Cid's men were enabled to sell their booty close to the scene of their operations.

The loss of Alcudia was a serious blow, for it brought the Cid's blockade up to the very walls of Valencia. None could enter or leave the city unobserved by the guard. Even the boldest of the defenders began to despair, and to regret that the offer of the King of Saragossa had been so uncompromisingly rejected. The one man who was easy in his mind was the foolish Ibn-Jehaf, who thought he had assured the safety of his own person and property by a secret understanding with the Cid. The principal men of the city and the general body of the inhabitants still looked for help from Africa, but, in view of the restless energy of the besiegers, they almost despaired of being able to hold out until its arrival. Accordingly they were ready to surrender the city, and to accept any terms the Cid might offer; for they thought that it would be but a temporary arrangement, and that their deliverance would come later, as come it did, but only after ten years of untold misery. A general meeting of the inhabitants —republican forms were still kept up—was held, and ambassadors were sent to open the negotiations for surrender. The Cid expressed his willingness to treat, but only on the condition that the Almoravides should first be expelled from the city.

When the ambassadors returned and communi-

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cated the message, popular feeling at once turned against the brave little band which, in the midst of opposing factions, had ever been the heart and soul of the defence. The Almoravides received the notice of their dismissal with joy. They had had plenty of hard fighting, their pay and allowances had been grudgingly given, and they had been treated as enemies and barbarians by those for whom they daily risked their lives. They marched, protected by their own and their master's reputation, through the lines of the besiegers, "counting it," we are told, "the best day of their lives."

When they were gone, the rest of the Cid's demands were agreed to. He exacted the value of the breadstuff that had been owing at the time of Yahya's murder, and had been either bestowed on the Almoravides or plundered by the populace. The yearly tribute was fixed, as before, at one hundred and twenty thousand gold pieces, and the citizens undertook to pay all arrears from the time of their revolt. In order to secure the fulfilment of these conditions, the Cid stipulated that he should remain in possession of Cebolla. Thither he now withdrew with his army, leaving in Valencia only his *almoxarife*, or intendant, and his tax-gatherer. Ibn-Jehaf now set about collecting the huge sum of money for which he had made himself responsible. He arranged with the governors of all the districts that still acknowledged his authority that they should pay to him the tithe of all produce and of all income. The collection of this tax was intrusted to two commissioners,—a Christian and a Moslem in each district.

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Hostilities had now ceased ; but a second siege, and a period of even greater misery, was to come, for Valencia was not so thoroughly conquered as the Cid could have wished. It had still a more or less nominal government which could plot and scheme; and, worst of all, the Cid himself and his army were outside the gates, which might be closed at any moment, and thus oblige him to renew the weary siege. That it was not the Cid's intention to leave affairs long in this condition, we may be certain, but his plans were for the present hampered by the ever-present danger of the coming of an Almoravide army. It was announced almost immediately after the signing of the peace that they were about to make a forward movement, and were delayed only by the hesitation of their King, Yusuf, who still lingered in Africa. This delay gave time for a combination of the forces of those who dreaded their arrival. The Cid himself, by his nationality and his position as a conqueror on soil that the Almoravides claimed as their own, was cut off from all hope of a peaceable arrangement. Ibn-Jehaf had rashly sacrificed his chances of their favour by the expulsion of the small division of their troops from Valencia. The governors of Játiva and Cullera, though themselves Almoravides, had revolted from the central authority, and were glad to cast their lot with any who would help them to make head against the storm that was about to overtake them.

Thus these three ill-assorted parties made an alliance, and acted for a time in concert. Their first care was to attack the enemy near at hand before re-enforcements could arrive. Ibn-Maimun, the Al-

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moravide governor of Alcira, had refused to join in the treason of his fellows. He was therefore besieged in his fortress, his lands were harried, and the booty carried off to Cebolla, the garrison of which took part in the campaign against him. Whilst the Cid's attention was thus turned to the south, he received secret information of another danger threatening him from the north. Ibn-Razin of Albarracin must indeed have underestimated the Cid's power when he formed the design of conquering Valencia for himself. He had neither sufficient troops nor sufficient money. He met the difficulty by promising large sums to Sancho of Aragon in return for assistance, giving as security for their payment the important fortress of Torralba, near Daroca.

The Cid was all the more disgusted at Ibn-Razin's conduct, as he was his ally. He was determined to be beforehand with him; but, seeing that his plans were not yet ripe, he made as though he were unaware of the designs of his enemies, and quietly completed the ingathering of the booty and harvest of the district of Alcira. When all was safely stored in Cebolla, a sudden bold movement dispelled the impending danger. The army was got ready for a campaign, but no man knew whither it was bound. A forced night march brought it into the territory of Albarracin, where the inhabitants, knowing nothing of what was going forward, were engaged on their usual peaceful pursuits. The Cid broke up his army into a number of foraying parties, which ravaged the whole country, and brought in an immense store of captives, cattle, and grain.

He himself appeared in arms before the city, and

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again covered himself with glory as Campeador or champion in single fight. One day while he was in the neighbourhood of the walls of Albarracin, taking his pleasure and accompanied by only five of his knights, he was suddenly attacked by twelve picked men of the enemy. Two of his men had been slain at the first onslaught. He retaliated by slaying two of the enemy with his own lance. Two more he unhorsed and captured. The rest he put to flight. The adventure, however, nearly cost him his life. He had received a bad lance-wound in the throat, and it was fully a month before he was sound again. Ibn-Razin was no longer in a position to be dangerous. Besides the booty carried off from his land, he lost the castle of Torralba; for Sancho, though he never fulfilled his part of the bargain by putting troops into the field, was far too prudent a monarch to give up the important castle which he received in pledge,

Whilst still in the neighbourhood of Albarracin, the Cid received alarming tidings which forced him to hurry back to Cebolla with his wound still unhealed. Here he was met by his allies, Ibn-Jehaf and the governors of Játiva and Cullera, who confirmed the report that the Almoravides were actually on the march. Yusuf had returned to Spain; but he had for some time been in bad health, and remained at Murcia, intrusting the command of his army to his son-in-law. This army had already reached Lorca.* At the same time the state of affairs within Valencia was by no means satisfactory. The people,

*The *Chronicle of the Cid* states that it was Abenaxa (Ibn-Ayisha) who was ill, and whose son-in-law held command.

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not having the same reasons as Ibn-Jehaf to dread the coming of the Almoravides, looked to the Africans to deliver them from the burdens which their ruler had been forced to lay upon them in order to make up the exorbitant tribute exacted by the Cid.

The immediate result of the meeting of the allies was that their pact was renewed, and that a letter was written to the Almoravide general, falsely representing that the Cid had an understanding with the King of Aragon, who, in case of need, would come to his aid with eight thousand of the most valiant warriors in the world. The general took no notice of the letter. He was not the man to be turned from his purpose by mere threats, and he knew how to treat a communication of such a nature, coming from an enemy.

Meanwhile the Cid was making use of Ibn-Jehaf's fears for the purpose of increasing his power over the city. Under pretence of deceiving the Almoravides, and persuading them that the majority of the inhabitants were his willing and faithful allies, he caused to be given up to him the splendid gardens of Villanueva beyond the river, that had formerly been the property of King Ibn-Abdu-l-aziz. This concession was folfowed by a further request. The Cid demanded that a new means of access to the gardens should be opened, in order to avoid a disagreeable approach through narrow streets where treachery might lurk. The rest of the story is told as follows: "Abenjaf (Ibn-Jehaf) ordered that the gate should be opened at the spot where the Cid commanded and, when he learned the day on which he intended to come, he

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caused a rich platform to be spread with cloth of gold and a rich banquet to be prepared. He awaited him the whole day, but the Cid came not, but sent to excuse himself, saying that he could not come thither on that day. And the reason why he did not come was to see if the citizens would be openly indignant at it. And so it came about, for the sons of Abenagir (the Beni-Tahir) and all the people were exceeding wroth wishing to rise up against Abenjaf. But they did not do so for fear of the Cid, nor would they willingly have any quarrel with him lest he should plunder their property that lay without the city."

Whether these schemes succeeded in making the Almoravides believe in the affection of the Valencians for their protector, we do not know; but certainly no better means could have been devised for bringing Ibn-Jehaf into contempt among his jealous subjects, and thus hastening his downfall.

Popular attention was for a moment called away from internal matters by reports of the immediate coming of the Almoravides. Day by day the party who favoured them, headed by the Beni-Tahir, mounted the walls in hope of seeing them march up; and, as their strained eyes scanned the distance, any cloud of dust upon the plain provoked glad cries of "Here they come!" These hopes were vain, and the Cid took advantage of the lull to take possession of his garden and the neighbouring suburb of Alcudia. The storm of indignation provoked by this encroachment, in direct violation of the terms on which Alcudia had been surrendered, quickly

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passed away; but it left the party of the Beni-Tahir stronger than ever. The approach of the Almoravides rendered them careless as to concealing their schemes any longer. Fear now induced Ibn-Jehaf to enter into an explanation with his unwilling subjects. He represented that the gardens had been merely lent to the Cid for a few days, and could be taken possession of again at any moment they might wish. He reproached them with their hostility towards himself who had made so many efforts on their behalf. He declared that, as they were dissatisfied with his conduct of affairs, he would retire into private life, and leave the cares of government to others.

The effect of these protestations was quite other than he looked for. The people cried aloud that they cared not for Ibn-Jehaf and his alliances, but would be guided by the Beni-Tahir in everything. They sealed their revolt by closing the gates of the city against the Cid. Ibn-Jehaf had been caught in his own trap; and henceforward he behaved with more humility, busying himself with increasing the body-guard on which alone his personal safety depended.

COIN OF ALFONSO VI. OF CASTILLE AND LEON, 1073–1109.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE CID BESIEGES VALENCIA FOR THE SECOND TIME.

1093–1094.

THE unfortunate Valencians now found themselves once more at war with the Cid, but no active hostilities took place for a time. Either side knew that the issue of the struggle lay with the Almoravides; and news of their coming was awaited in the city with, if possible, greater eagerness than before.

Meanwhile the presidency of the republic was held by a member of the Beni-Tahir family, and the Cid lay quiet in his gardens outside the walls until he heard that the African army was actually at Játiva. For one moment "he who was born in happy hour" misdoubted of his fortunes, and contemplated a retreat to the mountains. Then bolder counsels prevailed, and he prepared to make the best resistance he could.

In order to make the approach of a hostile army more difficult, all the bridges in the neighbourhood of Valencia were broken down, and the *vega*, the rich alluvial plain about the city, was laid under

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water. This last was an easy matter, thanks to the ingenious irrigation works that the Moors so diligently constructed in all favourable situations. By the time these preparations were complete and a narrow causeway formed, the only possible approach to the Christian's position, the Almoravides were already at Alcira.*

Day and night the towers and minarets of the city were beset by eager crowds, watching to catch the first glimpse of the army to which they looked for their deliverance. "One very dark night," says the Arabic historian whose work is embodied in the chronicle of the Learned King, "as they were on the look-out, they caught sight of the great watch-fires of the Africans' camp, and perceived that they were near at hand: then they began to make their prayer to God that He would help them and that they might have good fortune against the Cid; and they decided that when the Marinos (Almoravides) should arrive and fight with the Cid, they would rush out and plunder his camp. But our Lord Jesus Christ [this we must suppose is an interpolation of the Christian translator] willed not that it should be so, but far otherwise; for He caused such rain to fall that night, and such a storm, and so mighty a flood, that it went nigh to slay them, and they perceived that God was against them. And when on the next

* According to Ibn-Bessam's account, the Almoravides never attempted to come to the rescue of the Valencians. He says that the Emir of the Mussulmans (Yusuf) took an interest in Ibn-Jehaf's fortunes, but as he was far away from Valencia, and fate had decreed otherwise, he could not come in time to help him.

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day they saw that they would not be able to enter the *vega*, they began to turn back. And the men of Valencia, who were looking for the hour of their coming and saw nothing, were exceeding sad and anxious, and knew not what to do, and were even as a woman in labour until the third hour; then it was that news came to them that the Almoravides were turning back and would not come to Valencia. When they heard this they counted themselves as dead men and walked through the streets as though they were drunken, in such sort that they understood not the words one of another, and they smeared their faces with black as though they had been covered with pitch, and they lost all their memory even as a man who falls into the waves of the sea. Then came the Christians up to the wall and called aloud in voices of thunder making mockery of them and threatening them, saying 'False traitors and renegades give up your city to the Cid Ruy Diaz for ye cannot save it.' And the Moors remained silent, so great was their grief and their despair."

The price of provisions in the city was now very high. The chronicler from whom the above account is taken gives a list of the necessaries of life, including wheat, barley, meat, honey, carob-beans, figs, and cheese, all of which were sold at so high a rate as to put them entirely beyond the reach of the poorer classes. The distress was still further increased by large additions to the numbers of the besieged. The people of the suburbs, distrusting the Cid, had long ago secured the better part of their valuables by burying them or placing them in the keeping of

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friends within the walls. On the departure of the Almoravides, the Cid returned to his gardens, and gave order for the destruction and pillage of all the outlying portions of Valencia, except Alcudia, which had opened its gates to him. The work was thoroughly carried out. Even the timbers of the houses were removed, for what the Christian left behind was taken by the marauders who issued nightly from Valencia. The inhabitants of the ruined quarters were obliged to join their starving fellow-countrymen within the doomed city. When all the mud-built houses had been levelled with the ground, the search for buried treasure was actively carried on, and a large amount of money and jewels, as well as many secret hoards of grain, were brought to light. Thus the circuit of the city became less, and it was possible to make the blockade even more strict than before. So near were besiegers and besieged to each other, that hand-to-hand combats with lances and swords took place daily.

A vague hope still encouraged the Valencians to hold out until the last extremity. Their fellow-townsmen who had migrated to Denia sent word to them that the Almoravide forces were still in their neighbourhood, and that their sudden return to Alcira had been due entirely to want of provisions and the unwonted rains. Their speedy return was spoken of as certain. Of this news the Beni-Tahir received confirmation from the general himself. Being now at the head of affairs, they made use of the sudden withdrawal of the relieving army in order still further to discredit

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Ibn-Jehaf. They spread abroad a report that through him the Africans had learned the dissensions that prevailed in the city. So strong was the popular fury against him that he became practically a prisoner in his own house; but none dared attack him for fear of the strong body-guard which his ill-gotten riches still enabled him to maintain.

Seeing that some time was likely to pass before the fall of Valencia, the Cid prudently gave orders that the rich lands around it should be cultivated. This was done by the ever-increasing number of refugees who enjoyed his protection at Alcudia. Here justice was well administered in order that all might come and go unhindered to make use of the market, the dues of which, amounting to a tithe of everything sold, became daily more important. The fact of the cultivation of the land is to be taken as a sign of the growing feeling of security among those who followed the Cid's cause. This hope grew into a certainty when news was received that Yusuf was about to return to Africa.

"The Valencians, when they heard this," says the chronicle, "were sorely at a loss, and as soon as the governors of the dependent castles learned it, they came to the Cid right humbly and placed themselves under his protection, making agreement to pay him tribute. And the Cid bade them walk in safety on any road; thus the Cid's wealth increased so that he had in abundance whereof to give. And straightway he sent his command to the castles that they should send him cross-bows and men so that he might assail Valencia; and they obeyed his bidding and

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sent to him much people; so the Valencians were left forlorn and deserted of all Moorish folk and every day he assailed them mightily, and they were so sore distraught that they were in the waves of death."

At this crisis was composed a celebrated poem, *The Dirge of Valencia* which, though it has come down to us only in a Spanish translation, bears unmistakable marks of its Arabic origin. It is said to have been uttered by a wise *faquih* from one of the towers of the wall.

"Valencia, Valencia, many troubles are come upon thee, and in such peril art thou set that, if thou escape, the wonder will be great among all that behold thee.

If God shall shew favour unto any place, let it be unto thee, for thou wast called the joy and the solace wherein all the Moslems had refreshment, and delight, and pleasure.

And if it be God's will that at this time thou shouldst utterly perish, it will be by reason of thy great sins and the great overweening that thou hadst in thy pride.

The four chief corner stones on which thou wast founded long to meet together to make great lamentation over thee, and they can not.

Thy noble wall which was raised upon these four stones is already quaking and about to fall, for it has lost the strength which it had in days gone by.

Thy lofty towers and beautiful which gleamed from afar and comforted the hearts of the people are falling piece by piece.

Thy white bulwarks which shewed so fair in the

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distance have lost the beauty whereby they shone so brightly in the beams of the sun.

Thy noble and full-flowing river Guadalaviar, and the other waters which did thee good service have overflowed their banks, and run where they should not.

Thy limpid canals wherein thy people had much profit have become turbid: neglect of cleansing has left them to flow as muddy streams.

Thy famous and delightful gardens that are round about thee, the ravening wolf has torn up their roots, and they can give no fruit.

Thy renowned meadows wherein were flowers so many and so fair to gladden thy people's hearts are now all withered.

And thy busy harbour which brought thee so much honour now lacks the riches which were wont to come to thee by it.

Thy broad lands which called thee mistress, the fires have eaten them up, and the great smoke reaches even unto thee.

For thy sore sickness I can find no medicine, and the physicians have lost hope that thou wilt ever again be whole by their help.

Valencia, Valencia, it was the love that my heart bears thee that made me speak and utter all the words I have spoken of thee.

Now would I declare my wish that none should know my words until the time be come to pronounce them." *

* In the *Crónica General* this poem is followed by a commentary translated from the Arabic, and giving to it an allegorical meaning.

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GATEWAY ON SITE OF ANCIENT PUERTA DE SERRANOS.
(VALENCIA.)

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Among the people the dejection was extreme, and, with the fickleness of Orientals, they began to ascribe their misfortunes to the Beni-Tahir, who had led them to place their hopes in the aid of the Almoravides. This feeling was diligently fostered by the opposite party and by Ibn-Jehaf, its leader, who saw in the downfall of his rivals the means of his own return to power. He represented them as wanting in the political experience and influence necessary for the making of alliances, whereas his own friendship with the Cid was well known, and could at least secure good terms of surrender for his fellow-citizens. In a short time so great was the revulsion of feeling, that the very men who had driven Ibn-Jehaf from the presidency now sought his pardon and advice. This time he was wise enough not to betray his eagerness. He pointed out to them that he was as one of themselves, and suffered equally with them from the general misfortunes. Finally he bade them cease from discord, and renounce all dealings with the Beni-Tahir. On fulfilment of these conditions, he engaged to aid them to escape from their present misery. His words produced the desired effect, for, compared with their present hopeless position, the oppression they had endured under his rule seemed as nothing, The Beni-Tahir came to be regarded as

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The noble wall is said to mean the people; the lofty towers, the nobles; the limpid canals, the judges; and so forth. Some hope was recently entertained that the original Arabic of the poem had been found in a fourteenth century manuscript belonging to the Duke of Osuna, but the document proved to be merely a translation from the Spanish version.

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public enemies. All this was probably done with the connivance of the Cid, whose interests demanded that the most incompetent party should have the upper hand.

Before formally accepting the presidency, Ibn-Jehaf had sought to secure his position by exacting from the principal citizens a written promise of adherence to his cause. Relying on this document to prove the position of authority which he now occupied, he began to treat with the Cid, who promised to do the city no further harm provided his tribute were paid, and the Beni-Tahir, the partisans of the Almoravides, were driven from the city. This latter condition was equally important to the Cid and to Ibn-Jehaf. The former saw that around the Beni-Tahir the real defenders of the city were grouped. Ibn-Jehaf was glad to be rid of his rivals. So the Cid caused proclamation to be made in the hearing of those on the walls, that all his enmity towards the city was caused by the Beni-Tahir, and that he would never cease hostilities until they were driven out. He exhorted the Valencians to obey their president, Ibn-Jehaf, and assured them of favour and protection if they followed his advice. This took place in the spring of 1094.

The greater part of the Valencians were ready to accept any conditions as a means of escaping their present misery, but the Beni-Tahir were still powerful enough to make it dangerous to use open violence against them. Ibn-Jehaf, however, relying on the Cid's support and acting on his advice, determined on the bold course of arresting them. "Straight-

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way," we are told, "there came forth one of the officers of the household of Abenjaf with much people on horseback and on foot, and went to capture the sons of Aboegid (Beni-Tahir). But they took refuge in the house of a *faquih*, an honourable man, whose house was well surrounded with outworks, for they thought to defend themselves with the few people they had about them until the city should rise in tumult and help should come to them. But those who were come to capture them set fire to the doors of the houses of the outworks, and their people, being many in number, hurled stones and tiles to hinder the defence, and they stormed and broke into the house and made them prisoners. And the people plundered everything they found within, and haled them to prison, and when the rumour had gone abroad through the city, it was all over already. And all their knights were captured, and they held them all day long in prison, and when evening came they brought them to the Cid, to the suburb of Alcudia, and placed them in his keeping."

Next morning the reaction set in. The people broke out into riot, showing their indignation at the treacherous action whereby the city had been deprived of a powerful family, whose patriotism, in spite of the ill success of its policy, was unquestionable. But Ibn-Jehaf was delighted with the day's work, and, thinking that he had now secured the Cid's favour, he rode out with all his company over the bridge to the stony ground by the riverside, to demand an interview. He met with a most flattering reception at the hands of the Bishop of Albarracin

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and a goodly company of knights, who escorted him to Villanueva, to the gardens of the Cid.

The Bishop and the knights had come to meet the Saracen prince in the hope that one who was reported to be immensely rich would not be empty-handed on such an occasion. They were disappointed. Ibn-Jehaf had made the mistake of bringing no bribe to the men, whom he foolishly considered as his good friends. The same mistake spoiled his interview with the Cid, which seemed at first to promise fairly. When Ibn-Jehaf arrived at the gate of the garden, the Cid himself came forth to do him honour, and actually made as though he would have held his stirrup to aid him to dismount. As soon as he reached the ground, the Cid embraced him with great show of affection, and, noticing his headdress, which was the hood worn by all Kadis, he besought him to cast it off and to assume the royal garb. The two remained in conversation for some time; and "all the while the Cid," says the chronicle, "was peering about to see if he had brought any present to induce him to act as he wished." When he saw that he had hoped in vain, the Cid made no attempt to conceal his disappointment. Suddenly changing his tone, he began to speak of the conditions attached to the friendship which he had before so ostentatiously displayed. His first demand was a startling one: he requested that all the taxes of Valencia, both internal and external, should be collected by his own intendant, and shared between himself and his so-called friend.* To this the Kadi

* Dozy interprets this somewhat obscure passage of the Chronicle

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assented without any great show of reluctance. Worse was to follow. We may gather from the Cid's action that he was bent on driving Ibn-Jehaf to a refusal, and thus obtaining an excuse for attacking him. At any rate, he took the surest means for so doing by exacting that the Kadi should send his son to Cebolla as a hostage for the fulfilment of the arrangement in the matter of the taxes. At this Ibn-Jehaf winced visibly; but, as he was entirely in the power of his enemy, he submitted with the best grace he could, promising to return next day to sign a formal treaty embodying these conditions.

Ibn-Jehaf made his way back to Valencia with his eyes fully opened as to the folly of the conduct whereby he had alienated all who might have assisted him, and had delivered himself bound hand and foot into the power of an enemy who no longer took the trouble to keep up any appearance of consideration towards him. Though weak and cowardly by nature, he could not part from his son; and when next day he received the Cid's haughty summons to come forth and sign the treaty, as agreed, he wrote back that he would rather die than give up his child. The Cid had now attained his object,—a nominal grievance against the Kadi, which should serve for an excuse for any treatment of him, however bad. He wrote back, declaring that never again would he trust him, now that he had broken a solemn agreement, and threatening him with sure and speedy

to mean that the Cid claimed the whole of the taxes, leaving, as he says, to Ibn-Jehaf not even the position of collector, which Yahya had enjoyed.

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vengeance. In order to add to his misery, he made much of the Beni-Tahir, who still remained in his camp, presenting them with costly raiment and assuring them of his favour. To Valencia he sent orders as if he were already its king, enjoining that Tekoruni, the captain who had arrested them, should withdraw to Alcalá. Whether this proceeding formed part of a scheme for isolating Ibn-Jehaf from the few friends who still remained faithful to him, we do not know. At any rate, it proved to the Valencians how little Ibn-Jehaf's protection availed even those who had done him the most important services. The Cid's order was promptly obeyed, and Tekoruni surrendered at his bidding.

At this time, says the chronicle, there died in the city three of the wisest and most honourable citizens, so that none was left to dispute Ibn-Jehaf's power. All hope of negotiations was cut off; for, while Ibn-Jehaf ruled, the Cid could pursue his personal quarrel in the matter of the broken agreement with some show of right. The Kadi could hope for no mercy, and his desperate position obliged him to still further exasperate the enemy by carrying on a hopeless resistance to the end. The price of provisions within the city had trebled since the Almoravides made their unsuccessful attempt to raise the siege: the chronicle wearily records the rise of prices by leaps and bounds until even the richest had to content themselves with the coarsest food.

Ibn-Jehaf was convinced that the end was near, and he acted like the sailors on a sinking ship who break into the spirit-store to obtain forgetfulness of

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their misery. He withdrew to his house, and, when complaints were brought to him, he merely mocked at those who were foolish enough to ask aid of one who was as helpless as themselves. He was continually surrounded by musicians and poets, who made every effort to turn his thoughts from the terrible reality. His guards lived as freebooters in the city, seizing the property of those who died; sometimes they did not even wait for the death of the owners. What they sought was food, for everything else had lost its value, and "all would sell and none would buy." Bad men and good were treated alike; those who were suspected of having concealed stores of corn were flogged until they revealed their secret. By this means the palace was continually supplied with food, for buried hoards still existed here and there. When any corn was sold, it fetched the fabulous price of ninety maravedis the measure. Of mules and horses scarce any were left, the flesh of those that had died had been eagerly bought for three maravedis the pound. The people were so weakened and dispirited that the Christians now came right up to the walls and cast stones at them, but they made no attempt to drive them off.

The Cid's men employed the enforced leisure of the lengthy siege in making the ponderous machines that served to batter fortifications in the Middle Ages. Their first attempt was a failure, for, as soon as the great engine was brought up to the gate which it was meant to break open, it was rendered useless by another engine which the besieged had built to oppose it. At this failure the Cid was wroth,

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for, though he knew that Valencia could not now hold out long, he was impatient to realize the fulfilment of the hopes and schemes of so many years. So three more engines were built and brought up against three of the gates. This time they did their work unopposed, and "wrought marvellous great damage."

Meanwhile the sufferings of the poorer folk exceeded all measure. They are described with pathetic iteration by a writer whom we suppose, from his minute account, to have been himself within the city: "So there were many deaths among the poor from hunger, and in their sore distress they ate dogs, and cats, and mice." Another tells how a rat was sold for a piece of gold: "And they opened the refuse-heaps and the drains of the city, and brought out the grapeskins and washed them in water and ate them, and the richest fed on the flesh of beasts of burden. And such as were able to get away went and surrendered themselves to the Christians, and some of them they slew, and some they made captive, and they would sell a Moslem for a loaf of bread, or for the third part of a measure of wine; and as soon as they gave them food they died straightway." The strongest they sold to the Christian merchants who flocked thither from many places. The ease and abundance that reigned among the Saracens who dwelt in the Cid's village (Alcudia) was as great as the misery and famine of those in the city. They were now so disheartened and in such despair that they were "even as Albataxi says, 'If I go to the right the flood will slay me; if I go to the

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left the lion will eat me up; if I go straight on I shall perish in the sea; and if I wish to turn back the fire will consume me.'"

One feeble expedient remained to keep the last sparks of hope alight for a few days longer. Ibn-Jehaf resolved to write to the King of Saragossa, begging him "with many tears" for help. His vanity had not been utterly crushed out of him by adversity; and it cost him a pang when those who helped him to compose the letter determined, after three days' discussion, that it would be well to address Al-mustain as "Lord," and thereby acknowlege his suzerainty. A Saracen well versed in *aljamía*, the *lingua franca* or mixture of Arabic and Spanish which formed the usual means of communication between the two nations, was summoned, and received orders to make his way by night through the enemy's camp, bearing the letter. He was promised as his reward the rich presents for good news (*albricias*). which Al-mustain would be sure to bestow on one who brought information that Valencia at last formally acknowledged his claims. After relating the departure of the messenger, the chronicler returns to his dreary list of prices, telling us that the grape-refuse was now worth half a silver piece a pound.

Whatever Ibn-Jehaf's hopes may have been, the citizens can scarcely have expected any effectual help from Al-mustain. As for the messenger, he was sorely disappointed, and must have bitterly regretted his toil and danger when he saw that the King, after reading the letter, paid no further attention whatever to it, nor regarded the bearer, nor gave him even a

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cup of water for his news. He dared not return to Valencia, for fear of being slain by Ibn-Jehaf: so he sat down and cried aloud at Al-mustain's gate, until, for very weariness at his importunity, they gave him an answer wherein the King declared that he could give no aid to the Valencians, unless it were in co-operation with Alfonso, to whom he had written about the matter. He exhorted them to hold out as long as they could, and to send him news from time to time of their position.

Small as was the encouragement, Ibn-Jehaf could not afford to cast away the last straw of hope. The poor were now feeding on human flesh, the rich on grass and leather. Money had lost its purchasing power; yet a great effort was made to portion out the scanty stores that remained, in order to make them last a little longer. A report was diligently spread that Al-mustain was ready to march, and delayed only in order that he might collect victual for the relief of the famine-stricken city; but even this could no longer restrain the starving inhabitants. They left the walls in crowds, and cast themselves on the mercy of the Christians, caring not, in the extremity of their misery, if they were slain.

Communications still came in from Saragossa, and at last the King wrote that he was coming to the relief of Valencia; that Alfonso was sending a great body of cavalry under García Ordoñez, the Cid's enemy; and that he himself was following hard behind. In order to persuade the Valencians to believe his almost incredible promises, Al-mustain wrote with his own hand a letter to Ibn-Jehaf, which

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was intended to be shown to the leading men of the city. The King's news was confirmed by letters from his chief councillors to correspondents in Valencia.

But while the starving Valencians waited impatiently for signs of the coming army, Ibn-Jehaf received a mysterious letter from a correspondent who said that "the King of Saragossa wished to make a lighthouse (*torre de candela*) at Alcudia."* The Saracens are well accustomed to interpret parables, but this was too deep for them. Ibn-Jehaf wrote back, demanding an explanation, but the answer never reached him. The proper understanding of the dark saying might have saved further suffering. The writer's meaning was that Al-mustain (or Alfonso) wished merely to gain time, and to see how events would turn, and that his promises of immediate help must not be relied upon.

In order to be better informed of the exact state of Valencia, Al-mustain sent thither two spies. The pretext of their coming was to bear a rich present to the Cid, and to beg him to cease from so sorely oppressing the faithful within the city. The messengers requested that they might be permitted to pass within the walls to confer with Ibn-Jehaf so as to bring about an issue favourable to all parties concerned. This permission was refused; but they contrived that a letter should be delivered into Ibn-Jehaf's hands, in which Al-mustain informed him that he had sent a present to the Cid in order to induce him to

* Dozy says that it was Alfonso to whom the letter alluded, but he is apparently contradicted by the two Spanish chronicles.

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mitigate his harsh treatment of the Valencians. He promised also, that if this, contrary to his expectations, had not the desired effect, he would come in person with an army to carry Ibn-Jehaf away from the midst of his tormentors. What Al-mustain's object was in inducing the Valencian to hold out a little longer against the fate that must inevitably overtake him, is hard to conjecture; for, all the time these negotiations were proceeding, he had a secret understanding with the Cid that Valencia should be sold to him immediately on its fall.

Regardless of this agreement with Al-mustain which, as events shewed, he had no intention of fulfilling, the Cid did not scruple to lend his support to any pretender whom rash ambition made a tool for bringing about Ibn-Jehaf's downfall and still further dividing the hostile parties within the city. Such a one he found in the rich and powerful Ibn-Mushish.* It was agreed between the two that Ibn-Mushish should cause Ibn-Jehaf to be murdered, or given up as a prisoner to the Christians, and should receive as a reward for his services the kingdoms of Valencia and Denia, together with the favour and protection of the Cid. But Ibn-Mushish had greatly over-rated his own strength, and whilst he was preparing his small circle of supporters for the treacherous attempt,

* This name depends on a conjecture of Dozy from the reading of the *Crónica del Cid* (Abenmoxiz). The *Crónica General*, the only other document that mentions the affair, reads Aboegid, which, as we have seen, generally stands for Ibn-Tahir. But Ibn-Tahir was at this time living in the Cid's camp. This is one among many small points that go to prove that the *Crónica del Cid* is not always, as Dozy calls it, a " miserable pastiche " of the *Crónica General*.

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news of the plot was brought to its intended victim. The ringleaders were arrested, apparently without a struggle, and were thrown into prison, where they were placed under the guardianship of two wealthy citizens whose fidelity to Ibn-Jehaf was supposed to be above suspicion. The prisoners, however, contrived to win over their guards by representing that their plot had been instigated by the King of Saragossa, to whom all the Valencians looked for deliverance. So lavish were they in their promises of reward in the event of the successful issue of their schemes that, at last, prisoners and guards together determined on seizing the citadel in which they were lodged. The citizens were apprised of this new danger in their midst by the beating of a drum in the fortress and by a proclamation made from a neighbouring minaret ordering them to assemble in the open space that lay before it.

Nobody obeyed this unauthorised summons, but it had the effect of throwing the city into a tumult. The garrison rushed to their stations on the walls, and private citizens began to barricade their houses, anxiously enquiring the while the cause of the alarm. Ibn-Jehaf was at first terror-struck, but, after receiving more certain information as to the small extent of the movement, he sent the soldiers who had assembled at his gate to arrest the mutineers. When the troops approached they found Ibn-Mushish and his few adherents standing at the gate of the fortress expecting the main body of the citizens to come to their aid. A smart attack routed them. Such as had not made good their escape were ar-

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rested and dragged with scoffing and mockery into the presence of Ibn-Jehaf. Ibn-Mushish was again imprisoned, some of the other ringleaders were beheaded, and a number of arrests of suspected persons throughout the city brought the unsuccessful attempt to an end.

A few days later Ibn-Mushish was sent, probably with the Cid's consent, through the Christian lines, on his way to Saragossa, where he was to be confronted with Al-mustain, whose name he had made use of in the prosecution of his plot. The envoys who went with him received instructions to await the escort of the relieving army promised by Al-mustain. In the meantime they were to learn from the Court favourites the exact state of the King's mind and to send regular reports to Valencia.

All this passing to and fro between the city and the outside world, shews that the blockade was not quite so strict as the chroniclers describe. In one matter, however, there was no relaxation; no food could be brought in for the starving inhabitants. The little corn that remained was sold by the pound and fetched almost its weight in gold. Soup, for the rich, was made from horn; the poor ate the flesh of their slain fellow-citizens. It was a common sight to see people fall dead from famine in the streets, and all the open spaces of the city were full of fresh graves containing two or more bodies. In the graphic Arabic expression, literally translated by the Spanish chronicler, the people were "in the waves of death," and such as could escape betook themselves to the Christian camp, regardless of the

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fate that awaited them. The Cid employed still greater severities than before, in order to check this practice, for he suspected that the authorities of the city encouraged this method of desertion in order to rid themselves of useless mouths.

His efforts in this direction were somewhat relaxed after a time, in consequence of a message he received from some of the principal inhabitants, urging him to break into the city by assault, and assuring him that no serious resistance would be offered by the exhausted defenders. Acting on this information he held a council of war, and the plan for a general attack was arranged. It would have been easier and more certain to wait until the famine completed its work, but the Almoravides still hovered like a dark cloud on the horizon, and the Cid preferred to be behind the shelter of the walls, rather than encamped on the open plain or quartered in the suburbs before risking an engagement with them.

On a certain day, the whole army was drawn up in battle array, and instructions how to act were given to each division. The main force of the assault was directed against the gate called Belsahanes. (the gate of the snake). The serried ranks of the Christians came up close under the walls, where they were received with a perfect hail of stones and arrows. This reception was the more unpleasant as it was unexpected. Huddled together as they were by their close formation, the soldiers suffered severely from the missiles. For an instant they wavered; immediately the gate was thrown open, and the desperate Saracens sallied forth upon them. So sharp

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and sudden was the attack that even the Cid himself was glad to take refuge in a bath-house hard by the wall. His men were driven still further back, and the door of the house was beset whilst the leader and his body-guard were within. Even in this plight the Cid's resource did not fail him. To attempt to cut his way out through the assailants, who surrounded the door, would have entailed much risk. He made his escape by piercing the wall at the back of the house. On returning to his camp, the Cid found that his losses, during his unsuccessful assault, had been considerable, and he cursed the hour in which he had been induced to act upon advice received from an enemy.

Being thus disagreeably convinced that the Valencians were still capable of defending themselves by force of arms, the Cid betook himself again to his policy of starvation. He caused proclamation to be made in the hearing of all the Saracens, who had come out from the city, ordering them to return at once under penalty of death. The same penalty was decreed against future offenders. But threats had little or no effect on men in such desperate case. The famished Saracens continued to let themselves down by ropes from the wall, and their captors, as far as possible, concealed the fact from their superior officers, in order that they might not be deprived of the scanty profits derived from the sale of the wretched creatures. Those who did fall into the hands of the Cid, found no mercy; they were burned alive in full view of the city walls, in order that their fate might serve as a warning to any who should

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feel disposed to follow their example. In the course of a single day, as many as eighteen were, we are told, thus executed. Others were worried by dogs or torn to pieces with pincers. The very soldiers made no account of their prisoners of either sex, unless they were young. The slave-market was glutted, but still the young found purchasers among the merchants, who made a profit by exporting them. Fiendish cruelty, had, however, found another means of making gain out of their calamities. Those who were believed to have wealthy relations within the city were hung in painful positions from the minarets without the walls, and were tortured and ill-treated until their distracted kinsmen were induced to pay large sums for their release, or still larger in order that they might be fraudulently enrolled among the body of Moslems who dwelt in ease and plenty at Alcudia under the Cid's protection.*

* The Kitab-al-Ictifa attributes these and other barbarities to the Moslem renegades who formed a large element in the Cid's forces.

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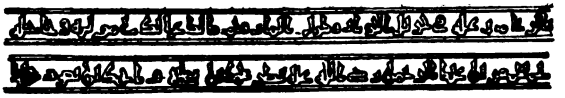

CHAPTER XII.

SURRENDER OF VALENCIA TO THE CID—ORGANISATION OF THE CITY UNDER HIS RULE.

1094–1097.

AFTER two months of this treatment Valencia was unable to hold out any longer. The utter destitution of the place is shewn in a detail recorded by the chronicler, who seems to delight in the minute exactitude of his information about the misery of the period. In all the once rich and powerful city only four beasts of burden, three horses and a mule, were left alive. All hope of relief from outside was at an end; even the kinsmen and guards of Ibn-Jehaf began to murmur at the hardships which they had naturally been the last to suffer. The best fed and richest of the citizens had scarcely strength left to march to their stations on the wall when the beating of the town drums gave notice that an attack was expected. Under these circumstances a deputation consisting of such of the chief men of the city as survived waited upon Al-wattan, a *faquih* of renown, begging him to remonstrate with Ibn-Jehaf on his heartless

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and useless obstinacy. Such representations, backed as they were by the accumulated wrath of the tortured people, were not to be disregarded, and Ibn-Jehaf "made up his mind to be humble and to do all that the people should think good." So at last he commissioned Al-wattan to act as intermediary between himself, the Cid, and the citizens, and to make such terms as he could for surrender.

Whilst the negotiations were going on, it happened that a convoy of provisions for the Cid's army passed close under the walls of Valencia. The starving Saracens seized their arms and rushed out to attempt to plunder it. They were beaten back with loss by its small escort led by a valiant captain named Martin Pelaez whose legend is related by the chroniclers. It illustrates the Cid's methods of dealing with his men and in part explains the unbounded influence he enjoyed among them. We use the words of the *Chronicle of the Cid* in which the story is interpolated in the midst of materials derived from Arabic sources.

"During the early days while the Cid was besieging Valencia there came to him this Martin Pelaez whom we have mentioned. He was a knight, and a native of Santillana in Asturias. He was moreover a gentleman of good stature, and stout of limb, and a goodly man, and a witty; but with all this he was sore cowardly at heart, as he had shown already on many occasions when he had chanced on feats of arms. And when he came to the camp the Cid was grieved, but would not let him see it, for he thought that he was not fit for his company.

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Nevertheless he resolved, since the man was there, to make a stout fellow of him and to put heart into him in spite of the ill promise that he gave. So when the Cid went up to harry the city twice or three times a day, as ye have heard in the history, for this happened at the beginning of the siege, every day there were single combats and courses were run, for the Cid was ever fortunate. So it befel one day at a certain place that the Cid came into a great melée with his kinsmen and friends and vassals. Our Martin Pelaez was well armed, but when he saw Christians and Moors on the point of attacking, he fled thence and betook himself to his lodging, and remained in hiding until the Cid returned to dinner. The Cid knew right well what Martin Pelaez had done, and when he had routed the Moors he straightway returned to his lodging to dine. And the Cid's wont was to eat by himself apart at a higher table, seated on his settle; and Don Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez and the other famous knights ate elsewhere at high tables with much honour. And no knight made bold to sit down with them, unless he were such as to deserve to be there. The other knights who were not so well approved in arms used to eat each one at a table presided over by a senior (*comian en estando* [estrado?] *en mesas de cabeçales.*) Such was the ordinance of the household of the Cid, and each one knew the place where he should sit him down to eat. And one and all strove with all their might to gain sufficient fame to sit down to eat at the table of Alvar Fañez and his company, and when

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the occasion offered in matters of arms they behaved right well. Thus they carried forward the honour of the Cid. Here the history relates that the knight, Martin Pelaez, thinking that none had seen his foul behaviour, washed his hands together with the others, and would have sat him down together with the rest of the knights. But the Cid came up to him and took him by the hand and said to him, 'Thou art not such as to deserve to sit down with these, for they are more honourable than thou or I. I would have thee eat with me, so do thou sit by me.' So he seated him at his side at the table. And Martin Pelaez with his scanty wit, thought that the Cid did this to honour him more than the others, so that day they dined thus. And the next day the Cid and his company went up against Valencia, and the Moors sallied forth to tilt with them. And Martin Pelaez came thither right well armed and was one of the first to strike the Moors, but at the very outset he turned his horse's head and went off homewards. But the Cid noted well all that he did, and saw that, although he behaved badly, he did better than the first day.

"So soon as the Cid had shut up the Moors within the city he came to his lodging, and when he was about to sit down to eat, he took Martin Pelaez by the hand and seated him at his side and bade him eat with him from the same dish, for he was better worthy that day than the former one. And the knight gave heed to those words and was ashamed, but he did as the Cid commanded. When he had dined he went to his lodging and began to reflect

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on the words that the Cid had spoken, and concluded that the Cid had seen on each occasion how badly he had behaved. Then he understood that this was the cause why he did not allow him to sit at table with the other knights who were famous warriors, and that he had bidden him sit by his own side rather to give him courage than to do him honour; for other knights were there present better than he, yet he paid no such honour to them. So he resolved to behave better than he had done up to that time. Here the history relates that the next day the Cid and his men and Martin Pelaez among them again went up against Valencia, and the Moors sallied forth to tilt with them right willingly, and Martin Pelaez was among the first and hewed away valiantly at the Moors, and straightway he unhorsed and slew a good knight, and thereupon he lost all the craven fear that had possessed him, and that day he proved himself to be one of the best knights on the field. And so long as the melée lasted he never left off slaying and wounding and unhorsing the Moors until they were driven back through the gates into the city, so that the Moors wondered at him and said, 'Whence has this devil sprung, for never before have we seen him here?' And the Cid was so placed that he saw all that he did, and he paid good heed to it, and right pleased was he that Martin Pelaez had forgotten all the craven fear which once held him. And when the Moors were shut up within the walls, the Cid and all his men returned to their lodging, and Martin Pelaez was

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very meek and quiet, and got him to his lodging like a good knight. When the dinner hour was come, the Cid awaited Martin Pelaez, and when he arrived, they washed their hands and the Cid took him by the hand and said to him: 'My friend, thou art no longer such as to deserve to sit with me from henceforth but sit thee down with Alvar Fañez and these good knights, for thy good deeds of arms which this day thou hast done make thee worthy to be their companion.' And from that day forward he was numbered among the company of the brave."

Ibn-Jehaf, as has already been related, entrusted all measures for obtaining peace to Al-wattan the *faquih*. The Cid, on his side, named his faithful follower and *almoxarife*, Ibn-Abdus, to act in his name, and sent him into the city to test the temper of the inhabitants, and see how far they were disposed to submit. After several interviews between the two parties, it was agreed as follows. That the Valencians should be allowed to send messengers to Al-mustain, King of Saragossa, and to Ibn-Ayisha, commander of the Almoravides, requesting them to come to the relief of the city within fifteen days; if within that peried no succour came, Valencia should be given up to the Cid, on the understanding that Ibn-Jehaf should retain his former authority and dignity (as Kadi) and that his person and property should be safe, and his wives and sons. Ibn-Jehaf, together with Ibn-Abdus, should act as joint administrators of the revenues of the city. The government and the keys of the gates should be en-

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trusted to Muza, a former officer of Yahya Al-kadir, who had taken service with the Cid and received the name of Don Yucan. The garrison of Valencia should consist of *muzárabes*, Christians who had been born and bred among the Moslems, and who were naturally regarded by them with less fear and jealousy than the fierce soldiery of the north. Finally it was stipulated that nothing should be altered in the privileges or customary usages of the city, that the coinage should not be debased, and that the Cid himself should continue to dwell at Cebolla.

These seem easy terms when we consider the age in which they were obtained, and the siege that had preceded the negotiations. But it is easy to make a verbal bargain with one who does not intend to pay, and the Cid, as we shall see, had no intention of carrying out his part of the agreement. The day after the truce was signed, the messengers started for Saragossa and Murcia, as arranged. It had been stipulated that each of them should be allowed to carry with him fifty gold pieces, and no more, for the expenses of the journey. But the Cid suspected that an attempt would be made to carry some part of the wealth of Valencia to a place of safety by the hands of the messengers. Those who were appointed to go to Murcia embarked in a Christian ship which was to convey them as far as Denia. Before they set sail, the Cid himself rode down to the shore and ordered them to be strictly searched for concealed treasure. A large amount of gold and precious stones, partly their own and partly entrusted to them by merchants, was found upon them. The

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whole of it was confiscated, with the exception of the fifty gold pieces allowed to each man.

During the next fortnight no fighting took place, but the people continued to starve. Such as had contrived, amid the misery of their fellows, and in spite of the rigorous searches instituted by Ibn-Jehaf, to retain a small store of corn, now sold it for exorbitant prices, after setting aside provision for the last few days of the siege. It is said that an unexpected amount of food was thus brought to light. Of the three remaining beasts of burden, one of the horses was sold for two hundred gold pieces, the seller receiving over and above ten pounds of its flesh. Even so, the purchaser must have realised a handsome profit, for the remainder fetched ten or twelve gold pieces a pound. The guards on the wall were maintained as before; they waited for the day of their release, "as one who waits to be set free from prison." At length the fifteen days expired, but the messengers had not yet returned, and Ibn-Jehaf, who seems to have some foreboding of the fate in store for him, besought the people to hold out some days longer, hoping against hope that help would come. It was asking the impossible, and the people angrily replied that they could bear their misery no longer. If there had been any hesitation it would have been speedily dissipated by a message which was now brought in from the Cid, peremptorily claiming that the city should be at once given up, according to agreement. He threatened that, by a single hour's delay, he should consider himself freed from all conditions, and would moreover slay the

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hostages, who had been placed in his hands as a pledge for their fulfilment.

Even so, the Valencians were imprudent enough to allow a day or two to pass before they surrendered. Then they went forth to beg the conqueror to enter into possession of his conquest. He received them angrily, saying that he had ceased to hold himself bound by the terms of the treaty, and that they must take the consequences of having been the first to break it. Threats, however, had little weight with men who had suffered as they had done, so "they placed themselves in his hands, to do with them as should seem good to him." Finally the Cid relented and bade them return next day to sign the final agreement under which the city should be surrendered. This concession was regarded as a favour, and on the fifteenth of June, 1094, Ibn-Jehaf and his Court came to the Cid's camp and formally gave up the keys. At midday the gates were thrown open and the famished people trooped forth. "It seemed as though they came forth from their graves," runs the Chronicle, "even as men say it will be at the proclamation of Azrael, on the Day of Judgement, when the dead shall come out from their sepulchres and appear before the majesty of God; such was the aspect of their faces."

Hard by the gate stood Ibn-Jehaf, the cause of all this misery, surrounded by a great company; but the Christians rushing in to plunder the city passed him by unheeded. Their first act was to break the treaty by mounting on the walls and towers that had so long held them in check. Ibn-Jehaf protested, but

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he protested in vain, for he had no force wherewith to make his nominal authority respected. As for the population of the city their only thought was to obtain food. A clamorous crowd of buyers surrounded those who had brought provisions for sale, from the abundance of Alcudia. "And those who lacked the means to buy ate the herbs of the field, and counted themselves for rich in that they went out as they would, and returned without fear." Their sufferings were, however, not yet at an end, for many died from eating imprudently after their long fast, "so that all the fields around the city were filled with graves."

On the following day the Cid made his entry into Valencia, escorted by his household and body-guard. He mounted the great tower on the wall, and thence beheld the whole city. The Saracens came and kissed his hands and bade him welcome. During the early days of his rule the Cid's whole conduct was directed to prevent one of those sudden and violent outbreaks of religious and race hatred to which Eastern peoples are peculiarly liable; so he made much of those who came to him. Out of respect for their susceptibilities and the privacy of their homes, he closed up all the windows of the towers that looked down into the interior of the city and on the flat roofs of the houses, for on them and in the interior courts which are everywhere found in the south of Spain the citizens were wont to take the air at evening with their families around them. The Cid actually went so far as to issue general orders to his people commanding and begging them to pay respect to

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the Moors and treat them with deference, saluting them as they passed in the streets. The recipients of these unexpected favours were much delighted—they must have come to the conclusion that the Cid's temper had changed, or that his reputation for cruelty was greatly exaggerated—and they declared that, "never had they seen so goodly and honourable a gentleman, nor one whose folk were so well in hand."

Now that others had fared so well in their interviews with the conqueror, Ibn-Jehaf determined to try his fortune. Mindful of his former mistake, and thinking he knew the sure method of securing a favourable reception, he began by extorting a large sum of money from those who had suddenly grown rich by the sale of provisions during the siege. This money he offered to the Cid. But the Cid knew whence it came, and, unwilling to accept as a gift what he considered already as his own, refused to receive it. Ibn-Jehaf's hopes sank; he could do nothing to secure the favour of the haughty victor.

Shortly after this event, proclamation was made in the Cid's name, ordering the chief men of the city and the governors of the dependent castles to meet him in the gardens of Villanueva, where he dwelt. On their arrival they found carpets spread for them to seat themselves and were received with all due honour by their conquerors. When they were all assembled, the Cid took his place on his settle and, "after many good parables and much sound advice," spoke as follows: "I am a man who never owned a

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kingdom, nor did ever any of my lineage,* but from the day that I first beheld this city I ever took delight in it and longed to be its master; and I besought our Lord that he would give it to me. And look now how great is his power; on the day that I pitched my camp over against Cebolla I had only four loaves, yet such favour has God shewn me that I have won Valencia. Thus, then, if I do rightly and justly towards her, God will allow me to enjoy her; but if I do not rightly towards her, God will take her away from me right quickly and straightway. Therefore I command each one of you to go to the lands which you inherited from your fathers, even as you were wont to possess and enjoy them. And let him who shall find his land untilled take possession at once without further delay; and he who shall find his land sown and tilled, let him pay the cost of the tillage, and of the seed, and become master of his property. Moreover, I command those whose duty it is to collect the taxes for me that they do you no grievance nor take from you more than a tithe, as the custom of the Moslems enjoins and as is your usage. I have purposed in my heart to listen to your complaints on two days of each week, Monday and Thursday, but if suits should arise that call for immediate decision, come when you will and I will decide them for you. For I do not live retired with women in revelry and feasting, as is the custom of your great men, so that you may not come in to them when you will. But I wish to see everything

* In the *Chronicle of the Cid* this sentence reads, "But I am of the lineage of kings." Such alterations are significant.

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with my my own eyes, and I will be a companion to you and will protect you as my friends ; and I will be governor and magistrate (*alcalde e alguacil*) ; and when any complaint shall come before me, I will set it right."

At this point the Saracens could scarcely believe their ears. Unable any longer to contain their gladness, they cried aloud, praying God to preserve the Cid for his service many and happy years. Four of the most honourable among them rose from their seats and kissed his hand. The Cid bade them return to their places, and went on with his speech: "It has been brought to my notice how Abenjaf (Ibn-Jehaf) did much evil and wrong to many among you, and deprived you of your possessions in order to give them to me; taking them from you under the plea that you sold provisions for a great price during the siege. But I would not accept such a present, for I was assured that he did you wrong, and if it were my purpose to get your money, I myself would take it, and would not order him nor any other to take it, for never will I do so unseemly an action as to take any man's goods without right justice. As for those who traded profitably and sold their property at a good price, I am well content that they should have the advantage of it, and I command that Abenjaf restore all that he took of their property straightway without more ado. It is my will that you make a covenant and an oath to me to do what I am about to bid you, and you must not deceive me nor attempt to evade it, but must obey my command in everything, for my purpose is

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to love you and to devote myself to you. For I am sore grieved at all the misery and suffering you have endured when you bought corn at a thousand pieces of silver the measure; but I trust in God that I shall bring down its price to one piece of silver the measure. So strive to till your lands and to tend your cattle in security, for I have enjoined upon my people that they do you no wrong nor come into the city to buy and to sell, but that they dwell at Alcudia. And this I bid them do in order that you may receive no annoyance. I order that, no man be made prisoner within the city,* and if any be made prisoner, it is my will that you rescue him without incurring blame. If any man resist you in so doing, kill him without fear. I myself do not propose to enter your city, nor do I wish to dwell there, but I wish to make, over the gate of the bridge of Alcántara, a lodging to which I may go at times to take my ease."

After speaking thus the Cid dismissed his audience, and they withdrew in great glee, fully trusting his promises, and thinking to be compensated for the evil days they had passed. They betook themselves at once to their farms outside the walls; but here a rude awakening awaited them. Those whose lands were lying fallow were allowed to take peaceable possession, but the Christians who had tilled the rest refused to give them up, saying that they held them from the Cid, who had bestowed them as part of the pay of the recipients. So the Moors waited

* This probably alludes to the seizure of Moslems who had been enslaved during the siege and had afterwards escaped.

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patiently till the following Thursday—the day that the Cid had appointed for holding his court,—thinking to find speedy redress as he had promised. They had not foreseen that all the promises had been made and all the fair words spoken merely in order to produce a momentary tranquillity which should enable their new master quietly to appoint his officers for the government of the city, and to take measures for punctual collection of the taxes, and instant repression of all disorder.

When Thursday came, all those who had a grievance that required redress betook themselves to the garden of Villanueva and awaited the promised audience. Their surprise was great when a messenger came out to inform them that the Cid was unable to listen to them that day, but bade them return on the following Monday. A little time was thus gained for the consolidation of his power, and when the Monday came, and brought the perplexed Saracens to his gate, the Cid felt himself strong enough to throw off the mask and give them some inkling of his real intentions. He appeared in person, seated on his settle, and they laid their just complaints before him. He listened patiently, we are told, till they had finished, and then he began to tell them some "parables and arguments" that were nothing like what he had said at their first meeting. "I ask your advice," he said; "is it good that I should be left without my men? For if I be left without them I shall be like a man who has a right arm but has lost his left, and like a bird without wings, and like a warrior without lance or sword. Thus, then, the

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first matter I must see to is the matter of my men, to contrive how they may live in well-being and honour, so that they may serve me, and maintain my honour. For since God has granted me the city of Valencia, I cannot permit that there should be any other lord but myself. Therefore, I bid and order you, if you wish to stand well with me so that I continue to shew you favour, that you take measures to deliver over to me the traitor Ibn-Jehaf, for you know how he slew the King that was his lord and yours, and how much suffering and misery he made you bear during the late siege. So it is not right that a traitor, who slew his lord should dwell among you, for his treason would confound your loyalty. See then that you fulfil my command."

The Saracens were greatly alarmed to see the promises which were the only guarantee of their safety thus openly violated. But they gave a soft answer, saying that they would consult about the matter laid before them, and return with their reply. After due deliberation, thirty of them went to Ibn-Abdus the *almoxarife*, a person well acquainted with the Cid and his ways, and besought him to advise them loyally for their good. "For," they said, "even if we wish to disobey him, the time for that is past, and we cannot in any wise go against his bidding." Ibn-Abdus, of course, acted as the Cid wished him to act. "This matter," he said, "is an easy one to decide. Ibn-Jehaf slew his master and brought unspeakable misery on his fellow-citizens. Any master, even the Cid himself, though he fail to fulfil his promises, and though he oppress you some-

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what, is better than he. Fate has overtaken him, give him up and thus avoid a quarrel with the Cid, who is now an old man,* and will shortly die, and then we shall enter into possession of our city as before."

After this an answer was at once sent to the Cid promising compliance with his command. A large body of armed men was got together and Ibn-Jehaf's house was attacked. The doors were speedily broken down, the assailants rushed in and the former Kadi and all his family were made prisoners and dragged into the presence of the Cid. They were immediately placed in close custody, together with all others who were known to have taken part in the murder of Yahya Al-kadir.

Having attained his purpose, the Cid thus addressed the chief men of the city: "Since you have carried out my orders, I am pleased to grant you as a boon any matter that you consider it just that I concede to you. Tell me then what you wish and I will do what I consider to be just in the case, provided only that I be permitted to dwell in the city of Valencia, in the *Alcazar*, and that my men garrison all the fortresses of the city." The Saracens concealed their rage and disappointment as best they could, and submitted to their fate. Then the Cid promised to maintain all their usages and the observances of their religion assuring them that, in this respect, they might ask all they would, and it

* The Chronicles from which this account is taken represent the Cid as being about sixty-four years old at this time. He was probably much younger.

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should be granted to them. He told them, however, again, that he was resolved to be absolute master. He would have them till their farms and tend their cattle, and he promised to take from them nothing more than the tithe as their own law prescribed. So the Saracens took such comfort as they could from the consideration that life would be, at any rate, more tolerable than under Ibn-Jehaf's rule, provided they were left in the enjoyment of their property and the free exercise of their religion.

They besought as the promised boon that the governor whom the Cid had appointed immediately after the surrender of Valencia, should be continued in the exercise of his functions; that a popular *faquih* should be Kadi, and that assistant magistrates should be appointed for the administration of justice, so that the Cid himself might not be at the trouble of hearing their lawsuits day by day. They bound themselves to appeal to him on any matter of unusual importance requiring decision. The Cid, after granting their request, took up his residence in the citadel, his banner floated from the highest tower, the walls were manned by his soldiers. There was no longer any need for concealment and he declared himself openly for what he was, the independent Prince of Valencia.

Ibn-Jehaf was pursued with a ruthless cruelty that not even his crimes nor the barbarity of the age can excuse. In truth the severity exercised towards him had its source rather in avarice than in love of justice, or the natural longing for revenge. He was taken to Cebolla and there tortured, till he came

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wellnigh to death. He was then brought back to the Cid's garden at Villanueva and compelled to write with his own hand an inventory of the riches that had once been his, the rings and collars of which he had become possessed by the murder of King Yahya, and the precious furniture of his house. He noted also faithfully the debts owing to him, but he stated falsely the amount of his wealth in coined money.

This document failed to satisfy the rapacity of his captors. The Cid required him to state on oath in the presence a body of his fellow-countrymen, that the list he had drawn up represented the whole of his property. The wretched prisoner, to whom the liberty for which he longed would have been useless unless he retained some of his money, swore that the list was a complete one. By the Cid's orders the houses of all the friends of the fallen tyrant were searched. The owners were threatened with death and confiscation of all their property if they concealed anything belonging to Ibn-Jehaf. Such was the terror inspired by the threat that even those whose consciences were wholly clear in the matter, sought to avoid suspicion and to gain the Cid's favour by bringing to him sums of money, saying, "Ibn-Jehaf placed this in our charge, promising that if he should escape with his life he should share it with us." In Ibn-Jehaf's house too, the minute search carried out by tearing up the floors brought to light a large amount of gold and precious stones.

This discovery greatly pleased the Cid, for, over and above the money which he confiscated to his

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own use, he considered that he had gained the right of treating Ibn-Jehaf as a perjured man. He summoned to the citadel the Moslems, in whose presence the oath had been taken, and he "sat right nobly on his settle" and ordered Ibn-Jehaf and the other prisoners to be brought before him. A mock trial was about to take place, a trial in which the sentence was decided before the prisoner was placed in the dock. All due solemnity was observed. The Cid called the Kadi of the city—a creature of his own—to declare, according to the law of the Moslems, what penalty was incurred by a perjurer and by one who slew his legitimate sovereign. The Kadi declared that the punishment for such an one was stoning. The other Moslems present confirmed the sentence, saying, "Our verdict according to our law is this," but they were careful to add, "do thou with him as seemeth thee best. We beg thee, nevertheless, to have pity on his son, who is a child, and to set him free, for he has no share in his father's guilt." The Cid granted their petition, declaring that "for the love he bore them" he pardoned the child. He gave orders, however, that he should at once quit the city for he would not permit the son of a traitor to dwell within the walls. This he did probable because the clan and friends of the father were still powerful enough to be dangerous at a future time if they found a chief round whom to group themselves.

As for Ibn-Jehaf and all the others who had been sharers of his guilt, the Cid ordered them to be stoned, according to the verdict of their fellow-

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countrymen.* The chronicles from which comes almost all our information as to the details of the conquest of Valencia, relate that this sentence was carried out, and that Ibn-Jehaf was stoned, together with a number of accomplices. Unfortunately for the Cid's reputation, we learn from Arabic sources of unquestioned authority—the historians, Ibn-Bessam, Ibn-Al-Abbar, and Al-makkari,—that Ibn-Jehaf's punishment was carried out with circumstance of the utmost barbarity. A hole was dug in the earth, the wretched man was placed in it, and faggots were piled up round about. When the faggots were lighted, Ibn-Jehaf resolved to atone for a bad life by a courageous death. Supported by the fatalism of his race, he pronounced the usual invocation, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful." He then with his own hands drew the blazing wood nearer to his body, so as to be the sooner rid of his sufferings.

Even this did not satisfy the Cid's cruel longing for vengeance on his fallen foes. Many of Ibn-Jehaf's friends underwent a similar punishment; the same fate, we are told, would have overtaken his wives, his children, and the whole of his kin, had not the Cid been checked by the loudly expressed horror of his people. The stain of cruelty attaching to the Cid's character is made all the darker by the fact that this atrocious deed was not carried out in

* Dozy states that he knows of no Moslem law that enjoins stoning for such a case. He places at this point the failure of the Arabic source which supplies the narrative of the *Crónica General* in treating of the affairs of Valencia.

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the first flush of conquest, but after deliberately holding his enemy a captive for some months and repeatedly torturing him with a view to extorting money from him. Ibn-Jehaf's sufferings and hideous end conferred upon him the dignity of a martyr in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen. Subsequent events led to his being considered as a patriot who had died for the national cause. Even Ibn-Tahir who had been his bitter enemy during his life speaks of him in a letter that has come down to us in terms of admiration and respect.

The Cid now proceeded to issue regulations for the intercourse between Christians and Moslems. He thus addressed a meeting of the chief men of Valencia in the *Alcazar:* "Nobles of the assembly of Valencia, you know what aid and protection I lent to your lord Yahya, the King, and to yourselves up to the time of his death. I sorrowed greatly over him and I sought to avenge his death, as you are aware, and I endured much toil to gain Valencia. And since it has pleased God that I should be lord over her, I would have her for myself and for those who helped me to win her, saving only my duty to King Don Alfonso of Castille, my lord, whom may God maintain many happy years for his service.* Thus then, all of you are in my power, to do with you as I would, your persons, your property, and your wives, and your sons. But I do not exact so much, and it is my will that the honourable men among you continue to dwell in the city in your houses with all your company; and you shall continue to

* This allusion to the King of Castille is almost certainly spurious.

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possess all your lands; but none of you shall own more than one beast of burden; and you shall not bear arms, nor possess them except at my bidding. All the rest of the people shall quit the city and shall dwell at Alcudia where I formerly lodged. And it is my will that you have two mosques, one in the city and the other in the suburbs, and that you have priests (*alfaquihs*) and practise your religion, and that you have your ecclesiastical and civil magistrates as I have appointed them. And I bid you possess your property and do me service by paying to me the tithe of the fruits. Justice shall be in my hands and I shall order money to be coined of such kind as I shall appoint. So let those of you who desire to remain with me in this my government remain, and let the rest get them gone and welcome, their persons only (*i. e.* taking no property with them). I will give directions that they be brought to a place of safety."

Thus with a word the Cid banished the greater part of the inhabitants of Valencia, and reduced the rest to a state of even more complete dependence than before. So numerous were those who were obliged to quit their homes, that for two whole days the crowd streamed continuously through the gate that led to Alcudia. As they passed out the Christians entered. This seemingly harsh measure is justified by the dangers by which the Cid was still surrounded, though the numerous breaches of faith that led up to it cannot be excused. An Almoravide army which had been brought over with the avowed intention of rescuing the country from the oppress-

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ion of its tyrants, both Christian and Saracen, was still in the immediate neighbourhood; the Cid could not hope to be left for long in the undisputed enjoyment of his conquest. With the Valencians alone he knew himself to be well able to cope, but should he be attacked from outside, they might seriously impede his actions. They would, as he well knew, be ready to make common cause with his enemies on the first sign of weakness on his part. The danger he had anticipated found him fully prepared, and when at last he met the dreaded Almoravides in the field, it was only to add another to the long list of his victories.

So soon as news was brought to King Yusuf in Africa of the fall of Valencia, he commissioned Ibn-Ayisha, the commander of his forces in Spain, to retake the city. A formidable army was collected, and, marching up unopposed to Valencia, it prepared to inflict on her a second siege. For ten days the Cid lay behind his walls watching the enemy, who had advanced as near as the gardens of Villanueva, where he formerly dwelt. Then he burst forth upon them and routed them. The pursuit of the flying Moslems, says the chronicler, was kept up as far as Játiva, where fifteen thousand of them were drowned in the river.

The old *Poema del Cid* gives a much fuller account of this event which, though largely made up of legendary elements, may serve to supplement in some particulars the meagre outline supplied by the chroniclers.

"I will tell you tidings of the lands beyond the

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sea, of the King Yusef who dwells in Morocco. Sore vexed was the King of Morocco with my Cid, Don Rodrigo. 'He has broken violently into my lands and small thanks does he give save only to Jesus Christ.' The King of Morocco assembled his hosts, with fifty times a thousand men-at-arms, right well were they equipped. They set sail upon the sea, into their ships they have entered. They are going to Valencia to seek my Cid, Don Rodrigo. The ships have come to port and they have sallied forth. To Valencia they came, the land my Cid has conquered. They pitched their tents, the infidel folk have camped. These tidings are come to my Cid. 'Now thanks be to the Creator and to the father of souls (*padre espirital*). All the wealth that I have is here before my eyes. With toil did I win Valencia and she is my fief. Except at death's bidding I cannot give her up. I thank my Maker and S. Mary Mother that I have here with me my daughters and my wife. Great gladness (*deliçio*) has come to me from lands beyond the sea. I will get me to arms, no other way is left. My daughters and my wife shall see me in the fray; they shall see how homes are won in this heathen land, yea, well shall they behold how their daily bread is gained!' He led his daughters and his wife up into the *Alcazar*. They raised their eyes and saw the tents pitched. 'Heaven save thee, Cid, what is this?' 'Good wife, fear nothing. Riches are these to increase our store right marvellous and grand. As soon as thou art come they wish to make us a present. They are bringing us a dower so that we

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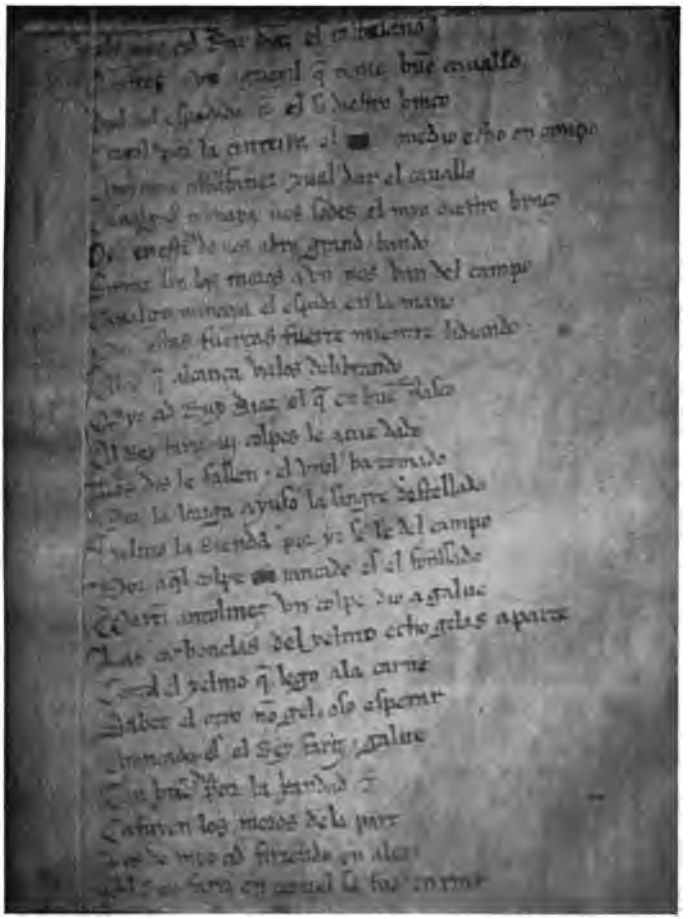

FACSIMILE OF MS. POEMA DEL CID.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF MARQUES DE VIDAL.

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may give our daughters to wed.' 'I thank thee for it, Cid, and the Father of Souls.' Wife, sit thou in the palace or, if thou wilt, in the *Alcazar*, and be not afraid when thou seest me in the fight. By the grace of God and of Saint Mary Mother my heart is lifted up now that I have thee before my eyes.' Pitched are the tents and the morning dawns; the drums were sounding hastily. Glad was my Cid and thus he spoke: 'A good day is to-day. My wife is sore afraid and her heart is nigh to breaking, in like case are her ladies and my daughters both of them: from the day that they were born never felt they such fear.' The good Cid Campeador laid hand on his beard: 'Be not afraid, for all is for your good. Within the next fortnight, if it please my Maker, those drums shall be placed before you and you shall see how they are made. Afterwards they shall be given to Bishop Don Hieronimo and shall be hung in the Church of S. Mary, Mother of the Creator.' Glad are the ladies and their fear is passing away. The Moors of Morocco ride right bravely; in through the garden-grounds boldly they came. The watchman saw them and he rang his bell. Ready are the hosts of the Christian folk. Heartily they donned their arms and from the town they sped. So soon as they met the Moors they fell upon them. They drove them from the garden grounds, my faith, in royal style; right up to the camp was the pursuit continued. Great deeds had they done, and then they rode away. Alvar Salvadores was left a prisoner behind. Back to my Cid are come those who eat of his bread. He had be-

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held it with his eyes and now they tell it before him. Glad is my Cid for all that they have done. 'Hearken to me, my knights, it shall be even as I say. A good day is to-day but to-morrow shall be better. Be ye all armed at dawn before it is light. Mass shall be sung to us and get ye straight to horse; Bishop Don Hieronimo shall shrive us clean. We will go to smite them in the name of the Creator and of the apostle Saint Iague (James). Better is it that we should conquer them than that they should seize the land.' Then said they all, 'Gladly and willingly.' Out spake Minaya, no longer would he stay, 'Since thus thou wouldst have it, Cid, bid thou me otherwise. Give me a hundred and thirty knights for the needs of battle. When ye shall go to smite them, I will break in on the other side. On one side or on the other God will come to our aid.' Then said the Cid, 'Right willingly.' The day has departed and the night is come. The Christian folk are not slow to make them ready. The cocks had not ceased crowing and the dawn was not yet come when already Bishop Don Hieronimo was saying mass to them. When the mass was said, he shrived them clean. 'He who shall perish here with his face to the foe, his sins I take upon me and God will receive his soul. For thee, Cid Don Rodrigo, who in happy hour didst gird on sword, have I sung the mass this morning. I beg of thee a boon and let it be granted me, that the first blows of this battle be mine to give and take.' Then said the Campeador, 'From this hour be they thine.' They all passed out armed

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by the towers of Valencia. Wisely did my Cid admonish his men. They leave at the gates men of tried prudence. My Cid sprang up on Babieca, his horse; well was he armed with all his harness. They bore the banner out, and from Valencia they sallied forth, four thousand save thirty are in the company of my Cid. Right willingly they go to smite the fifty thousand. Alvar Álvarez and Minaya Alvar Fañez broke upon them from the other side. So it pleased God that they routed them. My Cid wielded his lance and laid hand to his sword. So many of the Moors did he slay that they could not be counted, and from his elbow down the blood kept dripping. Three strokes he gave to the King Yusef. From beneath the sword he escaped, for his horse was very swift. He took refuge in Guiera, a noble castle. My Cid, he of Bivar, came hither in pursuit, with others in his train of his stout vassals. Thence returned he who was born in happy hour. Well was he pleased with the hunting of that day. Dearly did he prize Babieca from head to tail. The fifty thousand (slain) were counted one and all; there escaped not more than a hundred and four. The liegemen of my Cid have sacked the camp. What with gold and silver they found three thousand marks. Of other precious stuff no count could be taken. Joyful is my Cid and all his vassals that God had shewed such favour to them that they had conquered in the field. When thus they had routed the King of Morocco, he left Alvar Fañez to take account of everything. With a hundred knights he made his entry into Valencia. All wrinkled was his

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brow, for he was disarmed. Thus he entered on Babieca, sword in hand. The ladies gave him greeting, for they were awaiting him. My Cid drew rein before them and stopped his horse. 'I do you reverence, ladies, great honour have I won you. Whilst you held Valencia I have conquered in the field. Thus did God will with all His saints since at your coming they have given us so rich a booty. You see my sword all bloody and my horse bathed in sweat. Thus and thus only are Moors conquered in the field. Pray ye to God that he grant you some years of life: to honour shall you come and men shall kiss your hands.'"

Having by this great victory freed himself for the moment from all fear of attack, the Cid set about strengthening his position in Valencia. The first matter that called for attention was the alarming increase of desertions among his own men. These soldiers of fortune had rapidly grown rich beyond their fondest hopes in the wealthy south, where in a few years they had plundered the stores that the industrious Saracens had taken centuries to collect. Having now had enough of the dangerous service, they wished to return to their homes to enjoy their booty in peace. In thus doing they were, perhaps, within their right (see Appendix II.), but the Cid was not the man to allow his strength to be sapped little by little, while he could prevent it by fair means or by foul; he was moreover practically an independent prince. He caused a muster to be made of all the Christians in Valencia and the name of each to be enrolled. Unfortunately the chronicles

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on which we depend for our information in this particular are untrustworthy, and specially so in the matter of figures. The older account puts the number of the Cid's forces at one thousand knights of gentle birth; fifteen thousand horsemen—probably light cavalry;—and four thousand footmen. The *Chronicle of the Cid* mentions one thousand five hundred knights, five hundred and fifty other horsemen, and five thousand and fifty footmen, without counting the camp-followers and other non-combatants. The latter numbers look more like truth, particularly as regards the footmen. It is probable that the cavalry consisted for the most part of poor gentlemen—almost all who bore arms were counted as such—who had been drawn southwards by the fame of the Cid's exploits. As for the footmen, we know, in spite of the efforts of patriotic Spanish historians to disprove the fact that a large proportion of the Cid's armies was composed of Saracen mercenaries.

After the people had been duly numbered an edict was issued that any Christian found leaving Valencia without the Cid's permission would forfeit his life, as well as the whole of his property. Within the city a regular system of military discipline was observed. A code of signals was established by means of bells. Different peals brought different divisions at once under arms; a general tocsin turned out the whole garrison, each to his appointed station on the walls.

About this time (1095), the Cid's dominions were extended and strengthened by the capture of Olocau,

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where a considerable portion of the treasure that had formerly belonged to King Yahya was found hidden away. The neighbouring fortress of Serra was soon afterwards added to the list of his conquests. Thus the frontier was protected by strong military positions and leisure was secured for further annexations in the direction of the important stronghold of Murviedro.

In the meantime the Cid turned his attention to ecclesiastical matters. The chronicle relates that the news of the defeat of the Almoravides brought back to Valencia its bishop, Don Hieronimo, and that the city was now divided into nine parishes, the chief of which was dedicated to St. Peter, to whom and to his shrines at Cardeña and Arlança the Cid paid special devotion. The *chanson de geste*, as we have seen, represents this same bishop as fighting against the Almoravides at the head of his flock. Both accounts are equally untrue. It was not till the Cid was firmly established in Valencia that a bishopric was created. The first bishop was this same Hieronimus or Gerónimo, about whom so many tales are told. He was one of the French friars who had been brought over by Blanche, the French wife of King Alfonso for the purpose of reforming the Spanish Church and establishing the Roman instead of the ancient Muzárabic or Spanish ritual. (See Appendix III.)

When Gerónimo the French monk arrived at Valencia, he found the remains of an old *muzdrabe* Christian congregation centred round the Church of San Vicente de la Roqueta outside the walls where

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they had been permitted by the Moslems to carry out the observances of their religion. Gerónimo undoubtedly introduced the new ritual among them. Whether he met with much opposition or not we do not know. The rest of the story of this bishop, as far as it is known, is told in a few words. He continued to reside in Valencia until, two years after the Cid's death, the city was abandoned by Doña Jimena. He then accompanied the body of the Cid on its northward journey, and afterwards became Bishop of Salamanca.

The Cid, now at the height of his power, lived at Valencia in oriental magnificence. He was far from being so intolerant a Christian as he is represented to have been by those who in later times reflected the spirit of their own age upon that which they were describing. He retained in important positions in his service many Moslems who were useful to him in his dealings with his subjects. The portion of the chronicle that deals with the latter part of his life professes to have been written by a Saracen who had gained his confidence and was afterwards baptised under the name of Gil Diaz. The Cid had probably learned the Arabic language during his long residence at Saragossa; that he was acquainted with it is certain. So far from treating with contempt his Saracen neighbours and vassals, he loved to have read to him the exploits of the great heroes of their race, "and when" says an Arabic chronicler, "they came to the story of Muhallab, his delight was extreme and he was filled with wonder and admiration."

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His ideas and ambitions had widened since the days when he fought single-handed in the lists as the champion of his King. Much toil and many wounds had considerably impaired his formerly robust health, but he still dreamed of adding to his dominions all that part of Spain which yet remained in the hands of the infidels. He was heard by an acquaintance of Ibn-Bessam, the historian, "when his covetousness was strong upon him and his passionate longing was torturing him" to express the ambitious hope that as one Rodrigo had lost Spain another would win it back.

Old enemies began to seek for reconciliation with so powerful a neighbour. In 1094 died Sancho, King of Aragon. His son Pedro, who had before his father's death assumed the title of King of Sobrarbe and Ribagorza, was petitioned by his subjects on his accession to the crown of Aragon to enter into an alliance with the Cid. Accordingly he wrote to propose to the conqueror of Valencia an offensive and defensive alliance. To the Cid, whose tranquillity was disturbed by the presence of the Almoravides in his neighbourhood, the offer was very welcome. A meeting between the two principals was arranged at Burriana, on the coast, and terms equally advantageous to either party were agreed upon.

It is at this period in the Cid's career that the chroniclers place a famous legend connected with his name, that of the marriage of his daughters with the Counts of Carrion, their desertion by their husbands, and the Cid's vengeance for the insult put upon him. Many of the persons and all the events

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mentioned in it are purely imaginary. The portraits it contains of real personages are so distorted that it is hard to recognise them. The Cid had really two daughters but they did not bear the names given to them in the legend. The very existence of these Counts of Carrion is denied.* Nevertheless, the story is very ancient, as old as the twelfth century, and it has so important a bearing upon the esteem in which the Cid was held during the centuries when the legend was looked on as history that it cannot be passed over.

* I have, however, seen the signature Count Petrus de Carrion on a charter of Alfonso VI., dated 1088, and preserved in the Archives of the cathedral of Burgos.

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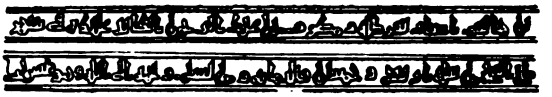

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LEGEND OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE CID'S DAUGHTERS WITH THE COUNTS OF CARRION.

1095–1097.

THE legendary history of the Cid tells how his wife, Jimena, and his two daughters, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, were released from their imprisonment by King Alfonso, the event being placed shortly after the taking of Valencia. Great were the rejoicings at their arrival in the city and when, about the same time, the Cid won a great battle against King Junez of Morocco, he bethought him to shew his gratitude for the favour Alfonso had shewn him by sending him part of the spoil. (See Appendix II.) So he chose out three hundred of the best horses and sent them together with the splendid tent of the African monarch by the hands of Pero Bermudez and Alvar Fañez to Castille.

When they came near to Valladolid, where the King chanced to be, they sent forward a messenger to give him notice of their coming. The King bade them wait outside the city till the next day; then he rode out to meet them accompanied by his nobles

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among whom were the Infantes of Carrion, Diego and Fernando, the sons of Count Don Gonzalo. So Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez kissed the King's hands and told him of the good fortune of the Cid and how he had sent him the three hundred horses, each with a sword at the saddle-bow, as a proof of his loyalty and gratitude. The King declared that never had vassal sent so goodly a present to his lord; but when he saw the tent he was still more delighted. He caused it to be set up and entered into it and admired the curiously carved tent-pole and the tent-ropes of silk and gold. To the messengers of the Cid he shewed great favour and gave them honourable lodging in the city, providing amply for their wants during their stay.

All this had been closely marked by the Infantes of Carrion and they bethought them that, since the Cid was so wealthy and was held in such honour by the King, it would be well for them to share his good fortune and become his heirs by marrying his daughters. The Cid, they considered, was certainly not their equal in noble descent, but for the moment, their covetousness overrode all such considerations, and they begged the King in private to exercise his right and to marry them to Doña Elvira and Doña Sol. The King replied that the affair concerned the Cid more than himself, but he promised them his help; so they kissed his hands and went their way. The King sent for Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez, and when they came before him, he praised the Cid warmly and said that he greatly desired to see him. He bade them tell him that the King requested an

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interview at Requena, where he would communicate to him something concerning his honour. He moreover bade them inform the Cid that the Counts of Carrion wished to marry his daughters, and that the marriage would seemingly be an advantageous one. The Cid's messengers assured the King that their master would obey him in everything, and straightway they set out on their return to Valencia.

They were met outside the city by the Cid himself, who was impatient to hear what they would have to say. When they told him the news he reflected for a while and then he asked, "What seemeth you of this wedding?" They replied, "Whatever is good in your eyes." He answered: "I will tell you my mind. The Infantes of Carrion are of very lofty blood, and proud, and frequenters of the Court; but though my daughters would be well married if they should have them for husbands, I am not well pleased at the thought of it. Nevertheless, since our lord, the King, has mentioned it, if he should advise it, we can do no otherwise in the matter, so I place it in the hands of God that he may do therein as shall please him. Doña Jimena, like a prudent mother, shared her husband's opinion but was, like him, convinced of the necessity of obedience to the King. Letters were straightway sent off to Castille fixing the date of the interview in the third week after the King should receive them. At Valladolid and at Valencia preparations went merrily forward to make as good a show as possible on the great occasion.

The King was accompanied to the meeting by the

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Infantes of Carrion and other nobles in brilliant array. The Cid's band was no less magnificent though somewhat more severe in aspect; his knights rode all armed as was befitting by reason of the hostile or half-pacified country through which they had to pass. The King was already encamped at Requena before the appointed day, and when he learned that the Cid was approaching he rode forth a full league to meet him. The Cid would have dismounted from his horse to kiss his Sovereign's foot but the King forbade it saying, "Cid, the hand is enough, not the foot." So the Cid kissed both his hands, and the King embraced him and kissed him to do him honour.

All this was noticed by the Cid's enemies among the courtiers, and particularly by Garcia Ordoñez, who now added jealousy to his hatred. But the two rode on past them all regardless of their murmuring and entered the city talking confidentially. The King bade his visitor be his guest that night, and when he came to the banquet he would have had him sit at the same table with himself. But the Cid refused out of humility and dined at a high table in company with his enemy Garcia Ordoñez, Count Don Gonzalo, and the other great nobles. As he sat at table the King was never weary of admiring his noble presence and the beard (see note, p. 355) that had grown so long in so short a time. The next day the King dined with the Cid, and when the Infantes saw the sumptuous feast and the splendid gold and silver vessels in which it was served, they were more than ever eager to carry out their scheme.

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On the following morning, after a solemn mass sung by the Bishop, the serious business of the conference was entered upon, and the King formally asked the Cid's daughters in marriage for the Counts. The Cid tried to excuse himself, alleging their tender age, but the King would take no refusal, so at length the Cid submitted with the best grace he could. The Infantes of Carrion were summoned and kissed the hands of their future father-in-law, who presented to them the two famous swords that he had won in battle, Tizona and Colada. The Cid, however, was anxious that the whole of the responsibility of a marriage which he considered dangerous, should rest with the King, so he besought him to name someone to give the brides away. The King called Alvar Fañez and said to him: "You are the uncle of these damsels; I command you that when you come to Valencia you receive the damsels, daughters of the Cid, whom he will hand over to you, taking them at my hand, and that you give them as brides to the Infantes of Carrion."

For eight days the Cid remained with the King at Requena, and then he took his leave, accompanied by a brilliant throng, for he had asked and received permission for all who would to go to Valencia to take part in the wedding festivities. Even before reaching home the Cid had further reason to be dissatisfied with the match that had been thrust upon him. Pero Bermudez, who had been appointed to escort the Infantes and to report their behaviour, gave an unfavourable account of his charges. Their insolent haughtiness shewed itself on every occasion,

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and was encouraged by their uncle, Suero Gonzalez, who accompanied them. Still the Cid hoped for the best, and, on their arrival, he gave them splendid lodging in Alcudia, where he himself had lived before he gained possession of the city.

On the day of the betrothal the *alcazar* was nobly decked with hangings of gold and brocade, and the Cid made his entrance with the Infantes on either side of him, the rest of the company following behind. Doña Jimena and her daughters rose to greet them, and each took his seat as befitted his rank. After a pause the Cid arose and called upon Alvar Fañez to fulfil the commission he had received from the King; at the same time he bade those present bear witness that it was the King who gave the ladies in marriage, and not he. So they were solemnly betrothed, and the wedding was fixed for the next day, when it was celebrated with all pomp by the Bishop. The wedding-feasts lasted seven days, with bull-fighting, hurling at the hoarding, and matches at the *jereed*; the minstrels received rich gifts for the songs and music with which they contributed to the general merriment. Never was such a wedding seen; when the guests took their leave, simple and noble alike received so goodly a present as to make their friends at home regret that they too had not accepted the Cid's invitation.

For two years the Cid dwelt in peace with his sons-in-law at Valencia. It seemed as if all his forebodings had been unjustifiable, but an unfortunate accident that now took place was the beginning of ill-will. In a court of the Cid's house was kept a

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savage lion, guarded by three men. One day, after dining in the company of his trusty men, the Cid was dozing on his settle. In the hall with him were the Infantes playing at chess. "The lion got loose and came forth from its cage. Great was the terror in the midst of the court. The men of the Campeador rolled their mantles round their arms, and, surrounding the settle, stood fast by their master. Fernando Gonzalez could find nowhere to climb, no chamber open, nor any turret; he scrambled under the settle, so great was his fear. Diego Gonzalez rushed out of the door calling aloud, 'Nevermore shall I see Carrion.' Behind a wine-press beam he hid himself in his fright; when he came forth his mantle and his doublet were all befouled. The din awoke him who was born in happy hour; he saw his settle surrounded by his trusty men: 'What is this, my men? What would you have of me?'—'Nay honoured sir, the lion surprised us.' My Cid propped himself on his elbow and then rose to his feet; his mantle hung about his neck; he made straight for the lion. The lion, when it saw him thus, was cowed before my Cid; it bent its head and cowered on the ground. My Cid don Rodrigo seized it by the neck and bore it away, stroking it, and put it in its cage. All who were there marvelled and returned to the palace to the presence-chamber. My Cid asked for his sons-in-law and found them not. They called aloud for them, but none made answer. When they found them and they came forth, they came all pale. Never have you seen such banter as went about the Court. My Cid

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Campeador gave orders it should cease. The Infantes of Carrion held themselves sore aggrieved, and mightily wroth were they at what had befallen them." *

Other proofs of their worthlessness were soon forthcoming. King Bucar appeared with an innumerable host before the walls, and sent his messenger to demand in haughty terms that Valencia should be given up to him. "Now God had given such special favour to the Cid that no Moor ever came into his presence without being terror-stricken." At first the messenger could not utter a word, but after being assured that the herald's office was held sacred, he delivered his message. He was bidden to return with the Cid's challenge to his master, and never again to come back. The Infantes had already decided to avenge upon the Cid's daughters the mockery which their own cowardice had caused. But by the advice of their uncle, Suero Gonzalez, whom they had taken into their confidence, they concealed their ill-will and accompanied their father-in-law when he mounted to the highest tower of Valencia to form some idea of the number and position of the enemy. So terrified were they by what they saw that they gave utterance to gloomy forebodings that they should never again see their native place. They were overheard by one of the Cid's men, and their words were faithfully reported to him. Thinking to do them a kindness, he proposed that they should remain within the walls while he went out against the enemy. But they dreaded more than anything the discovery of their

* *Poema del Cid*, v. 2282–2309.

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weakness, and proudly declared that they would go with the rest, and would guard the Cid's person as though they were his own sons. In the thick of the fight that followed the Infante Diego made as though he would attack a Saracen knight. But when he saw that his adversary came towards him boldly, his heart failed him and he turned his horse and fled. This took place in sight of Ordoño, the nephew of the Cid; none else had witnessed the Infante's cowardice, so thinking to gladden his master's heart, Ordoño charged the Saracen and after thrusting him through the body till the pennant of his lance came out at his back, he caught his horse by the rein and, calling to Diego Gonzalez, bade him take it and declare that it was he who had slain its rider. Ordoño promised that he would never reveal the trick unless the Infante gave him cause to do so. The Saracen host was broken and routed.

King Bucar fled to his ships, so closely pursued by the Cid that, as he was climbing on board, he was sorely wounded by the Cid's sword hurled through the air by his good right arm. So great was the booty that each of the Infantes received the value of one thousand marks of silver as his share. They were now more than ever determined to carry out their foul treachery, and demanded permission to return to Castille, with their wives, in order to look after their affairs. This the Cid reluctantly granted; when Doña Jimena and Alvar Fañez expressed their misgivings on the subject, he refused to believe that noblemen, who owed their position in his family to the King himself, could be guilty of

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base conduct to ladies. So the Infantes and their wives, loaded with rich gifts and escorted by Martin Pelaez, the Asturian, set out from Valencia, the Cid himself accompanying them a league on their way. As soon as he parted from them, there came to his mind the words of his wife and Alvar Fañez, and the suspicious conduct of the Infantes, but it was now too late to withdraw his permission for them to take away his daughters. He, however, sent after them his nephew, Ordoño, ordering him to follow them to Carrion, on foot and in disguise, to see what would befall.

Ordoño was a prudent knight and he carried out his uncle's orders faithfully. At first all went well and the ladies and their husbands reached Quintana where dwelt Abencaño, a Saracen King, vassal of the Cid. He received them gladly, and hospitably bade them rest some days in his house, but the Infantes excused themselves, saying they travelled in haste and had their lodging secured each night in advance. Thus they reached the Oakwoods (*Robledo*) of Corpes, the place they had fixed upon for brutally outraging their wives. They bade all their company go on ahead, saying that they would follow after with the ladies. Instead of so doing they plunged deeper into the forest, till they came to a fountain where they dismounted. Then they stripped the ladies to their smocks, dragged them by their hair and beat them with the girths of their horses and tore their tender flesh with their spurs. The ladies cried aloud for mercy, but their tormentors only redoubled their blows, until at last they left them for

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dead. "Oh," sings the minstrel, "that the Cid Campeador could have come up at that moment!"

So the Infantes mounted and rode away, taking with them the mules and robes of their wives, and saying, "Lie there, daughters of the Cid of Bivar, for ye were not worthy to be our wives. We will see how your father will avenge you, for now we are avenged of the dishonour he did us in Valencia with the lion." Shortly after they were gone, Ordoño reached the spot, and, finding his cousins in such evil case, he made great lamentation over them. But prudence checked his tears, and, fearing that the Infantes would return to complete their foul deed by murdering their wives, he carried them on his back into the depths of the forest where, laying them on a bed of leaves, he covered them with his mantle. Meanwhile, the Infantes had come up with their escort, and when the Cid's knights saw them all bloody and leading the palfreys of their wives laden with their clothes, they suspected some evil. At first they thought of attacking and slaying the Infantes, but afterwards determined to demand an explanation. The Infantes declared that being desirous to rid themselves of their wives they had left them alive and well in the Oakwoods of Corpes. So the knights rode back, and, when they reached the fountain and found the ground all trampled and bloody, they called aloud to the ladies but got no answer, though those they sought were in hiding close by. Ordoño and his charges heard them, but they made no answer, for they supposed it had been the Infantes who were come back.

When all was quiet again, Ordoño stole out to

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procure food in a neighbouring village. Here he found a farmer who in his youth had served the Cid and preserved so kindly a memory of him that Ordoño confided to him the whole story of the ladies. The farmer forthwith saddled his mule, accompanied Ordoño to the forest, and brought the ladies to his house, where they were waited on by the daughters of their host. Leaving the outraged ladies to heal of their wounds, Ordoño set out for Valencia, bearing letters from them to their father, written with their blood, for they rightly supposed that the Cid would refuse to believe that he had been thus dishonoured, unless he saw it in the actual writing of his daughters. He had not gone far on his way when he met with Alvar Fañez and Pero Bermudez, who, when they saw him come thus on foot and ill clad, were astonished. He told them all that had happened, and, after many outbursts of grief and indignation, it was decided that Ordoño should continue his journey to Valencia while the others went to fulfil the purpose of their embassy, and lay the matter before the King. Alfonso at once accepted the responsibility of the whole affair; he undertook to see the ladies righted and brought to a more honourable position than that which they had before enjoyed, and he straightway summoned the Infantes of Carrion to appear at Court within three months to answer for their conduct. Moreover he made ready a rich present of palfreys and furs for Elvira and Sol and sent it by the hands of Alvar Fañez, who purposed to take the ladies back to Valencia with him on his return.

The Cid had already heard of their misfortune

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from Ordoño, and great was his wrath and sorrow. From the King's promise he took some comfort, and prepared to attend the Cortes to which he was summoned in order that he might confront those who had outraged his honour. Valencia was left in charge of the Bishop and Pero Bermudez; the Cid took with him the greater part of his army, for he knew that the faction of the Carrions, combined with his other enemies, was very powerful and unscrupulous. Nine hundred knights and five hundred squires followed him to Toledo where the Cortes were to be held. When they drew near the city the King came out to meet them and offered them lodging in his palace. This the Cid refused declaring that none but the King should occupy the palace. For himself he chose to lodge outside the city on the other bank of the Tagus in the suburb of San Servan. It was agreed that the Cortes should be held next day in the palace of Galiana which was more spacious than the *alcazar*. At evening news came to the Cid how the hall was being decked for the trial and how the King was to sit on a raised dais on which was placed the throne that he gained at the taking of Toledo. For the nobles benches were provided more or less near to the throne according to the rank of those for whom they were intended. The Cid feared that some one of the great nobles would occupy the position next to the King which he considered belonged of right to himself. To prevent this he sent overnight a hundred of his esquires under the command of Fernand Alfonso to carry his ivory settle and to place it in the chief position and keep guard over it

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till morning. The King reached the hall before the Cid and with him came many of the Cid's enemies. When they saw the ivory throne and the esquires keeping guard over it they began to mock, and Suero Gonzalez asked what lady's couch was that, and would she appear in Moorish dress to seat herself upon it? He begged that it might be removed. Then Fernand Alfonso forgot the prudence that the Cid had enjoined upon all his men; he taunted Suero Gonzalez saying he would make him admit that the owner of the settle was a better man than he. The Count rolled his mantle round his arm and made for him; blood would surely have been shed had not the King interposed declaring that the Cid's fame warranted his claim to the highest place a vassal could occupy.

As soon as the turmoil had abated, the Cid made his entry accompanied by his trusty followers wearing armour under their cloaks for fear of attack. He made as though he would have seated himself humbly at the King's feet, and consented with seeming reluctance when bidden to occupy his settle by the King's side. After this the Cid arose and prayed the King to forbid all interruptions and all arrogant conduct and words that might lead to blows in his presence. The King assented and ordered that any who should speak without his permission, or provoke the Cid, should die a traitor's death. He then bade the Cid choose arbiters to try his cause, but the Cid refused and the King himself appointed six of the most noble of those present. The Cid then began to plead his cause before the court thus constituted:

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"I demand, in your presence, of the Infantes of Carrion two swords which I lent them: one is Colada and the other is Tizona. It is not right that they keep them against my will." To this the Infantes made no reply, so the King ordered the arbiters to give sentence which was, of course, favourable to the Cid. But the Infantes kept their seats, and made no show of giving them up till the King himself rose angrily and took the swords from beneath their mantles and placed them in their owner's hands. The Cid made great rejoicing over them, addressing them as though they had been alive and condoling with them for their long detention in such unworthy hands.* Then at the request of Alvar Fañez he gave to him Colada wherewith to guard him during the Cortes. Pero Bermudez received Tizona on like conditions, and then the Cid rose again. "Sir," he said, addressing the King, "when the Infantes left Valencia with my daughters, I gave them horses and mules, and cups and platters of fine gold, and much wrought silver and rich stuffs, and other wealth and presents from my store, thinking that I gave them to sons whom I loved. And now, Sir, that they have deserted my daughters, and think they are dishonoured by their marriage, bid them give me my property which I bestowed on them, or shew some cause why they retain it." The Infantes begged for an interval for consultation, and then their kinsman, the Cid's enemy, spoke for them, saying that the Infantes

* Even before the time of chivalry the sword was treated with superstitious reverence. In our own days the Syndic of Vitoria takes the oath of his office upon a wooden sword preserved in a hollow of the wall of the church of San Miguel.

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had spent in the King's service the money they had received, and begging that, if they were compelled to repay it, a delay should be granted so that they might go to their estates to collect so large a sum. The King declared his willingness to restore anything that might have been spent on his service, and the Court gave sentence that all the Cid's wealth should be returned to him without delay. Finally, however, at the request of those present the King persuaded the Cid to grant of his own free will a delay of a fortnight for the collection of the money, and it was arranged that the Infantes should remain as hostages till it was paid.

So all the kinsmen of Carrion "went about seeking horses, and mules, and beasts of burden and silver cups and dishes, and jewels, and as they received them they handed them over to the Cid's steward." But their punishment was by no means complete. The losses in money had been made good, but outraged honour called for vengeance. So one day whilst the King was holding his Court the Cid arose, and told him plainly that in treating his daughters as they had done, the Infantes had aggrieved rather him who matched the ladies than their father. He, however, demanded vengeance for the wrong done him, and declared himself willing, if it were the King's pleasure, to drag the Infantes out of Carrion by the throats, and take them to Valencia to their wives to make them eat the food they deserved. The King readily acknowledged that it was through him that all this trouble had come upon the Cid, but he insisted that, as the umpires were present, it

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would be right to abide by their award. Then the Cid arose and uttered the formal challenge: "To you Diego Gonzalez and Fernando Gonzalez I say, that you are traitors and did foul treachery in leaving your wives, as you did, for dead, sore stricken in the Oakwoods of Corpes, alone and without company, as though they had been bad or common women. For this reason I call you traitors. And I will appoint your equals * to fight with you and to make good my words, and they shall slay you or drive you forth from the lists or make you confess it in your throats."

The only plea put forward by the Infantes was their noble blood and the unworthiness of the Cid's family to mate with them. The King disallowed the plea and bade the Infantes look to their defence, for a challenge involving dishonour such as the Cid had uttered could by no means be met by a mere refusal. The Cid's men had been excited spectators of the whole scene, and their eagerness had hitherto only been kept in check by the threat uttered by the King against any who should create a disturbance. But the time was near at hand when all their rage need no longer be kept under and they could utter their challenge. The first to speak † was Ordoño who had been dubbed knight that very morning in San Servan. He sprang to his feet and gave Diego Gonzalez the lie direct. Before the whole Court he told the story of how Diego had run away from his Saracen ad-

* For this passage, and the account of the fight that follows it, see Appendix I.

† We follow here the *Cronica General;* the account given in the *Poema* is somewhat different (see lines 3270–3390).

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versary in the great battle with King Bucar and had afterwards pretended to have slain him. So far it had been kept a secret, but now he was justified in putting him to shame. He twitted him with the adventure with the lion and ended by formally challenging him for his unknightly conduct towards his wife. The Infantes were cowed and uttered not a word. García Ordoñez, who had made the Infantes' quarrel his own, was a bolder spirit. "Away with you, my nephews," he cried, "and let the Cid sit at his ease on his settle like a bridegroom, for he thinks to frighten us with his long beard. Let him go to Molina and exact his tribute from the wretched Saracens whom he has conquered; or let him go to the river of Ovierna where he was born, and look after his mills and take his miller's fee and leave his betters alone." Fierce looks were exchanged but none replied, for the Cid's injunction to his men had been strict. Then the Cid turned to his nephew, Pero Bermudez, and playing on his name (*mudo*, dumb), he said, "Speak up, dumb Peter, why are you silent? Do you not know that my daughters are your cousins, and that your share in their dishonour and in mine is a large one, and that it is your duty to demand satisfaction?" Actions were easier to Pero Bermudez than words; furious at the Cid's allusion to his stuttering speech in the presence of the Court, he rolled his mantle round his arm, rushed forward, and struck García Ordoñez a blow in the face that brought him to the ground. Immediately the assembly was in an uproar; each party uttered its war-cry, and only by the efforts of the Cid and King

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were they prevented from fighting out their quarrel on the spot.

The Infantes took advantage of the turmoil to escape, but they were brought back, and after the Cid had excused his men's conduct by pointing out the intolerable insults to which he had been subjected, the King gave orders that the challenging should be done in more moderate language. Then Pero Bermudez delivered himself of his challenge; his words were few but forcible. He mockingly asked García Ordoñez how he dared to insult the Cid's honourable beard (see p. 355) when his own still shewed the patches where the hair had been plucked out by the Cid's men when, vanquished and a prisoner, he was carried off on a pack-saddle. Seeing the turn that affairs were taking, Suero Gonzalez bade his nephews leave the Court and not subject themselves to further insult. He would fight, he said, but would not bandy words with inferiors. Thereupon Alvar Fañez cried out that, were it not out of respect for the King, he would make him eat his words on the spot. It looked again as if the two parties would come to blows, so the King withdrew with the umpires to consider their verdict, and the Cid and his men were left alone in the hall. When they returned, the King acted as spokesman, ordering "that the two Infantes and Count Suero Gonzalez, their guardian and uncle, who had advised the dishonour done to the daughters of the Cid, should on the following day fight with such as the Cid might appoint among his men to defend their word." At their own request Pero Bermudez was chosen to

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fight with Diego, the elder of the Infantes: Fernando was assigned to Martin Antolinez of Burgos, and Suero Gonzalez to Nuño Gustios.

The Infantes knew that they had but a poor chance of success if matched with the practised warriors of the Cid; they again begged for a delay in which they might return to Carrion to make ready for the fight. The King was at first unwilling to grant their request, but at last he yielded to the representations of the umpires, and three weeks was fixed as the period within which they must return. In the meantime an event took place, which made the Cid cease to regret the unfortunate end of his daughters' first marriages. There came to the Court the messengers of the Kings of Navarre and Aragon to beg the daughters of the Cid in marriage for the sons of their masters.* A second time the Cid trusted the fortunes of his daughters to the King, who gladly accepted the opportunity of making him such amends as he could by consenting to the honourable match. The messengers took an oath in the presence of the King to appear at Valencia within three months to celebrate the double wedding.

The Cid's honour was now safe and he could trust his challengers to give good account of their adversaries. He had been absent some time from Valencia, and his presence was no longer needed at Toledo. Before leaving, he had an interview with the King

* This is, of course, historically untrue, but it is curious to note the easy manner in which the compilers of the chronicles pass over such difficulties as the fact that the ladies were legally married and their husbands, though unworthy, still alive.

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who promised to watch over the safety of the three champions and see justice done in the Cid's cause. He also thanked the umpires before whom the trial had been held, sending them rich gifts, some of which were accepted, but others returned in order that no suspicion of bribery might hang over the sentence. When the Cid left Toledo the King accompanied him to do him honour. They rode side by side, while before them was led the famous horse, Babieca. Suddenly the Cid turned to the King and, imitating the ostentatious Oriental generosity and bravado of his Saracen friends, said, "Sir, I hold that I am not quitting you as I ought, and have not shewn my duty to you as is fitting, since I take away with me my horse, Babieca, and do not leave him to you. For, Sir, a horse such as this is fitted for one such as you, so bid your men take him and I will shew you what he is." Then he bade bring the horse, and mounted with his ermine robe hanging from his shoulders, and said, "Sir, I will do now in your presence that which I have not done for long, except it were in battle with my enemies. I will touch him with my spurs now before your eyes." Horse and rider exhibited their matchless skill till a rein broke, but the Cid was too good a horseman to be disconcerted, and he drew up before the King as easily as though he had two whole reins. All declared that never had they beheld so good a knight, and the King exclaimed, "God forbid, Cid, that I should take him. Rather would I give you another and a better one if I had him, better is he bestowed with you than with me or with any other, for with

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this horse you honour yourself and me and all Christendom by your feats of arms. It is my will that he be counted as mine, and I will take him when it shall be my pleasure." So they parted, and the Cid rode on his way, and with him for some distance went the three champions who were to defend his honour. He charged them how they should behave in the battle, and they vowed that, unless victorious, they would never again appear before him.

Three days after the Cid had gone, the King set out for Carrion, accompanied by the six umpires, for he feared that the Infantes would never present themselves to do battle before him. On the journey he fell ill, and the affair was postponed for five weeks. At last the day arrived, and the lists were measured out in the valley of Carrion. Thither came the Infantes, bringing with them all their clan, for they were resolved to murder their adversaries, so as to avoid a fight which they knew would be disastrous to them. The King's guard, however, kept such good watch that the attempt failed; the lists were surrounded with armed men to prevent treachery. While the Cid's champions were arming, a message came from the Infantes to the King, begging that he would forbid the use of Colada and Tizona in the battle, for it seemed as if some of the Cid's prowess communicated itself to his swords. The request was refused, and the Infantes received a mocking reply saying that, if they set such store by Colada and Tizona, they should have defended them better during the Cortes at Toledo.

Pero Bermudez, Martin Antolinez and Nuño Gus-

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tios again besought the King's protection before riding into the lists, and a herald proclaimed that death would be the penalty for any that should hinder or harm them. The limits of the lists were carefully pointed out to the combatants; another preliminary was to arrange the two parties so that neither should have the disadvantage of the sun shining full in their eyes. At last the signal for attack was given, and instantly each charged his foe. At the first encounter, both the Infantes and their uncle were wounded, whilst the Cid's men remained unscathed.* Again they charged, and this time the Infante Diego struck Pero Bermudez full on the shield and drove his lance-point through. But the Cid's man stuck to his saddle firmly, and used his lance so well that he broke his adversary's breastplate, and the girths gave way. He fell over his horse's crupper, so sorely wounded that all the spectators thought him dead, for the lance-head remained fixed in his body. Pero Bermudez rode up to him as he rose painfully with the blood streaming from his mouth. Tizona was drawn, and when he saw the well-known blade flashing over him, he tried to save his life by confessing himself vanquished, and his cause bad. The umpires forbade Bermudez to strike again, and indeed it was not necessary, for Diego, though he knew it not, was stricken to death.

Martin Antolinez and Fernando Gonzalez, the

* It should be remembered in reading the accounts of these very unequal contests, that technically at least, they were supposed to represent the judgment of God on the matter at issue.

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other Infante, fought manfully with their lances until they broke them, each on his adversary's body. Then they laid hand to their swords, and Martin Antolinez swung Colada aloft and brought it down with an oblique blow on his enemy's helmet; it shore through the steel cap and through the *almofar* of mail that covered the neck till it bit deep into the bone. The Infante lost consciousness, but he still sat his horse with his sword grasped in his hand. Antolinez made at him again, and thrust him in the face with the point, so that he cried aloud, and spurred his horse to escape. His adversary pursued him crying, "Out with thee, sir, traitor," and drove him outside the lists, so that he, like his brother, was vanquished.

Suero Gonzalez proved tougher than his nephews. At the first charge he thrust through his adversary's shield, and though his lance-point passed harmless by his body, the shock compelled him to cling to his horse, for he had lost his stirrups. But Nuño Gustios was no less stout a champion than his companions. Recovering quickly, he attacked his enemy with such fury that he drove his lance through his body, and the pennant shewed through at his shoulders. Suero Gonzalez fell back over the crupper of his horse and all men thought him dead. But he had not yet confessed his wrong, so Nuño Gustios turned his horse and rode towards him as though to strike him, but he passed over him without striking. Then the father of the wounded man called aloud saying, "For God's sake strike him no more, for he is vanquished." Even so the conqueror was not

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satisfied; he asked the umpires whether the father's words might be taken as an admission of defeat on the part of his son. They told him it was not so, for the barbarous law of the lists recognised only three forms of victory: the slaying of the enemy; or compelling him to admit in the presence of all that he was in the wrong; or obliging him to seek refuge outside the lists. Then Nuño Gustios would have struck him again and so spared him the necessity of acknowledging his defeat, but Suero Gonzalez, when he saw the blow about to descend, exclaimed, "Strike me not, Nuño Gustios, for I am vanquished and all is true that you said," and when the umpires heard his words they said, "Strike him no more."

Then the King entered the lists with many noble knights, and he ordered the umpires to come before him and he asked them if the knights of the Cid had aught more to do to fulfil their right as they had vowed. The umpires answered, "Sir, the Cid's men have conquered in the lists and have fulfilled their right," and all the gentlemen there present said, "They speak justly and truly." The King then solemnly declared the Infantes and their uncle Suero Gonzalez to be proven traitors, and he bade his steward take their arms and horses. "And after the sentence was given," says the chronicler, "that family never again raised its head or was of any account in Castille." The Cid's men were formally conducted from the lists, and returned with much honour to Valencia.

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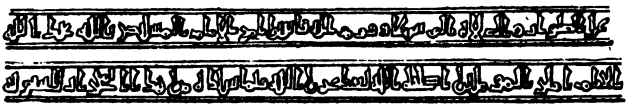

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAST BATTLES AND DEATH OF THE CID.

1096–1099.

THE Cid's new ally, Pedro, King of Aragon, had returned after the interview at Burriana for the purpose of organising the kingdom which he had lately inherited. No long time elapsed however before he was called upon to fulfil his bond. He came immediately to Valencia with his army and, after joining forces with the Cid, the allies decided to meet the threatened danger half-way and to attack the Almoravides. The united armies marched southward with the intention of garrisoning and provisioning the mountain fortress of Peñacatel, which stood a few miles distant from the coast, between Játiva and Gandia, guarding the entrance to the plain from the south. As they approached Játiva they were met by the enemy in force—the chronicle states their numbers at thirty thousand—under the leadership of Mohammed Ibn-Ayisha. It looked as if a decisive battle was about to be fought, but the Saracens for some unexplained reason did not dare to attack; the Cid, too, was anxious to es-

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tablish a firm basis for operations in Peñacatel before he risked fighting. In this he was entirely successful. For while the Saracens kept to the hills, shouting and howling, as was their wont, he marched boldly past them and brought into Peñacatel the provisions intended for it, swelled by all the booty he had collected by the way.

On leaving Peñacatel the Cid and Don Pedro pursued their way further westward, again followed by the Almoravide army, and camped at Beiren, near Gandia, where the mountains come down close to the sea-shore. To the west, or right wing, of their army lay a ridge more than a mile in length, on which Ibn-Ayisha and his army took up a position, cutting off the Christians on the landward side. It seemed as if the Cid was taken in a trap, for on the east, or left wing, a Saracen fleet, prepared to support the army, lay close in to the shore. Whilst occupied in resisting the attack of the Almoravide land force, which enjoyed all the advantages of a superior position, the Cid's troops were harassed by arrows and other missiles from the ships. Although they knew that defeat in such a position meant extermination, the Christians began to waver. Their courage was only restored by the heroism of their leader, who rode along the lines exhorting his men and bidding them not be afraid of the numbers of an enemy whom, as he assured them, God would deliver into their hands, Up to mid-day the allies were content to act on the defensive, but at that hour a gallant charge was made and the hill on the landward side was stormed. Many of the Saracens were slain and many perished

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BEIREN, THE SCENE OF THE CID'S LAST VICTORY.
(NEAR GANDIA.)

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in the sea while attempting to reach the ships. The victory was complete, and the booty which the conquerors brought back, in treasure, arms, and horses, was very great.

After only a few days' rest in Valencia the two armies set forth again, this time in a northerly direction, on a commission affecting the interests of the King of Aragon. The Castle of Montornes, in the province of Lérida, had closed its gates against its lord, Don Pedro, and he called upon his ally, the Cid, to aid him in reducing it to submission. Pleased with the advantages which his new alliance had already produced, and willing to undergo the sacrifices which it entailed, the Cid acceded to the request. The place was reduced without great effort and the two armies separated, Don Pedro returning to his capital, and the Cid to Valencia.

Eager to turn to the best advantage the discouragement produced among the Saracens by his late victory, and having now freed his hands by discharging his obligation towards the ally who had contributed towards it, the Cid made no long stay in Valencia. In pursuit of his schemes of conquest he set out on what was to be the last of his many successful campaigns.

To the north of Valencia, at a distance of less than twenty miles, lies Murviedro, the ancient Saguntum, famous for its heroic and tragical struggle against Hannibal. The position of Murviedro is equally important to one who would attack or to one who would hold Valencia. For here the Roman road from Saragossa meets that which follows the

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coast to Andalusia. Feeling himself powerless to defend it alone, in spite of the strength of its fortifications, Ibn-Razin, the Cid's old enemy, in whose dominions it lay, purchased the aid of the Almoravides. Accordingly one day when the Cid had marched away, as the Latin historian puts it, "to explore and investigate his enemies," the Almoravide general Abu-'l-fath, starting suddenly from Játiva, threw himself with a body of troops into Murviedro. Such a menace could not be disregarded and the Cid at once marched against him. On the approach of the enemy Abu-'l-fath, mistrusting his strength, abandoned Murviedro. He was hotly pursued and shut up in Almenara a few miles to the north. The Cid did not dare to turn his attention to Murviedro while an Almoravide force was in his rear, so he sat down before Almenara at a place still known as el Pun del Cid and took it after a siege of three weeks. The whole of the inhabitants and the garrison were allowed to depart whither they would without ransom, and the conqueror, whose piety increased with his years, gave orders for a church to be built in honour of the Blessed Virgin.

Having thus discharged his thank-offering the Cid departed giving out that he was about to return home. He had however secretly registered a vow not to revisit Valencia before he had caused mass to be sung in Murviedro. A sudden change in the direction of his march brought him under its ancient walls * and the siege began. All means of in-coming and out-going were cut off, machines and missiles of

* The name Murviedro (Muri Veteres) means old walls.

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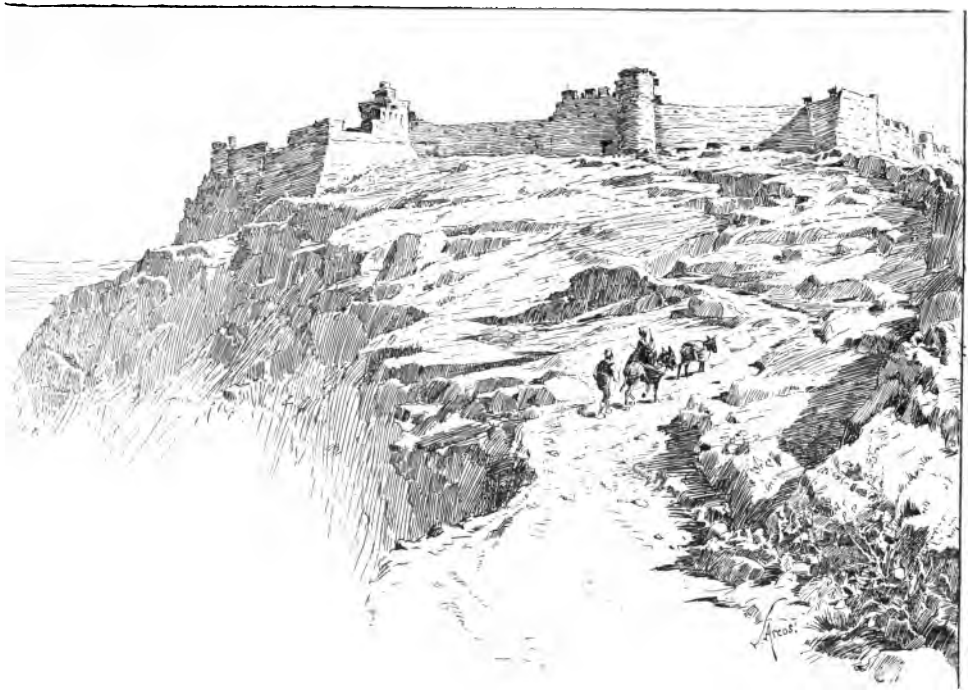

THE HILL AND CASTLE OF MURVIEDRO.

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all kinds were employed by the besiegers; so vigorously was the assault carried on that the inhabitants were speedily reduced to a state bordering on despair. "What shall we do," they said, "unhappy men that we are? This tyrant Rodrigo will never allow us to inhabit and dwell in this castle. He will do with us even as he did with the inhabitants of Valencia and as, of late, with those of Almenara who were unable to resist him. Let us see then what we must do. As matters stand we and our wives and our sons and our daughters shall doubtless die of hunger, for no man will be strong enough to snatch us from his hand."

When the Cid heard of the state of feeling in Murviedro he renewed the assault with redoubled energy. Proposals for capitulation were soon sent in by the besieged. They begged for a truce of some days in order that they might communicate with those to whom they owed allegiance; they pointed out that a city of the fame of Saguntum could not be lightly surrendered * and they vowed that, unless their petition were granted, they would emulate their predecessors and die to the last man rather than give up the city. The Cid prudently reflected that it would be better after waiting a few days to receive the city in good order, than to weary his soldiers and waste his missiles in battering the fortifications that would shortly shelter his own men. He knew that no help would come, and with affected generosity he granted an armistice of thirty days.

* This allusion by Saracens to historical events which took place centuries previous to their invasion is curious if authentic.

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The citizens of Murviedro left no means untried to save themselves from falling into the hands of the Cid. They sent ambassadors praying for help to all his enemies. These were the leaders of the Almoravides, King Alfonso of Castille and Leon, King Almustain of Saragossa, Ibn-Razin the suzerain of the city, and the Count of Barcelona. They threatened that if within thirty days the siege were not raised, they would not only surrender Murviedro to the great freebooter, but would serve him in future in his wars as faithful vassals. Their prayers and their threats were alike disregarded; those to whom they wrote were prevented by fear or by more pressing concerns from interfering with the Cid's conquests. King Alfonso replied: "Certes you may be assured that I will not succour you, for I would liefer that Rodrigo should have your town than any of the Kings of the Saracens." The King of Saragossa gave them but cold comfort. "Go," he said to the messengers, "and take such courage as ye may, and fight bravely, for Rodrigo is invincible and therefore I am afraid to do battle with him." The reason of this answer was that the Cid, forseeing that Al-mustain would be called in, had uttered dire threats of vengeance against him if he should venture to attempt to wrest his prey from him. Ibn-Razin frankly admitted that he could do nothing. The Almoravide generals replied that they dared not come against the Cid unless led by their valiant and skilful old King, Yusuf, the only general they would match against the Campeador. The embassy to Barcelona carried with it a bribe so great

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that it was sure of a good reception. The Count could not find courage to attack the Cid, but he offered to create a diversion by laying siege to Oropesa which formed part of his dominions. His plan was to draw off the Cid in pursuit, to avoid a pitched battle by marching and counter-marching, and thus to give time for Murviedro to receive a really efficient garrison and an adequate supply of provisions. The scheme was an utter failure; the Cid saw the trap and refused to be taken in it. After a useless military display within the Cid's dominions, the Count fled precipitately to his own country on hearing a false report that the Cid was really marching against him.

Thus the thirty days of the armistice passed, but the defenders of Murviedro still unwisely refused to fulfil the conditions on which it had been granted. They wrote to the Cid, saying, "Sir, the messengers whom we sent have not returned to us, wherefore with one accord we beg again of your generosity that you grant us some further extension of the armistice." The Cid was aware that this message was false in fact, and that it was only sent in order to gain time. The breach of the former agreement put the place at his mercy, to do with it as he willed. Now that the Count of Barcelona had fled he feared no attack from any other quarter, so he replied as follows: "In order that all men may know that I fear none of your kings, I grant you a further truce of twelve days, so that they may have no excuse for failing to come to your aid. But when the twelve days are passed, I declare solemnly to you that, if

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you do not straightway deliver up the castle, I will burn alive or torture and slay any of you whom I may be able to capture." Trusting to the efficacy of his threat, he remained quietly in his camp the stipulated time, but when it had elapsed, the beseiged, who had already forfeited all hopes of mercy, provoked him still further by begging him to wait till Pentecost, which was now near at hand. The Cid's answer was inspired by one of those outbursts of generosity, an instance of which we have already seen in the liberation of the Count of Barcelona. "I will not enter your castle on the day of Pentecost," he said, "but I grant you a further truce until the feast of St. John. In the meantime take your wives and sons and daughters and go in peace with your possessions whithersoever you will. Thus quit the fortress and abandon it to me, and I, if it be God's will, will enter the castle on the nativity of St. John the Baptist." Needless to say that this unhoped for clemency was received with unbounded thankfulness by those to whom it was shewn.

On the morning of St. John's day (June 24th, 1098) the Cid sent forward some of his trusty men to take possession of his conquest, and when he saw that the town and castle had been duly surrendered to them he made his solemn entry. Mass was sung and a church was planned out for dedication to the saint on whose day the event took place. The defences of the place were put into good order and entrusted to good hands. After this the soldiers set to work to seek for buried treasure. Their efforts were rewarded by the discovery of the hoards of those who

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had not taken advantage of the Cid's permission to quit the city. On these unhappy men fell the whole weight of his wrath. His message had lulled them into fancied security. This was rudely dispelled when, three days after the surrender, he summoned them before him and ordered them to give up to him all the wealth that they had caused to be carried out of the city by their comrades, and all that they had sent to purchase the help of the Almoravides "to the hurt and dishonour" of their conqueror. They were, of course, unable to comply with these orders and, under the plea of disobedience, they were stripped of all they possessed, bound in chains, and sent to Valencia, there in all probability to be sold into slavery.

His conduct on this occasion has been judged greatly to the Cid's disadvantage, the more so because the story in the above form is told by the author of the Latin *Gesta*, who was an admirer of the Cid. "Such," we are told, "was the Cid's notion of generosity. Fearing that the inhabitants of Murviedro would make a desperate struggle if he attempted to force them to submit unconditionally, he had given them permission to quit the town and carry away their goods. But now that he had the upper hand, now that he had nothing further to fear, he wished to oblige those who had been unable to tear themselves away from their birthplace to pay him an enormous sum." We cannot help thinking that the Cid's action, in this particular, is capable of bearing the more favourable construction we have put upon it. If this is not accepted, some allowance

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at any rate must be made for the exigencies of the Cid's position as the leader of a small body of troops in the midst of a numerous and hostile population. To drive out the inhabitants was the only means by which possession of Murviedro could be secured. The possession of Murviedro was a matter of life and death to the Cid.

When he returned to Valencia the Cid's health began to fail rapidly. He had less than a year to live, and this he employed chiefly in pious works. The principal mosque of Valencia was consecrated as a church, and all the necessary furniture was provided on a lavish scale, the Cid contributing a chalice and two silk, gold-embroidered hangings, the like of which had never been seen in Valencia. A choir of sweet voices was trained, and solemn *Te Deums* were sung for the Cid's many victories. Some of these, we must remember, had been gained for the Infidel against the Christian, and by following the suggestion of forbidden auguries, but they were now attributed to a higher power.

The Cid was no longer able to lead forth his men to battle, and victory, which had always accompanied his person, deserted his captains. Still dreaming of extending his conquests—though he can scarcely have hoped to enjoy them and had no son to whom to leave them—the Cid sent an expedition against Játiva, the nearest stronghold of the Almoravides. He little thought how rapidly the fabric of his power, so laboriously built up by the work of a lifetime, would crumble away at his death. The power of the Almoravides had been rapidly increas-

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ALENCIA
ts district at
time of the
MORAVIDES.

J. HYATT, Sc.

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ing. They had lately gained a great victory near Cuenca, over Alvar Fañez, Alfonso's best general. Emboldened by this success over one of the most skilful captains of the age, the Almoravides under Ibn-Ayisha attacked the Cid's men near Alcira, and routed them so completely that but few returned to Valencia to tell the tale. This sudden change of fortune, says an Arabic chronicler, produced so deep an impression on the Cid that "when the runaways reached him he died of rage." (July, 1099).

The rest is told in a few words. The news of the Cid's death brought the victorious Almoravides up against Valencia. For a time they were held in check by the heroism of his widow Jimena, supported by the brave men who had been trained under his eye. But in the autumn of the second year after the Cid's death, Valencia was beleaguered by a powerful army under the command of the Almoravide Mazdali. For seven months the siege lasted, till Jimena "could find no remedy of consolation for her woe." She sent to Don Alfonso to pray for help. The King was touched by the message; old jealousies were extinguished by the Cid's death; he felt that he could not let Valencia, together with his kinswoman Jimena and so many good soldiers, fall into the hands of the enemy without an effort to save them. In spite of his years he marched southward with his army and raised the siege. Seeing however that it was impossible to hold Valencia, on account of its distance from his sorely harassed frontiers, he burned and utterly destroyed it before withdrawing.

A dirge over the city and a prophecy of its restora-

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tion is contained in a letter written at this time by Ibn-Tahir to a friend: "The enemy has burned the greater part (of Valencia) with fire and has left her a wonder to those who consider her, a marvel for tears and gloomy reverie. She stands, as he left her, in mourning garb, and the beam of her eye when she gazes is veiled; sighs rise from her heart as she writhes mid the glowing embers. But still she has her lovely body, her pregnant soil like scented musk and red gold, her shady gardens and her river of sweet water. Thanks to the good fortune of the Commander of the Faithful and his fostering care, her darkness shall be dispelled, and her jewels and collars of pearls shall be given back to her. In the evening she shall go abroad in her splendid array like the sun in the sign of the Ram."

King Alfonso returned to Toledo bringing in his company the whole Christian population of Valencia, the Cid's widow and the Cid's body. Northward again the melancholy procession wended its way till it came to San Pedro de Cardeña where the toil-worn body of the soldier was laid to rest hard by his native place and the scene of his earliest exploits.

Very different is the account traditionally handed down and preserved in the chronicles of the death and burial of the Cid. The simple folk of the ages that followed refused to believe that so splendid a career could end in defeat and disappointment. The funeral train wending its way among the mountains powerfully impressed their imagination, and they piously ascribed to their hero victory after death. This

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SAN PEDRO DE CARDEÑA.

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stately and beautiful legend, the subject of so many ballads, is nowhere so well told as in the chronicles:

"One day as the Cid lay upon his bed after nightfall he began to consider in his heart how he should contrive against the great force that King Bucar was bringing up against him. And as he thought on this, when midnight came, behold there entered the palace a great light and a perfume so sweet that it was a marvel. While he wondered what it might be, there appeared to him a man as white as snow, very old, with white, curling hair, and bearing keys in his hands. Before the Cid could address him, he said, 'Art thou sleeping, Rodrigo, or what doest thou?' And the Cid questioned him, 'What man art thou who inquirest of me?' And he said 'I am St. Peter, prince of the apostles and am come to thee with an urgent message, and it concerns not, as thou thinkest, King Bucar. It is that thou must quit this world and go to the life that has no end; and this shall be thirty days from to-day. But God wills to do thee favour that thy people conquer and rout King Bucar, and after thy death thou shalt win this battle for the honour of thy body, and this shall be by the help of the Apostle Santiago whom God will send to the affray; and do thou strive to make amends to God for thy sins, for thus thou shalt be safe. All this does Jesus Christ grant thee for love of me and for the honour that thou didst ever pay me in my church at the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña.'"

And the Cid was comforted more than can be told. And the next day at dawn he let summon all

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his chief men to the *alcazar*, and when they were all come before him, he wept and spoke thus, "My friends and kinsmen and loyal and trusty vassals. . . . I would that you should know the state of my body; for be sure that I am come upon the end of my life, and thirty days hence shall be my end and my last will. During the last seven nights I have seen visions; I see my father, Diego Laynez and Diego Rodriguez, my son, and each time they say to me 'Long hast thou tarried here; let us be gone to the eternal life.' . . . There appeared to me this night the Apostle St. Peter; I was awake and not asleep, and he told me that when thirty days were fulfilled I must pass away from the world. But be assured that by God's favour I will instruct you how you shall conquer King Bucar in the field and how you shall gain great fame and honour, for of all this did St. Peter certify me. And how ye shall do henceforth I will tell you before I leave you"

After these words had been spoken the Cid fell ill of the sickness of which he died; he ordered the gates of the city to be closed and he betook himself to the church of San Pedro, where was the Bishop, Don Hieronymo, the knights and honourable men, and of the other people all who wished to come thither. And he stood upright and began to speak as follows: "Well do all know, as many of you as are here, that of all the men of this world, however honourable and powerful they be, not one can escape death. To it I am now very nigh, and—since ye know well how in this world my body was never

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conquered nor put to shame—I beg you all not to allow that it should thus suffer at the end; for all a man's good fortune lies in his latter end. Therefore, as to the manner in which this shall come to pass and be fulfilled, and what ye have to do, I leave it all in the hand of Don Hieronymo."

And there, in presence of them all, he made general confession to Don Hieronymo of all his faults and of all the sins into which he had fallen and which he had committed before God. And the bishop assigned him his penance and absolved him of his sins. And straightway he arose and bade them all farewell, weeping sore. And he got him to the *alcazar* and cast himself on his bed and never again did he rise up. And each day he grew weaker until only seven days of the term was left. Then he bade them bring him the caskets of gold in which was the balsam and myrrh which the great Sultan of Persia had sent to him. And when they stood before him, he bade bring a golden cup, in which he was wont to drink, and he took of the balsam and myrrh, about a small spoonful, and mixed it in the cup with rosewater and drank it. And during all those seven days he neither ate nor drank anything, save myrrh and balsam and rosewater. And each day after he had thus done his body and his face became more fresh-looking than before, and his voice stronger, save only that he was weaker each day and could not stir himself in the bed.

And the day but one before his death he bade call Doña Jimena Gomez, and the Bishop, Don Hieronymo, and Don Alvar Fañez Minaya, and Pero

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Bermudez and Gil Diaz, his trusty men. And when all the five stood before him he began to admonish them how they should act after his death, and said, "Ye know that King Bucar will come hither shortly to besiege this city with thirty-six kings, whom he is bringing in his company and with a great host of Moors. Wherefore the first thing that ye must do so soon as I be dead is that ye wash well my body with rosewater and with balsam many times; for, praised be the name of God, it is clean washed within from all foulness to receive His Holy Body to-morrow which will be my last day. When my body is washed, anoint it with this balsam and this myrrh, all that remains in the caskets, so that no part be left unanointed. And thou, my sister, Jimena Gomez, and thy companions, take heed that ye cry not aloud nor wail for me so that the Moors get knowledge of my death. And when the day of the arrival of King Bucar is come, bid all the folk of Valencia come forth on the walls and sound trumpets and drums and shew the greatest glee they may. And when ye would go to Castille, let all the people have secret warning that they may get ready to take with them all their property in such sort that the Moors know it not; for ye may not remain in this city after my death, for round about it lies the chief power of the Moors of Spain. And to Gil Diaz do I chiefly give this command, that thou bid saddle my horse Babieca and arm him well. And thou shalt prepare my body and deck it with care, and place me on my horse and arrange me and bind me in such a manner that I fall not from him, and ye

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shall place in my hand my sword Tizona; and let the Bishop, Don Hieronymo, be by my side, and do thou, Gil Diaz, lead my horse, and thou, Pero Bermudez, bear my banner as thou wast wont to bear it. And thou, Don Alvar Fañez, my cousin, shalt assemble the companies and shalt draw up thy hosts as thou wast wont to do. Then go ye forth and do battle with King Bucar. For be assured and doubt not that ye shall win this battle and God has granted it unto me. . . . "

And it was the sixth hour and the Cid besought the Bishop to give him the Body of God, and he received it very devoutly on his knees, weeping, in the presence of them all; and straightway he made his prayer saying, "Lord Jesus Christ, to Thee belong power and authority and knowledge, Thine are the kingdoms and Thou art above all Kings and above all people, for all things obey Thy commands, therefore I pray Thee of Thy grace that Thou wilt pardon my sins and that my soul be placed in the light that has no end." And when the noble hero had thus spoken he gave to God his soul clean and without spot of sin. . . .

After he was dead they washed his body twice in warm water, and the third time they washed it with rosewater, and thus they cleansed it thoroughly, and the Bishop, Don Hieronymo, embalmed it and anointed it as he had bidden. Afterwards there assembled all the honourable men and the clergy who were within Valencia, and they bore it to the church of St. Mary of the Virtues, which is near to the *alcazar*, and they chanted their vigils and their masses,

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as befitted so honourable a man. . . . Three days after the death of the Cid, King Bucar came to the port of Valencia, and landed with all the forces in his company; they were so great that no man in the world could give account of the Moors who came thither. . . . On the next day they began to assault the city, and they assaulted it for three days right stubbornly. And the Moors received much hurt, for they rushed up blindly to the walls of the city and there were slain. Right well did the Christians of the city defend themselves, and they sounded trumpets and drums as the Cid had commanded. This went on full eight days or nine, until the companions of the Cid had made all ready for their departure as the Cid had commanded. Now King Bucar and his folk supposed that the Cid dared not come forth against them and were much emboldened and prepared to make bastides and catapults and engines for the assault, for they believed of a surety that the Cid dared not come out against them since such tarrying was made. . . .

During these nine days Gil Diaz wrought at no other matter save to fulfil what the Cid had bidden. And the body of the Cid was prepared thus: Ye have heard already how it was embalmed, and for this reason it remained stiff and flesh-coloured, and the eyes equally opened and his long beard very comely. And any man in the world who had not known the truth and had seen him would have declared he was alive. And they placed the body on a right good saddle which his horse Babieca had often borne, and placed the saddle on a wooden

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horse together with the body, and next the skin a vest of white samite. And they made two hollowed planks, one for the breast and the other for the back, so that the whole body was within them and they met at the sides. The one at the back came up to the back of the head, and the one at the front to the neck, and they were mortised into the saddle so that the body could not fall to one side or the other.

On the morning of the twelfth day all the companies of the Cid Ruydiez armed themselves, and they bade load the beasts of burden with all their goods and the best that they could find. When it was midnight they placed the Cid upon his horse Babieca just as he was, fastened to the saddle, and they bound him well with good cords till the whole body was so upright and even that it seemed that he was alive. He had on his legs painted breeches which looked like cuisses: and they clothed him with a coat of arms with his device and a head-piece of painted parchment and a shield of the same make, and they placed in his hand his sword Tizona; he had his arms raised aloft and tied up so cunningly that it was a marvel how he held the sword so straight and so even. On one side rode the Bishop Don Hieronymo, and on the other Gil Diaz who led him as he had bidden him. When all was ready, at midnight they sallied forth from Valencia by the gate of Troteros which looks toward Castille. First went forth Pero Bermudez with the banner of the Cid, and with him four hundred knights who guarded him right well armed; behind them the beasts of

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burden with all the train; and behind them again five hundred knights likewise well armed. And at the rear Doña Jimena Gomez with all her company. Following her came five hundred knights who guarded her, and last of all the body of the Cid, and with him a hundred chosen knights. And they passed out so silently that it seemed that not a hundred knights went there. . . .

After it was daylight Don Alvar Fañez Minaya drew up his troops very orderly and fell upon the sleeping camp of King Bucar. . . . So unexpected was the attack that they slew full a hundred and fifty Moors before they could arm or mount, and turning their backs they began to flee toward the sea. And when King Bucar and the other kings perceived this, they began to marvel, and it seemed to them that there came from the side of the Christians full seventy thousand knights, all white as snow. And ahead of all rode a very tall knight on a white horse, and he held in his left hand a white banner and in the other a sword which seemed of fire, and he made great slaughter of the Moors as they fled. So afraid was King Bucar and his men that they drew not rein till they reached the sea, and the company of the Cid hewed and slew them and gave them no rest. When they came to the sea so great was their haste to take refuge in their ships that there died there more than twenty thousand people by drowning. And twenty-two kings of the thirty-six were slain there. And King Bucar and those who escaped hoisted the sails and went their way and never once did they look behind.

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Don Alvar Fañez and the other folk, after the Moors were routed, plundered the camp, and so great were the riches they found therein that they could not carry them away. They loaded camels and horses with all the most precious things that they found there, and they went back to the place where the Cid was and Doña Jimena and the Bishop Don Hieronymo, who rode more slowly. . . . After all had returned and had taken from the camp all they would, they set forth for Castille, and they lodged at a village which is called Sieteaguas, all very rich and in goodly guise; and travelling along day by day they came to Castille. . . .

The Moors of Alcudia and those of the suburbs believed of a surety that the Cid came forth alive when they saw him on his horse sword in hand; but when they saw him go toward Castille and that none returned, they were amazed. And thus they remained all that day not daring to go to the tents which King Bucar's men had left, nor to enter into the city; for they thought it was some trick of the Cid. And all that night they continued in this belief and dared not quit the suburbs. When the next day came, they looked towards the city, but they heard no noise, and Abenalfange * mounted his horse and one other with him and rode towards the city and found all the gates closed until he came to the gate through which the companies of the Cid had passed out: then he entered the city and traversed the greater part of it and he found no man therein and was amazed. Then he came forth from

* The pretended Arabic author of part of the *Chronicle of the Cid.*

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the city and went crying aloud to the Moors of the suburbs and saying that all the city was empty of Christians. And they wondered even more than before. But with all this they did not dare to come out to the tents nor to enter the city, but remained quiet until mid-day. And when they saw that none came to the succour from anywhither, Abenalfange returned again to the city, and there went with him a great company of the principal Moors that were among them, and they entered the city and the *alcazar* and spied out all the halls and chambers but found no man nor living thing, and they found written on a wall in Arabic, in the handwriting of Gil Diaz, that the Cid Ruydiez was dead and that they had carried him away thus in order to conquer King Bucar and that none might hinder his going."

Thus, according to the Chronicle, Jimena and the bishop went northward escorting the Cid's body, like the lady and squire in the books of chivalry which took their origin from such fables. Each night the body, which now that it was safely beyond the Moorish region, was stripped of its paste-board arms, was taken from Babieca's back and placed on the wooden horse that Gil Diaz had made. Notice was sent to all neighbouring princes and friends of the Cid that he was dead, and that they should come to bury him at San Pedro. Even so Jimena will not allow him to be placed in a coffin, for, owing to the wondrous draughts of myrrh and balsam, his eyes retained all their beauty. Doña Sol and her husband heard the woful tidings and rode forth with a hundred knights clad in black cloaks, with torn hoods and shields re-

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versed at the saddle-bow. But when they saw the Cid himself riding amidst his men and heard neither wailing nor loud demonstration of grief, they thought they had been deceived and hastily cast off all signs of mourning. The truth was the harder to bear for the momentary hope, and Doña Sol cast off her head-dress and began to tear her hair. She was quieted by her mother, who told her that she had unwittingly disobeyed the Cid's prohibition of all excessive mourning. As they drew near Castille they were met by Doña Elvira, the Cid's other daughter, accompanied by her husband and by two hundred knights. These have heard of the Cid's command and ride with shields aright and gay mantles.

Thus they came to Cardeña in ever-increasing procession, for all the people of Rioja and Old Castille would attend the funeral of their famous countryman. It was reported that King Alfonso himself was coming, and to do him honour the Cid's body was borne to meet him a full league outside the city. The King's wonder at the Cid's appearance disappears when he is told of the draughts of myrrh, "for he had heard that such was the wont of princes in Moorish lands." So the Cid was placed on his wooden horse before the high altar of St. Peter's chapel and many masses were sung by the King's orders. The King forbade that he should be buried, but they could not leave him thus. A tabernacle was built on the right of the altar for him, and in it was placed the ivory settle or throne on which he was wont to sit. The boards that supported the body in an upright position were taken away and a purple cloak and

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breeches were made for him from the stuff that the Sultan sent. Thus he sat for ten years on his throne with his right hand on the clasps of his mantle and in his left Tizona sheathed.

When the Cid's last orders had been faithfully carried out, the King, the Princes, his sons-in-law, Gerónimo, Alvar Fañez, and the rest departed, but Jimena lingered by the body of her dead husband, visiting it morning and evening, and quitting it only during the hours necessary for food and sleep. Even so, she must be dragged away by her attendants, and when vigils were held for the Cid's soul, she remained all night long in the church.

Babieca, the famous horse, survived his master two years and left descendants male and female in the land. No man ever mounted him and he was led to water by the faithful Gil Diaz, who buried him at last, after a life of over forty years, to the right of the gate of the monastery, and planted over him the two great elms which all may see. Jimena lived only four years after the Cid's death and was buried at the foot of the ivory throne on which her husband's body was seated. Her daughters came to her funeral and divided the rich inheritance, endowing the monastery and making rich provision for the faithful Gil Diaz, whose body now lies buried outside the convent gate by the side of the horse he so carefully tended.

For ten years, on each anniversary of their deaths, high festival was held in the monastery and the poor were clothed in honour of the Cid and Jimena. On such occasions, we are told, it was the custom of the

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Abbot of San Pedro to preach to the people, and so great were the multitudes that came together, that they could not be seated in the church; so the sermon was delivered in the open air. One day whilst all were intent on the sermon, it happened that a Jew was left alone in the church. As he stood before the body of the Cid he marvelled to see the majesty of his posture and the beauty of his face, with his long beard carefully tended, his sword in his left hand and the right clasping the brooch that held his mantle. Thus he had sat now for seven years, save that from time to time when it was needful they renewed his garments. An evil thought entered the Jew's mind and he pondered within himself, "This is the body of the famous Cid Ruy Diaz, of whom, men tell that never did any seize his beard:* now I will seize him by the beard and will see what he may be able to do to me." Then he stretched forth his hand to seize the Cid's beard, but before he could accomplish his cowardly purpose, the right hand of the dead suddenly unclasped from the mantle and seizing the pommel of the sword drew it from the sheath a palm's length. When the

* The *Poema del Cid* contains frequent allusions to the superstitious reverence in which the beard was held. The Cid in battle wore his beard tied with a cord under his breastplate. In the moment of victory when there was no longer any danger of insult to it he spread it abroad to terrify his enemies. He is called "he of the splendid beard." In the *Chanson de Roland* the Emperor swears "by my beard and moustache." Compare also Canto ccxxviii.:

"*Mult gentement le empere chevalchet*
Desur sa bronie fors ad mise sa barbe
Pur sue amor altretal funt li altre."

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Jew beheld this he was so sore afraid that he fell on his back in a fainting fit. The Abbot and the rest of the folk returned and found him stretched before the body of the Cid so quiet that he seemed dead. The Abbot noted the change in the Cid's position; wondering, he called for holy water, and cast it in the face of the Jew, so that he came to himself. Questioned as to what had happened, he fell at the feet of the Abbot and told him the whole truth, begging him to receive him into the Christian Church. This was done, and till the end of his life the Jew remained in the monastery as a faithful servant. The hand of the Cid could never be unclasped from his sword, and so, according to the legend, it remains to this day, for ten years after his death the end of his nose fell off, and they buried him seated on his ivory throne in a vault before the high altar.

Another legend of early date is valuable as shewing the respect in which the Cid was held. Nearly a hundred years after his death there was war between Castille and Navarre, and Sancho, King of Navarre, made a foray into Castille advancing as far as Atapuerca and carrying off much booty including the ploughing oxen of the peasants. On his return he passed by the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña where lay the body of the Cid. At this time the abbey was ruled by an aged prior who in his youth had been a soldier and a noble knight. When he saw all this booty driven from Castille his spirit was stirred and, though it was long since he had mounted a horse, he rode forth accompanied by ten of his friars, the strongest of whom bore the banner of the Cid.

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As they drew near the King of Navarre wondered at the green banner and the unknown device such as none of his contemporaries bore. The smallness of the company reassured him, and he waited till they joined him. The Abbot explained who he was and whose was the banner. He besought the King, out of reverence to him who had so often followed it in the fight and for the sake of his own good name, to relinquish his booty. The King was touched by the old man's boldness and granted his request confessing that, if the Cid had been alive, he would never have dared to harry his lands. King and Abbot returned in company to San Pedro's monastery; the banner was replaced where it was wont to hang. Sancho lodged three weeks in the monastery whilst the cattle and goods were being restored to their rightful owners. He left behind him on his departure a handsome sum wherewith to purchase masses for the repose of the soul of the Cid, whom he counted amongst his kinsmen.

The body of the Cid lay in the tomb in which, according to the most trustworthy accounts, it had been laid by his widow, until the year 1272 when Alfonso the Learned, King of Castille and author of the Chronicle on which we depend for so large a portion of our information about the Cid, caused a sepulchre to he wrought of two huge stones. In it he placed the body on the epistle side of the high altar. Round the base of the stone ran the following inscription:

> "Belliger, invictus, famosus Marte triumphis,
> Clauditur hoc tumulo magnus Didaci Rodericus."

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Above were the following verses :

> " Quantum Roma potens bellicis extollitur actis,
> Vivax Arthurus fit gloria quanta Britannis,
> Nobilis e Carolo quantum gaudet Francia Magno,
> Tantum Iberia duris (?) Cid invictus claret."

Another inscription on a wall hard by the tomb makes the Cid himself bear witness to the legends that so rapidly collected round his name. It was in Spanish and read thus: "The Cid Ruy Diez am I, who lie here buried, and I conquered King Bucar together with thirty-six pagan Kings. Of these thirty-six Kings twenty-two died in the field. I conquered them hard by Valencia, after I was dead, mounted upon my horse. With this one, the pitched battles that I gained are seventy and two. I won Colada and Tizona, wherefore God be praised. Amen."

In 1447 Don Pedro de Burgo, abbot of Cardeña, disturbed the foundations of the old church in order to facilitate the building of a new one. Amongst other tombs that of the Cid was removed and placed on four stone lions opposite the sacristy. Nearly a century later another abbot, Lope de Frias, again disinterred it. He found a coffin studded with gilt nails and in it the bones, sword and spurs of the Cid wrapped in a winding-sheet of Moorish embroidery. With much ceremony it was placed near the wall on the gospel side of the church. Great indignation was excited by this change, and the Constable of Castille together with the magistrates forwarded a complaint to the reigning monarch, the Emperor

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Charles V. The Abbot at the same time sent a memorial in which he pointed out that the Cid now lay in a more honourable position and nearer to the high altar than before. The hero had been unable to protect his bones against the Abbot as he had done against the Jew of yore, but he found a champion in the Emperor, who made the Abbot rue his rashness by forwarding the decree in which he speaks as follows:

"To all men is known the fame, nobility and exploits of the Cid, whose valour gave greater honour to the whole of Spain and especially to that city of which he was a citizen, whence his lineage sprang, and where he was born; and that both the natives of these realms and strangers who pass through the aforesaid city desire to see among its principal sights his tomb and the place where he and his kinsfolk are buried, by reason of its magnificence and antiquity; now thirty or forty days ago, you, without respect for what is said above, nor regarding the fact that the Cid is our ancestor, nor the wealth that he left to your convent and the pre-eminence that the aforesaid monastery receives from his having been buried there, have cast out and removed his tomb from the midst of the principal chapel where it had stood for more than forty years, and have placed it near a flight of steps in an unseemly place, much less dignified and honourable than the position to which his fame entitled him. Your action has been strongly disapproved in the aforesaid city. So when we were besought to intervene we have been pleased to order that you restore the bodies of the Cid and of his wife

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to the place and in the manner that they before occupied."

The Emperor's commands were promptly carried out, and the tomb was replaced in the former position. If the memory of the Cid owes much to the Emperor who thus honoured his tomb, it owes scarcely less to his brother the Emperor Ferdinand I., who was so attracted by the *Chronicle of the Cid* with which he became acquainted on a visit to Burgos, that by his orders the first edition of it was published in 1512.

The soldiers of Napoleon who carried off so many precious relics from Spain respected the remains of the Cid, and when the monastery of Cardeña was disestablished (1809) General Thiebault brought them with all respect to Burgos. Since 1842 they have lain in the town-hall awaiting a more honourable resting-place.

The Cid left behind him no male offspring; the only son mentioned by the Chronicles as born to him was called Diego Ruiz, and the only fact recorded of him is that he was slain at Consuegra by the Moors. The occasion and date are unknown. Of his two daughters, Doña Christina and Doña María, the latter married the Count Ramon Berenger III. of Barcelona. This marriage, as is proved by documents, took place before 1098. In 1106 we find the Count, her husband, married to another wife, so Doña María Rodriguez was already dead. She left a daughter who married the last Count of Bezalu and this branch of the Cid's family came to an end, for the Count died childless in 1112. Far different

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was the fortune of the other line. Doña Christina was married to Don Ramiro, Infante of Navarre and afterwards Lord of Monzon, the son of the prince of the same name who was slain at Rueda. Of this marriage was born García Ramirez, who, chosen king by his countrymen on the death of Ramiro the Monk, gained for himself the glorious name of the Restorer by reconquering the independence of Navarre and pushing his frontier forward to the Ebro. From him the crown passed to his son, Sancho Garces, surnamed the Wise on account of the cunning he displayed in his dealings with his neighbours. He was succeeded by his son Sancho the Strong, a giant of heroic courage and a worthy descendant of the Campeador. A sister of this prince, Doña Blanca, by her marriage with Don Sancho III. of Castille brought the Cid's blood into the family that afterwards produced the great Queen Isabel the Catholic, ancestress of the present King Alfonso XIII.

Even from the Saracens who had such good cause to hate him we have testimony as to the Cid's heroic character. "This scourge of his time," says Ibn-Bessam, "was by the boldness of his wit, the greatness of his prudence and resolution, and his incomparable courage a miracle of the miracles of God, and he was, God's curse light on him, the conqueror of banners."

As for Valencia she was destined to remain two hundred years longer in the power of the Infidel. He who won her back for the second time, En Jaime el Conquistador, King of Aragon, was a giant

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like to the Cid himself in valour, ruthless, too, at times, but at others giving proof of the gentler traits of a more civilised age.* En Jaime was no Castillian but a Catalan by birth. Catalans were those who settled in the rich lands of Valencia, and Catalan is the language heard to-day in the street of the city. But the memory of the first conquest by Castillians has not been entirely swallowed up in the second, and Valencia is still called Valencia del Cid.

* Longfellow has told in verse the story how a swallow built its nest in En Jaime's tent, and how by the king's order the tent was left standing till the brood had flown.

COIN OF ALFONSO VI. OF CASTILLE AND LEON.

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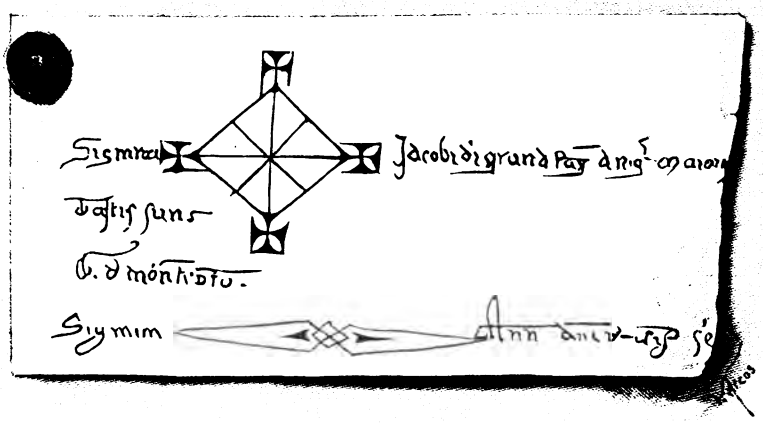

SIGNATURE OF EN JAIME, SECOND CONQUEROR OF VALENCIA.

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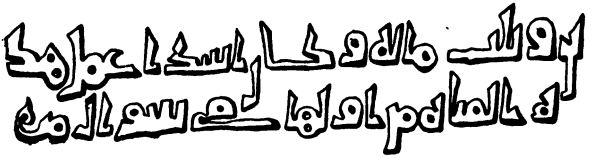

APPENDIX I.

CHALLENGES AND JUDICIAL COMBATS BETWEEN NOBLEMEN.

The story of the Cid so often mentions judicial combats that extracts from the laws concerning this subject will probably be found interesting. The earlier Statute Books, the *Fuero Viejo* and *Fuero Real*, mention the subject, but Alfonso the Learned treats of it with a minuteness which proves its importance. His *Partidas* merely sanction and regulate a custom which undoubtedly prevailed in the time of the Cid, but it must not be forgotten that the judicial combats described in the foregoing pages are for the most part taken from chroniclers who wrote after the publication of the following laws in the thirteenth century.

PARTIDA VII. CAP. III.

Of Challenges (*Rieptos*).

Challenges are given and accepted by noblemen according to the customary law of Spain when they accuse one another of treason or treachery.

LAW I.

Of the nature of a challenge, and whence it took its name.

A challenge is an accusation that one nobleman makes against another in presence of the Court, impugning him for the treason or treachery that he did him. Such challenge is of advantage to him who makes it, for it is a means of attaining justice for the wrong or for the dishonour that was done him. And it is also of advantage to those who see it or hear of it, for they take warning to guard against falling into such misdemeanour, so that they be not put to the blush.

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LAW II.

Persons who may challenge: their quality; and the place.

A challenge may be sent by any nobleman for wrong or dishonour, involving treason or treachery, that has been done to him by another nobleman. And this he may do for himself so long as he be alive; and, if he be dead, he upon whom the dishonour descends may do it; the father may challenge for the son, and the son for the father, or the brother for the brother. And if there exist no such relatives, the nearest of kin to the dead may do so. Even the vassal may challenge for his lord, and the lord for the vassal, and any friend may reply for his friend when he is challenged, as is shown hereafter. But for a man who is alive none other may challenge except himself, for in challenges no substitute may be accepted. Except only when one would challenge another on behalf of his lord, or a woman, or one in orders, or by reason that he may not or can not bear arms. For, certes, we hold it right, that in the case of such as these, any kinsman may challenge, even though he be alive on whose behalf the challenge is sent. But we declare that no traitor nor son of a traitor nor one who be proved treacherous, may challenge another, nor one who hath been judged to have rendered himself infamous (*fizo cosa porque vala menos*) according to the customary law of Spain. Moreover a man who is under a challenge may not challenge another until he be rid of his challenge, nor one who has retracted his words in public, nor may any challenge one with whom he is at truce, so long as the truce lasts.

LAW III.

For what cause a nobleman may challenge another.

A challenge may be sent to any nobleman who kills, or wounds, or dishonours, or captures, or harries another nobleman without having first defied him. And he who challenges for any of these reasons, may declare him a traitor for this cause. And if a nobleman do any of these aforesaid things to another who is not noble, or if persons who are not noble do such things one to another, they are not therefore traitors, nor can they be therefore challenged though they are bound to make restitution at law. Above all we declare that no challenge may be sent except for cause or matter that involves treason or treachery. Wherefore if one nobleman burn or destroy the houses of another or his castle, or cut down his vines or trees, or do violence to

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his property, even though he have not defied him before, he is not for this a traitor nor can he be challenged, except he have done it under truce and knowingly.

LAW IV.

How a challenge should be made, and how the challenged should answer.

He who would challenge another must do it thus: he must first see that the cause for which he would challenge is such that it involves treason or treachery, and, besides, he must be assured that he whom he would challenge is at fault. And when he be certain and assured of these two things he must first declare the matter to the King in private and say as follows: "Sir, such and such a knight did such and such a wrong, and it is my right to defame him, and I beg as a boon that I may challenge him for it." Then the King should admonish him to take good heed that it be a matter he can carry out, and even though he reply that such it is, he should advise him to make his peace with him; and if he be willing to make amends to him otherwise, without challenge, the King must bid him accept it and appoint a period of three days within which satisfaction be given; and in these three days they may be reconciled without infamy. If they be not reconciled after the third day, he must be summoned to appear at a stated time before the King, and then the other must challenge him publicly before the court in the presence of at least twelve knights, saying thus: "Sir, the knight so and so who is here in your presence wrought such and such treason or treachery (and he must declare what it was and how he did it), and I declare that he is a traitor on this account, or treacherous." And if he choose to prove it against him by combat, then let him declare that he will lay hand to it and will make him confess it, or that he will kill him, or will oblige him to quit the lists beaten. And he who is challenged must reply, each time his adversary says "traitor" or "treacherous," that he lies; this reply he must make because it is the worst insult that can be. Neither the king nor the assembly can order that the challenge be decided by combat, except only if he who is challenged be pleased to combat. And if it befall that he who is challenged die before the delay is expired, let his good name be held unblemished and guiltless of the treason and treachery of which he was challenged, and let it harm neither him nor his lineage since he gave the lie to the challenger and was prepared to defend himself.

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LAW V.

What persons may answer the challenge even though he who is challenged do not present himself within the appointed time.

If he who is challenged come not to answer the challenge within the appointed time, he who caused him to be summoned may challenge him in the King's presence as though he were there in person. But if there happen to be present his father, or son, or brother, or near kinsman, or any that is lord or vassal of him who is challenged, or his comrade, or companion with whom he may have gone on pilgrimage or any long journey in which they have eaten or lodged together, or a friend whose marriage he may have arranged, or that of his son or daughter; or one whom he have knighted or made his heir, or enabled to recover an inheritance that he might have lost; or his friend by whom he may have been saved from death or from dishonour, or from great harm, or whom he may have delivered from captivity, or on whom he has bestowed his goods to relieve him of poverty in time of need; or any other friend of proved affection with whom he shall have agreed upon a certain name whereby they may call one another such as is called a court-name (*nome de corte*), any of these may answer for him who is challenged, if he be willing to give the lie to the challenger. And if it happen that there be none to answer or to give the lie on behalf of him who was summoned but came not within the appointed time to hear the challenge, then the King by right of his office must grant this term of forty and two days and await till they be passed to see if he will come to defend himself; and if he come not nor send excuse, from that time forward he may be declared outlaw. But if after this he come and give a rightful reason wherefore he could not come, we order that it be held good and that he defend himself if he can.

LAW VIII.

The challenger and challenged must follow up their suit until it be ended. Penalties incurred by the challenger if he fail to prove his words; and by the challenged if the offence for which he was challenged be proved upon him.

Both challenger and challenged must follow up their suit until it be ended by the sentence of the Court, and the challenger may not be reconciled to the challenged without command of the King, and if he be so reconciled, the King may for this reason banish him. And if it

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befall that the challenger cannot prove his cause, or abandon it after challenging for it and refuse to carry it forward, he must take back his words before the King and the Court admitting that he lied in the evil he spoke of him whom he challenged. And if he take back his words, from that time forward he cannot challenge nor be the peer of another in combat or in honour. And if he refuse to take back his words, the King must banish him and declare him the enemy of him whom he challenged, and this for his over-boldness in speaking ill of one of the King's lieges in his presence without just cause. The same course must be followed when the challenger refuses proof by witnesses or writings of what he said but offers proof by investigation instituted by the King, or by combat. For if the challenged refuse the investigation and the combat, he must be held freed from the challenge ; for he is not obliged to expose his good cause to the risks of investigation or combat. Moreover we declare that, if he who was challenged be worsted in the suit for which the challenge was made, and declared a traitor, he must be banished from the land for ever and forfeit half his goods and his person to the king. But a nobleman must not be put to death for being a traitor unless the matter be so bad that any one who had done it would be put to death for it. But if he who was challenged be vanquished and declared a traitor, he must die for it and lose all that he has and forfeit it to the King, as we said above when we spoke of treason.

Partida VII. Cap. IV.

Of Combats.

A combat is a kind of trial that men formerly made use of when they elected to defend themselves by arms against a foul charge for which they were challenged.

Law I.

Defines a combat, the cause of its invention, its purpose, and the different kinds of combat.

According to the custom of Spain the combat is a kind of trial which the King orders to be held, after challenge made in his presence, and when both parties agree to combat, for otherwise the King would not order it. And the cause for which the combat was invented is this : the noblemen of Spain held that it was better to de-

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fend their right and their good faith by arms than to expose it to the risk of judicial investigation and false witnesses. And it is of advantage because noblemen, through fear of the dangers and reverses that happen in it, are sometimes afraid to commit acts which entail the obligation of combat. There are two kinds of combat usual as forms of trial. One is that which knights practise among themselves fighting on horseback. The other kind is fought on foot by citizens of towns or villages, according to such ancient charters as they may enjoy.

Law II.

Persons who may combat, and for what cause; place and manner of combat.

Challenger and challenged may combat when they agree to do so, and they must combat for the cause that provoked the challenge, as we said in the chapter on challenges. And this they must not do save by the King's command and at such time as shall be appointed to them for the purpose. The King must fix a term and name a day for their combat and appoint the arms that are to be used, and umpires to fix upon the lists and set their boundaries and point them out so that they may understand and know them rightly; for the boundaries of the lists are places from which they must not go out unless by order of the King or the umpires. And when this is done they must be placed in the centre of the lists in such manner that neither has advantage of the sun, and they must be told before the combat begins what they have to do, and examination must be made to see if they have such arms as the King commanded, or more or less. Until the umpires quit them, either may change his horse or arms, and when they have got horse and arms to their mind, the umpires must leave the lists and remain at hand to see and hear what they do and say. And then the challenger must first attack the challenged; but if the challenger do not attack him, the challenged may attack if he choose.

Law III.

The challenger may not appoint a substitute for the combat if the challenged be unwilling.

If a nobleman be guilty of any offence involving treason or treachery towards a person of less estate, he to whom the wrong was done may challenge him for it. And the nobleman, if he wish to do so,

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may combat with him or may appoint him his peer. But the challenger may not appoint his peer as substitute to fight for him unless the challenged agree: and if a peer be appointed, he must be his peer in lineage and honour and in estate and in strength. For it is not fair that a lusty man should combat with one of little strength. And if he who appoints a peer name one of more honourable lineage or more honourable in other respects, provided that he be not more lusty and that he agree to be the peer of the other, he may not reject him. Moreover we decree that, if a man challenge two or more for any matter, those who are challenged be not bound to accept a peer if they do not wish. But let the challenger take heed what he does, for so many as he challenges, so many will he have to fight, or any one of them as they may please: that is to say, if those who are challenged choose to fight and refuse to accept a peer. And if several persons find cause to challenge one for any matter, let them choose among themselves one to challenge him: and let him settle the matter with him and not with the others.

Law IV.

Penalty incurred by him who quits the lists or is vanquished; what the challenged must do in the fight to clear himself.

Neither challenger nor challenged may quit the lists without the King's command or that of the umpires. And whosoever transgresses in this respect, quitting the lists of his free will or driven out by his adversary, shall be counted vanquished. But if, through the fault of his horse, or a broken rein, or other evident accident, according to the clear opinion of the umpires, against his will and not compelled by his adversary, either of them shall quit the lists (provided that so soon as he can, either on foot or on horseback he shall return to the lists) he shall not be held vanquished for having thus quitted them. And if the challenger be killed in the lists, the challenged shall be held cleared of the challenge, even though the challenger have not taken back his words. And if the challenged die in the lists without confessing himself treacherous or admitting that he committed the deed for which he was challenged, he dies guiltless of the fault; for it is but fair that he who dies to maintain his word should be held guiltless. Moreover, we declare the challenged to be cleared if the challenger do not attack him, for he is justified by the fact that he stood ready in the lists to defend his

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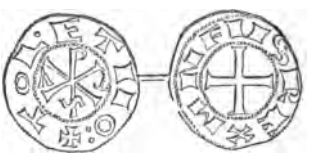
right. Also we declare that when the challenger kill the challenged in the lists; or the challenged kill the challenger, the survivor shall not be held to be the enemy of the kin of the dead by reason of the slaying. And the King shall cause the kinsmen of the dead to pardon him and assure his safety if there be reason to fear from any of them.

LAW V.

The umpires may withdraw the combatants from the lists.

If on the first day neither challenged nor challenger be vanquished, at nightfall or before, if both be willing and the King so order, the umpires shall withdraw them from the lists and shall put them both in a house, and give them food and drink and couch alike, and also in all other respects as shall be fair. But if one choose to eat more or drink more than the other, let it be given to him; and on the day when they must put them back in the lists, they must put them back in the same place and in the same condition as regards horses, arms, and all other things as they were in when they withdrew them thence. And if the challenged can defend himself for three days in the lists without being vanquished, when the three days are past he shall be held cleared, and the challenger shall undergo the penalty that is appointed by the law which treats of those who fail to make good their words by challenge.



COIN OF ALFONSO VI. OF CASTILLE AND LEON.

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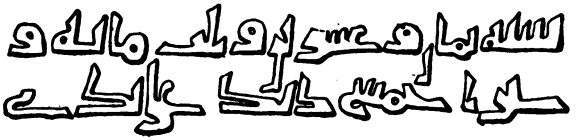

APPENDIX II.

THE LAWS OF BANISHMENT AND OUTLAWRY.

The following are the regulations determining the rights of the King to outlaw noblemen and of noblemen to renounce their allegiance as set forth in the *Fuero Viejo* (Old Code) of Castille.

Book I. Cap. III. Law III.

How a Vassal may quit his Lord.

This is the right of Castille. If any baron (*rico ome*) being a vassal of the King wish to separate himself from (lit. take leave of) him and cease to be his vassal, he may renounce his allegiance in the following manner through the mouth of a vassal of his own (knight or squire) provided he be of gentle birth. He must speak thus: "Sir, I kiss your hands on behalf of such and such a baron, and from this day forward he is no longer your vassal.

Cap. IV. Law I.

Of Barons outlawed by the King.

This is the right of Castille. If the King outlaw any baron, his vassal, from the land for any cause, then his vassals and friends may go with him, nay are bound to go with him, until he win a Lord who favour him. And if the King deprive him of his rights and he consider himself deprived of his rights (*desaforado*), his vassals and his friends should go with him if they will and aid him until the King receive him to justice at his Court. But if any baron or other nobleman quit the land without being banished by the King, those who thus quit the land must not, either on their own behalf or on

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behalf of another lord, levy war upon the King or any part of his territory, nor do any other hurt to the King or his vassals. And if any transgress in this respect against their rightful lord, the King may invade all their property within his realms, and may pull down their houses and destroy their vineyards and their trees and all their property that he can lay hand on, and he may banish their wives from his realms and their sons also. But he must grant them a term for quitting his realms.

LAW II.

This is the right of Castille. When the King outlaws any baron from the land, he must grant him a delay of thirty days of right, and afterwards nine days, and again three days, and he must give him a horse ; and all the barons who are left in the kingdom must give him each one a horse. And if any baron refuse to give him a horse and he chance to capture him afterwards in battle, he is not bound to release him from captivity unless he will, since he did not give him a horse. . . . And when the baron has quitted the land the King must assign him someone to guide him through the land, and must grant him victuals on payment, and must not increase the price of them to a higher rate than that which was customary before his outlawry. But if the outlawed baron begin to make war upon the King and his land, either after winning another lord in whose company he makes war or on his own account, after this the King may destroy his property and that of those who accompany him, and pull down their houses and tenements and castles, and cut down their trees. But the King must not invade their ancestral houses and family property (*los solares e las eredades*) to seize them for himself, but these must be left to them and to their heirs. And the ladies, their wives, must receive no dishonour nor hurt—that is when the King outlaws any baron without just cause—but if he outlaw him for evil doing, the King may seize all his possessions, if on departure he make war upon him ; and likewise with regard to his vassals. But if it befall that the baron quit the land of his free will, when he takes his leave, either in person or represented by some knight, he kisses the (King's) hand and says that he renounces his allegiance, and he must then state the reason wherefore he renounces his allegiance. . . . A baron when outlawed may have vassals in two ways. Firstly those who have been brought up in his household to whom he has given arms and wives and property. Secondly he may have paid vassals who of right

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must quit the land with him and serve him until they win for him wherewithal to live (lit. bread). When they have won for him a lord and a living, if they have served their time, the paid vassals may quit the baron and come to the King and be his vassals. But the other vassals bred in the house and armed by their lord must hold it to be the right of Castille that they honour their lord and do not withdraw from him so long as he be outlawed. If the baron make war upon the King by order of the lord whom he serves, and they make any foray and carry off anything in the King's land or that of his vassals, or if they do battle against the vassals of the King and win aught of the vassals of the King, such as prisoners, or arms, or cattle, or anything whatsoever ; afterwards when they return with it to their lord and the knights share it with their men and with the soldiers of the baron, they must take the whole share that falls to each one of them and send it to the King who is their rightful lord. And he who brings the shares must speak as follows : " Sir, such and such knights, vassals of such and such a baron whom you outlawed from the land, send you these lots which they gained each one of them in such and such a foray which they made in such and such a place, winning them from your vassals and from your land, and they bid pray your grace that you amend the wrong that you did to their lord thus," (here they must declare all in his presence). And when these knights foray a second time, if they win any booty in the King's land, they must take each one the half of what fell to his lot from the foray, and send it to the King like as in the first instance. And after this second occasion they are not bound to send anything unless they please. And if they carry this out, the King must do them no hurt or injury as regards their wives, or their sons, or their friends, or their property. As for those who neglect to do as set forth, the King may harry and destroy all their goods, except that he may not deprive them of their ancestral homes or their family property ; nor may any hurt or dishonour be done to the ladies, their wives, or to their children. And if the King of the land lead out an army to march against the barons who have quitted the land and are fighting against him, when he is on the point of attacking them and before they join battle the barons and the vassals who are with them must send to pray the King not to enter the battle in person, for they wish not to fight with him, but they beg him to withdraw to a place where they may recognise him in order that he may receive no hurt or unkindness (*pesar*) from them. And if the King refuse to do thus, but enter the battle, the barons

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and all their vassals that belong to that land must strive so much as may be to preserve the person of the King that he take no hurt from them knowingly. And in the same manner they must tell and pray the other troops that are in the battle that they take heed to their rightful lord so that he be not harmed by them. This same message they must send to the King's son if he be about to enter the battle.

COIN OF SANCHO RAMIREZ OF ARAGON.

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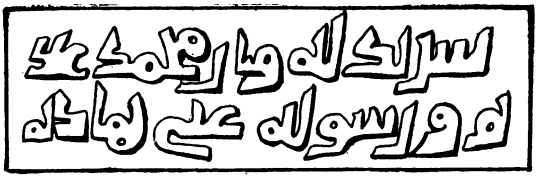

APPENDIX III.

A RITUALISTIC CONTROVERSY IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

Of the circumstances under which the change of ritual from Spanish to Roman was accomplished, a strange story is told by the chroniclers. It probably contains a garbled version of a historical fact and is worth considering for the light it throws on the manners of the age.

After the conquest of Toledo the whole of the clergy of Spain were banded together because the King and the Legate, Don Ricardo, constrained them to receive into Spain the French and Roman Ritual. A conference was held between the King, the Legate, the Primate, and a great multitude of the clergy and people, and they discussed the matter at length. The clergy, the nobles, and the people resisted with all their might any change in the ritual of Spain, as at that time established. The King commanded, and the Queen entreated them to accept the new ritual, even threats were freely used towards any who should refuse. At length it was agreed that the matter should be decided by a duel between two knights, one of whom should fight for the King and the French rite, and the other for the nobles, clergy and people, and the Spanish rite. The King's knight was easily vanquished by the representative of the clergy and people, Juan Ruyz, a native of the town of Matanza whose descendants were still living when the great Chronicle of Spain was written at the end of the thirteenth century.

The people made great rejoicing over the victory of their knight, but the King, urged on by the Queen, would not be turned from his purpose. He declared that it was contrary to law and justice that such a matter should be decided by arms. Thereupon arose a great strife between the King on the one hand, and the clergy, nobles and

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people, who were banded together against him, The archbishops, bishops, clergy and representatives of the monastic orders discussed the question and decided that, "inasmuch as it concerned holy things and the service of God, a great bonfire of wood should be lighted in the square where the knights had fought, and that two good books should be brought—the one of the Spanish ritual and the other of the French—and be placed in the fire." It was appointed that all should fast on the appointed day and that, after their fast, the clergy should continue in prayer with much humility towards God. "When they placed the books on the fire the book of the French ritual was distressed by the flames which were approaching to burn it, and it gave a great bound over the flames of the fire in the sight of all. All gave thanks to God for that great miracle which he had shown them. The Spanish book remained in the fire without any hurt so that in nowise did the fire spoil it nor do it any harm. But King Don Alfonso was high-hearted and stubborn, and fulfilled his purpose, for it was his will that none should turn him from it, nor was the King alarmed nor disturbed by the miracle he had beheld. . . Right sorry were the Spaniards for the violence the King had done, and much they wept for it, and they invented that proverb which even up to our day men use "What kings will, that is law." (*Alla van Leyes do quieren Reyes.*)

Such was the manner in which ecclesiastical reform was carried out in those days. In order to combat the opposition of the native clergy, which was still very strong, the principal ecclesiastical positions were filled with Frenchmen, vigorous supporters of the rite they had introduced, ministering to their fellow-countrymen whom Alfonso's wise rule had settled in a separate quarter of almost every town in Spain. As a small concession to the people and clergy of the south who continued deeply attached to their old form of worship, permission was given for the old Spanish or *muzdrabc* ritual to be used in certain places. This privilege has been jealously guarded and, even to-day, in one of the chapels of the Cathedral of Toledo may be witnessed the ceremonies which were once observed throughout Spain, and which the Christians of the south preserved for centuries when cut off from their brethren.

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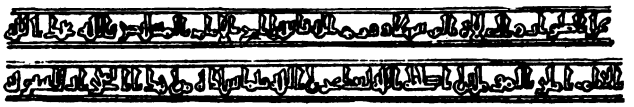

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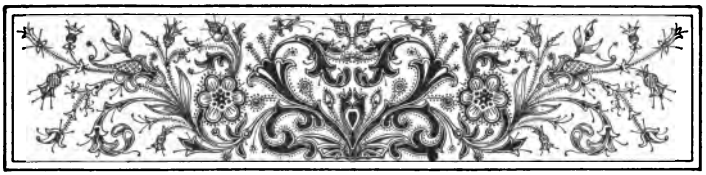

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